THAT KATIE HEPBURN-GINGER ROGERS FEUD!

Modern Screen

OVEMBER

10

CENTS

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

RETURN TO PERIODICAL DIVISION
NEWSPAPER REFERENCE ROOM (ANNEX)

LENE
RICH

BARBARA STANWYCK'S
True Life Story

BE IRRESISTIBLE TONIGHT WITH IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



Irresistible

YOU hold allure in the palm of your hand — with IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. A touch on your wrists, your throat, your fingertips, and your petite evening muff, and you become a more thrilling person to yourself, and to him. Teasing . . . provocative . . . irresistible!

Discover the exciting new confidence that IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME gives you. The glamorous women of Park Avenue, Hollywood Boulevard, and the Rue de la Paix all know that secret — the hidden power of Irresistible Perfume.

Lips must lure, too, with their fragrance, and challenge with their brilliancy. With Irresistible Lip Lure they do both. Try the fragrant, creamy Irresistible Lipstick in its exciting new shade — *Coral* — sparkling, vibrant, electric!

To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.

Only 10c each at 5 & 10c Stores

YOUR LIPS ALLURE WITH IRRESISTIBLE LIPLURE



IS IT TRUE THAT I CAN TRY ALL 3 TYPES OF KOTEX*... FREE?

YES..AND ONLY BY TRYING ALL 3 TYPES, CAN YOU MEET EACH DAY'S EXACT NEEDS!



Confidential . . . TO WOMEN ONLY

One-size sanitary napkin will not do for every woman. No more than one-size hat, dress or pair of shoes. Besides, women's personal needs are different on different days.

Only Wondersoft Kotex sanitary napkins solve this problem for you. For only Kotex offers 3 types . . . Regular Kotex, Junior Kotex and Super Kotex.

Only by trying ALL 3 can you meet each day's exact needs. Prove it for yourself, FREE! Write today for a free supply of ALL 3 types of Kotex, the Wondersoft sanitary napkin that Can't Chafe, Can't Fail, Can't Show. Address Room 1407, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Patent Office.

***WONDERSOFT KOTEX** SANITARY NAPKINS made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

OCT -4 1937

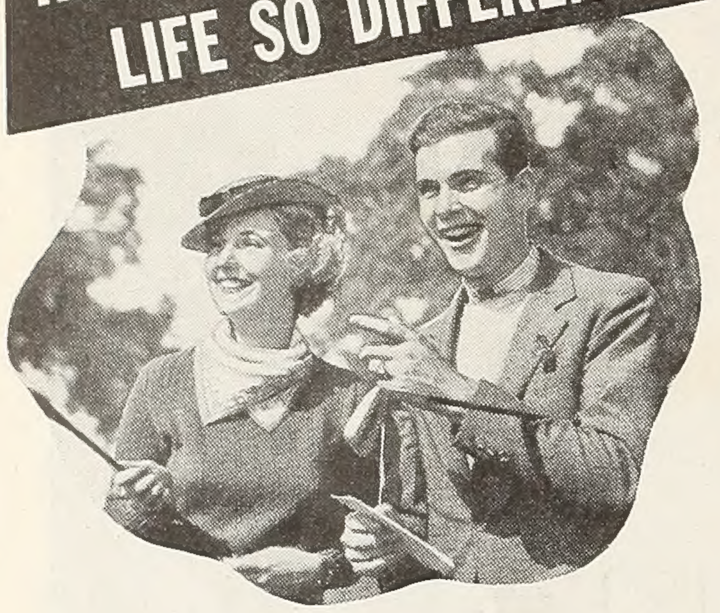
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TWO SIDES OF A GIRL'S LIFE!



ANOTHER DAY SPOILED by that dull, worn-out, headachy feeling that so often means constipation. A familiar experience to most all of us, but read...

HOW A NEW IDEA MADE LIFE SO DIFFERENT



It was a new idea to her—tasteless medicine in delicious chewing gum—but an idea that 16 million people had already tried and found ideal. Perhaps you, too, feel mean, miserable, out-of-kilter right now because of constipation. Then try FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious, scientific chewing gum laxative. Try it and learn for yourself that no other type of laxative can do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does. FEEN-A-MINT rates 3 stars for 3 special benefits:

1. **NO STOMACH UPSET**—With FEEN-A-MINT you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there is nothing to further burden an already over-burdened digestion.
2. **CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION**—The chewing stimulates the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.
3. **ACTS WHERE YOU NEED IT**—FEEN-A-MINT's tasteless laxative ingredient does nothing in the stomach. It passes to the intestine and does its work just where you want it to—easily, pleasantly, comfortably.

FEEN-A-MINT won't gripe, nauseate, or disturb sleep. Find the joy of this amazing 3-star relief yourself. Get economical FEEN-A-MINT today. It's right for all the family and tastes like your favorite chewing gum. At your druggists, or write for generous FREE sample package. Dept. 61, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.



DELICIOUS
Tastes like your favorite chewing gum

MODERN SCREEN

Regina Cannon.....Editor
Leo Townsend...Hollywood Editor
Abril Lamarque.....Art Editor

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NO PICTURE HAS EVER EQUALLED "CONQUEST"!



GRETA GARBO
CHARLES BOYER

IN **CLARENCE BROWN'S PRODUCTION**

Conquest

THE LOVE STORY OF MARIE WALEWSKA

Even Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—with the greatest productions in motion picture history to its credit—has never before made a picture on so lavish a scale as this. Its grandeur will dazzle your eyes...as its romance fills your heart. Garbo, as the temptress who is used to ensnare Charles Boyer as Napoleon; a glorious seductive pawn in an amazing international intrigue. A cast of thousands including Reginald Owen, Alan Marshall, Henry Stephenson, Leif Erickson, Dame May Whitty, C. Henry Gordon. Directed by *Clarence Brown*. Produced by Bernard H. Hyman . . . Screen Play by Samuel Hoffenstein, Salka Viertel and S. N. Behrman.

A GIANT PRODUCTION IN THE BRILLIANT M-G-M MANNER



"It was the best show in town!"

Mrs. Jack Greene of Des Moines writes letter to friend at home

HOTEL ASTOR TIMES SQUARE NEW YORK

Hello Helen Darling,

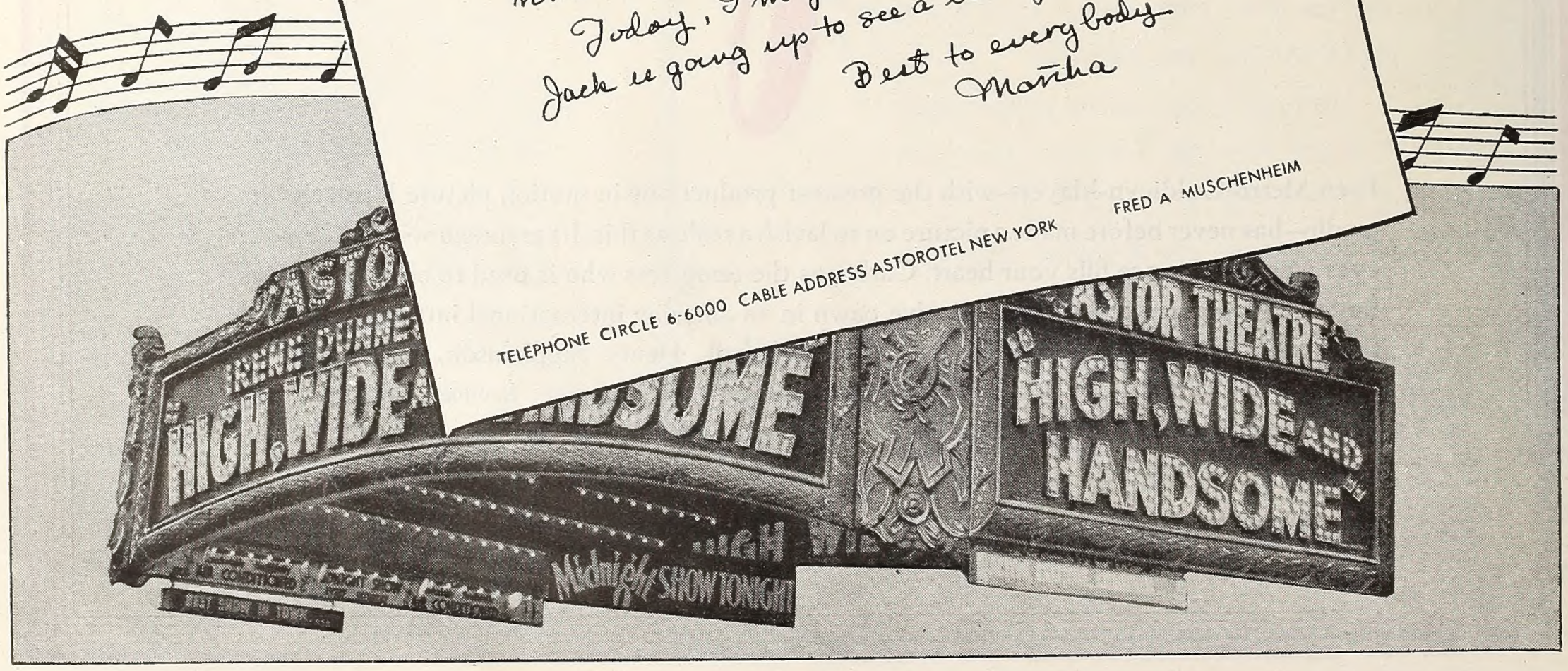
Naturally we have seen all the big shows, but believe it or not, the best show of all was the morning picture — "High, Wide and Handsome" Jack had to pay two dollars apiece for the tickets, but they were worth it. It has the most wonderful music by Kern and Hammerstein who wrote the music for "Show-Boat" You've probably heard the tunes on the radio - "Can I forget you" and the "Folks who live on the Hill" The romance is absolutely thrilling

Today, I'm going shopping and Jack is going up to see a ball game

Best to everybody

Martha

TELEPHONE CIRCLE 6-6000 CABLE ADDRESS ASTOROTEL NEW YORK FRED A MUSCHENHEIM



and it'll be the best show in your town . . . and you won't have to pay two dollars!

Two dollars apiece for the tickets . . . but no wonder Mrs. Greene says they were worth it!!!

*The show which New York, Los Angeles, and London audiences have paid top prices to see is now on its way to your favorite theatre at popular prices, so you can enjoy the picture which audiences in these three theatre capitals have cheered as one of the greatest pictures of all time.

"The best show in town."—*N.Y. Times*
"It's magnificent entertainment."
—*N.Y. World-Telegram*
"Best described by its title, 'High, Wide and Handsome.'"—*N.Y. Herald Tribune*



Irene Dunne

"HIGH, WIDE and HANDSOME"

Randolph Scott

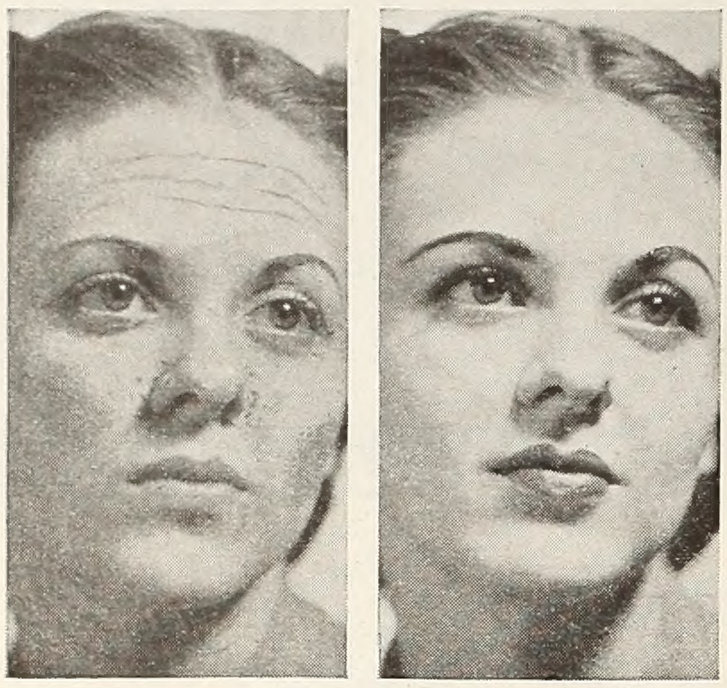
Dorothy Lamour • Akim Tamiroff • Raymond Walburn

Ben Blue • Charles Bickford • William Frawley • A Rouben Mamoulian Production

A Paramount Picture • Directed by Rouben Mamoulian

DRY SKIN
Smoothed Nature's Way

Here's the Amazing New Beauty Cream That Both Cleanses and Dissolves Dry Scaliness First Application



THE SAME GIRL

See how old and unattractive dry, rough skin makes you look. Nose shines. Skin looks dull. Powder flakes off. Make-up appears harsh due to dry, dead, scaly cells that cause roughness, which are not properly dissolved and removed.

See how young and appealing smooth skin makes you look. TAYTON'S CREAM not only cleanses, but dissolves dry, dead cells and acts like oils of youth to lubricate and aid nature bring out new, live skin. Powder stays on longer.

Both a Cleansing and Night Cream



At last science has found a way to both cleanse and help combat Dry, Rough, Aging Skin, Shiny Nose, Blackheads and Enlarged Pores. . . . Beauty editors are writing about it! Thousands praise it! . . . The very first application of this new beautifier, TAYTON'S CREAM, releases precious ingredients, triple whipped that melt away dry, dead, scaly cells that cling, causing roughness, lines to show more plainly and powder to flake off. Stimulates underskin. Awakens sleepy tissues. Arouses oil glands. Lubricates dryness. Aids nature like oils of youth do to bring out new, live, fresh skin, smoother, softer, younger looking—vastly more attractive.

MAKE THIS THRILLING NEW BEAUTY TEST UNDER GUARANTEE

TAYTON'S CREAM is the most advanced cleansing and beauty cream known to the cosmetic art and you can prove it under money back guarantee. Give your skin these thrilling new beauty benefits. Get a 10c or 25c jar of guaranteed TAYTON'S CREAM at your 10c store today. Use it to cleanse with and also as a night cream. It must make your skin smoother, softer, look younger the first application, powder stay on longer, make-up go on more smoothly, or your money will be refunded. . . . If your 10c store has not as yet stocked TAYTON'S CREAM and other beauty preparations refuse a substitute and ask the manager to get TAYTON'S for you.

NEW GLAMOUR MAKE-UP

Latest rage! New ravishing, double indelible matched colors give you glamorous appeal. Get TAYTON'S new non-messy LIPSTICK, new blending ROUGE and silk-sifted POWDER. See TAYTON'S color chart in 10c stores. Ask for TAYTON'S and discover the new Hollywood make-up thrill.

At 10c Stores

TAYTON
"An Old English Name"

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Angel's Holiday (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Another Dawn (Warners)	2½★
Armored Car (Universal)	1★
Artists and Models (Paramount)	3★
As Good As Married (Universal)	2★
A Star is Born (United Artists)	4★
Back in Circulation (Warners)	2★
Bank Alarm (Grand National)	2½★
Behind the Headlines (RKO)	2★
Between Two Women (M-G-M)	2★
Big Business (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Big Shot (RKO)	1★
Blonde Trouble (Paramount)	2½★
Border Cafe (RKO)	1★
Born Reckless (20th Century-Fox)	2★
*Broadway Melody of 1938 (M-G-M)	3★
Cafe Metropole (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Call It a Day (Warners)	3½★
Captains Courageous (M-G-M)	4★
Charlie Chan at the Olympics (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
*Charlie Chan on Broadway (20th Century-Fox)	2★
China Passage (RKO)	2★
Confession (Warners)	2★
The Crime Nobody Saw (Paramount)	1★
Crusade Against Rackets (Principal)	2★
Dance, Charlie, Dance (Warners)	2★
A Day at the Races (M-G-M)	3½★
The Great Hospital Mystery (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Devil Is Driving (Columbia)	2½★
Dangerous Holiday (Republic)	1½★
Dark Journey (United Artists)	3★
*Dead End (Samuel Goldwyn)	4★
Don't Tell the Wife (RKO)	2½★
*Double or Nothing (Paramount)	2★
Dreaming Lips (United Artists)	2½★
Easy Living (Paramount)	2½★
Elephant Boy (United Artists)	3★
The Emperor's Candlesticks (M-G-M)	3★
Exclusive (Paramount)	2½★
Ever Since Eve (Warners)	1★
Fair Warning (20th Century-Fox)	1★
A Family Affair (M-G-M)	2½★
A Fight to the Finish (Columbia)	1★
The Firefly (M-G-M)	3★
*Flight from Glory (RKO)	2★
Fly-Away Baby (Warners)	2½★
Fifty Roads to Town (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Frame-Up (Columbia)	2★
Gangway (GB)	2½★
The Girl from Scotland Yard (Paramount)	2★
The Girl Said No (Grand National)	2★
Git Along Little Dogies (Republic)	2★
The Go-Getter (Warners)	2★
The Gold Racket (Grand National)	2★
This Good Earth (M-G-M)	4★
Good Old Soak (M-G-M)	2½★
The Great Gambini (Paramount)	1★
Her Husband Lies (Paramount)	2★
Her Husband's Secretary (First Nat'l)	2★
High, Wide and Handsome (Paramount)	3½★
The Hit Parade (Republic)	2★
Hollywood Cowboy (RKO)	2★
Hotel Haywire (Paramount)	2★
*Hot Water (20th Century-Fox)	1★
I Met Him in Paris (Paramount)	3½★
Internes Can't Take Money (Paramount)	2½★
I Promise to Pay (Columbia)	2★
It Could Happen to You (Republic)	1★
It Can't Last Forever (Columbia)	1½★
*It's All Yours (Columbia)	2★
*It's Love I'm After (Warners)	3★
Jim Hanvey, Detective (Republic)	1★
Kid Galahad (Warners)	3½★
The King and the Chorus Girl (Warners)	3★
King of Gamblers (Paramount)	2★
King Solomon's Mines (GB)	2★
Knight without Armor (United Artists)	3½★
The Last Train from Madrid (Paramount)	2½★
The League of Frightened Men (Columbia)	2★
Let Them Live (Universal)	2★
The Life of Emile Zola (Warners)	4★
*The Life of the Party (RKO)	1★
London by Night (M-G-M)	2★
Lost Horizon (Columbia)	4★
Love from a Stranger (United Artists)	2½★
Love in a Bungalow (Universal)	2★
Love Is News (20th Century-Fox)	3★
*Love Under Fire (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Make Way for Tomorrow (Paramount)	3½★
The Man in Blue (Universal)	2★
The Man Who Could Work Miracles (United Artists)	3★
Marked Woman (Warners)	3★
Married Before Breakfast (M-G-M)	2½★
Marry the Girl (Warners)	1½★
Maytime (M-G-M)	4★
Meet the Missus (RKO)	2★
Michael O'Halloran (Republic)	1★
Midnight Court (Warners)	1★

Picture and Producer	General Rating
Midnight Madonna (Paramount)	1★
Midnight Taxi (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Mr. Dodd Takes the Air (Warners)	2★
Mountain Justice (Warners)	2★
Mountain Music (Paramount)	2★
Murder Goes to College (Paramount)	1★
Nancy Steele is Missing (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Navy Spy (Grand National)	2★
New Faces of 1937 (RKO)	3★
Night Key (Universal)	2½★
Night Must Fall (M-G-M)	2★
Night of Mystery (Paramount)	1★
Nobody's Baby (Hal Roach)	1★
Off to the Races (20th Century-Fox)	1★
Oh, Doctor! (Universal)	1½★
*On Again—Off Again (RKO)	1★
On the Avenue (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
*On Such A Night (Paramount)	1★
One Mile from Heaven (20th Century-Fox)	1½★
Ourselves Alone (GB)	2½★
The Outcast (Paramount)	2★
Outcast of Poker Flat (RKO)	2½★
Parnell (M-G-M)	2★
Parole Racket (Columbia)	1★
Personal Property (M-G-M)	2½★
Pick a Star (Hal Roach)	2★
The Prince and the Pauper (Warners)	3½★
Public Wedding (Warners)	1★
Quality Street (RKO)	3★
Racketeers in Exile (Columbia)	2½★
Ready, Willing and Able (Warners)	2★
Riding on Air	2½★
The Road Back (Universal)	3★
Roaring Timber (Columbia)	2★
Romance and Riches (Grand National)	2★
Romeo and Juliet (M-G-M)	4★
San Quentin (Warners)	2½★
Saratoga (M-G-M)	3★
Sea Devils (RKO)	2★
Seventh Heaven (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Shall We Dance (RKO)	3★
*The Sheik Steps Out (Republic)	1★
She's No Lady (Paramount)	1★
Silent Barriers (GB)	3★
Sing and Be Happy (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Singing Marine (Warners)	3★
Slave Ship (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Slim (Warners)	3★
The Soldier and the Lady (RKO)	2½★
Song of the City (M-G-M)	1★
Souls at Sea (Paramount)	3★
Stella Dallas (Sam Goldwyn)	4★
Super Sleuth (RKO)	1★
Strangers on a Honeymoon (GB)	2★
Sweetheart of the Navy (Grand National)	1★
Swing High, Swing Low (Paramount)	3★
Talent Scout (Warners)	1★
*That Certain Woman (Warners)	2★
That I May Live (20thCentury-Fox)	1★
That Man's Here Again (Warners)	1★
There Goes My Girl (RKO)	2★
They Gave Him a Gun (M-G-M)	3★
*That Certain Woman (Warners)	2★
*Thin Ice (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Think Fast, Mr. Moto (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Thirteenth Chair (M-G-M)	2★
They Won't Forget (Warners)	3★
This Is My Affair (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Thunder in the City (Columbia)	2½★
Time Out for Romance (20th Century-Fox)	1★
The Toast of New York (RKO)	3★
Top of the Town (Universal)	2½★
Topper (Hal Roach)	3★
Trouble in Morocco (Columbia)	2★
Turn Off the Moon (Paramount)	1★
23½ Hours Leave (Grand National)	2★
Two Wise Maids (Republic)	2★
Under the Red Robe (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
*Varsity Show (Warners)	3★
Vogues of 1938 (Walter Wanger)	3★
Waikiki Wedding (Paramount)	3★
Wake Up and Live (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Way Out West (Hal Roach)	2½★
Wee Willie Winkie (20th Century-Fox)	4★
We Have Our Moments (Universal)	2★
When Love Is Young (Universal)	3★
When Thief Meets Thief (United Artists)	2★
When's Your Birthday (RKO)	2★
When You're in Love (Columbia)	3½★
White Bondage (Warners)	1★
*Wild and Woolly (20th Century-Fox)	2★
The Wildcatter (Universal)	2★
Wild Money (Paramount)	1★
Wings of the Morning (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Wings Over Honolulu (Universal)	2½★
Woman Chases Man (Sam Goldwyn)	3★
The Woman I Love (RKO)	2½★
You Can't Beat Love (RKO)	1★
You Can't Have Everything (20th Century-Fox)	3★
You're in the Army Now (GB)	2½★

Turn to our Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. It's a valuable guide in choosing entertainment. Instead of giving the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Zola

—the rebel genius life never tamed—strides across the screen to become an immortal character in the motion picture gallery of the great!



This time you will cheer him to the echo. —Screenland

The most distinguished and most important contribution to the screen this year.
—Kate Cameron, N. Y. Daily News

The finest historical film ever made and the greatest screen biography.
—Frank Nugent, N.Y. Times

Warner Bros. supreme effort to garner with one picture virtually all of the next academy awards. —Motion Picture Daily

Warner Bros. proudly present

Mr. Paul MUNI *in* THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA

WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS INCLUDING: Gale Sondergaard . . . Joseph Schildkraut
Gloria Holden • Donald Crisp • Erin O'Brien-Moore • Henry O'Neill • Louis Calhern •
Morris Carnovsky • Directed by William Dieterle • Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine, Heinz Herald and Geza Herczeg.



Soon to be shown at popular prices, the same superb production that thousands paid $2.20 to see. Don't miss the picture that packed America's leading theatres for weeks on end. Coming to your favorite theatre soon.



"WINDSOR ROSE gives life to the natural tints of the skin"

says MAGGY ROUFF of PARIS who created this stunning new costume shade of face powder for Woodbury's

"WINDSOR ROSE, the lovely new shade of Woodbury's powder, gives the skin a romantic beauty. Its creamy-pink and ivory-peach tints are the same that enliven the skin of blonde, brunette and titian. This is the secret of its breath-taking flattery to almost every complexion."

In all seven shades, Woodbury's Facial Powder is *germ-free*.* It cannot spread blemish-causing germs to your face. In the new blue box, $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.



*Tested with 19 other leading brands, Woodbury's Facial Powder, alone, was germ-free both before and after use.

MAIL FOR 10-PIECE LOVELINESS KIT!

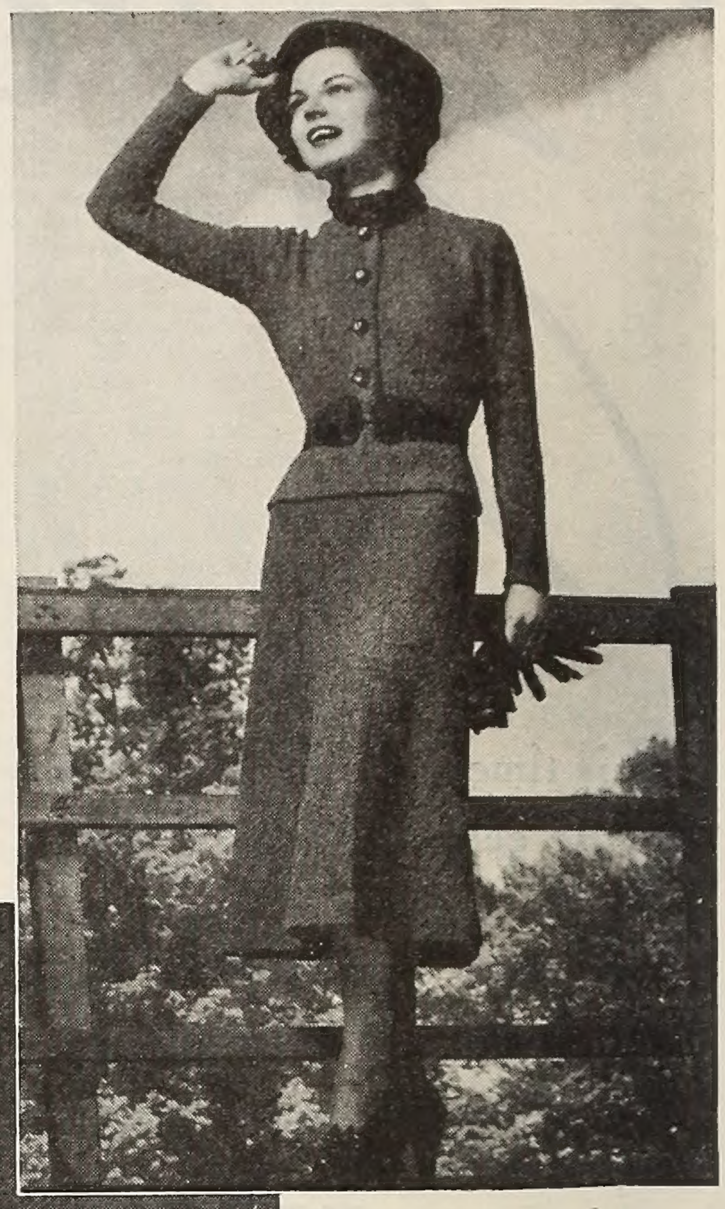
For generous samples of Woodbury's Scientific Aids to Loveliness, enclose 10c and mail to John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9183 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

KNITTED NIFTIES

Tend to your knitting if you'd be smart this season



BM-5006—This two-piece tailored frock may look hard to make, but you'll be surprised how simple the directions are, and how quickly the outfit will work up.



BM-5001—Knit yourself a white slip-on sweater and be ready for anything on that week-end in the country. The contrasting scarf is knitted too and the monogram is worked in wool.

THERE IS nothing to compare with the confidence that being smartly dressed inspires and you can rest assured that you'll be in the height of fashion, wearing either one of these new knit fashions. The two-piece dress displays the slim silhouette demanded this season, and is fashioned of majolica rose bolera crepe, with buttons, scarf and wide leather belt of navy blue. You'll love it these first crisp days.

For sports wear or a day in the country, nothing could be smarter than the hand-knit white sweater of saxony yarn, worn with a blue and white crocheted scarf and a matching suede belt. The monogram, embroidered in matching navy blue yarn, adds an individual touch. Send for full knitting instructions today. They're absolutely free.

ANN WILLS, MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me,

knitting directions for BM-5001.....

knitting directions for BM-5006.....

I am enclosing a stamped, addressed (large) envelope.

Name.....

Street..

City..... State.....

(Check one or both designs and please print name and address)

NOW SEE THEM TOGETHER IN "STAGE DOOR"



Broadway's sensational stage success becomes the outstanding highlight of all the screen's new big pictures!... Authored by two of the greatest living playwrights, EDNA FERBER and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN... Thrillingly directed by the genius behind "My Man Godfrey", GREGORY LA CAVA... Glamorously produced by Hollywood's ace picture-maker, PANDRO S. BERMAN... intimately played by stars daringly cast to sweep you off your feet with curiosity — and satisfaction!... At last the one picture you simply MUST see!



SCREEN PLAY BY
MORRIE RYSKIND AND ANTHONY VEILLER

Stage Door

STARRING

KATHARINE HEPBURN ★ GINGER ROGERS

ADOLPHE MENJOU

WITH

GAIL PATRICK CONSTANCE COLLIER • ANDREA LEEDS

SAMUEL S. HINDS • LUCILLE BALL • FROM THE PLAY BY EDNA FERBER AND GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

DIRECTED BY GREGORY LA CAVA • PRODUCED BY PANDRO S. BERMAN

RKO Radio Pictures



Beauty authorities agree that the most important step in the care of your complexion is *thorough cleansing*. It's a simple step, too, since Daggett & Ramsdell created Golden Cleansing Cream.

For this new cream contains colloidal gold . . . a substance with a remarkable power for toning and invigorating the skin. You can't see or feel this colloidal gold, any more than you can see or feel the iron in spinach. Yet its penetrating action not only makes Golden Cleansing Cream a more efficient cleanser . . . but aids in keeping the complexion clear and youthful.

Try Golden Cleansing Cream tonight. See how fresh and vitally alive it leaves your skin. At leading drug and department stores—$1.00.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
Golden Cleansing Cream

Daggett & Ramsdell MM-11-A
Room 1980, 2 Park Ave., New York City

Enclosed find 10c in stamps for trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in U. S. only.)

Name

Address

City State

Copr. 1937, Daggett & Ramsdell



Starting with the December issue of MODERN SCREEN, we will answer the fans' questions about players and movies directly in these columns—selecting from our monthly mail-bag a cross section of the most interesting and topical questions received from you. By interesting, we mean, letters of general interest to a majority of our readers. By topical, questions uppermost in the minds of a majority of our readers at the moment. Ask as many questions as you like, but try to keep them brief. Then watch Our Mail Box section of the Information Desk, and see if your letter bats a home run.



ALICE FAYE (last printed Dec. 1936. Total number of requests since then 426.) This little girl's gone to town by going natural in several pictures of late. Now it looks as if she's set to stay there for quite some time. Something was very wrong with the Faye movie career not long ago, and nobody knew this better than Alice. She consulted numerous fortune tellers about leaving the screen an' marrying an' raising a family, but they told her it just wasn't in her cards yet. So what to do, what to do? Alice changed her haircomb and the shape of her eyebrows, growing more and more exotic and more and more restless. Even her elusive romance with Tony Martin wasn't stimulating enough to keep her from having a bad case of the doldrums.

She was very definitely tired of it all when she got her part in "On the Avenue." Tired of being hey-hey, tired of tweezing her eyebrows. Then something happened. Alice decided to be—completely herself. She let her eyebrows grow in (within bounds) and gave up the glamor act. With the result that fans raved over her in this picture. She continued to go native in "Wake Up And Live" and found herself not only enjoying life more than ever before, but developing into a grand little actress. Now she's been cast in a choice part in "In Old Chicago" and is she happy!

She was born in Hell's Kitchen, New York City, on May 5th, as plain Alice Leppert, and went to Chester Hale's dancing classes. Then she toured the Eastern circuit of the Loew theatres with the Hale units. Then worked in a floor show, a night club, and did some dancing in vaudeville. And then the "Scandals" beckoned her, and she landed in the line there.

Rudy Vallee met Alice along about then, heard her sing and put her on his radio program. Her name's been linked with his from time to time, but both deny they've ever been that way about each other.

While Alice was singing on the Vallee program, she got her first movie work with her sponsor in the screen version of the "Scandals." After finishing that, she stepped into "Now I'll Tell," and from there went to "She Learned About Sailors" and "365 Nights in Hollywood."

Alice lives with her mother and brother in Hollywood, drives a small coupe and is pretty much of a home girl. She's five feet four and a half inches, weighs one hundred and eleven pounds, and has a very blue pair of eyes. She's a combination of Irish, German and French, and says the traits of so many races in her get her kind of mixed up occasionally.

FRED MacMURRAY. (Last printed Dec., 1936. Total number of requests since 501.) Can you 'magine Fred MacMurray's pa and ma were all set to call this guy who turned into a strapping six-foot-three-incher — Rose? They'd wanted a girl, and it was St. Rose day in Kankakee, Ill., that Aug. 30, 1908, when he put in an arrival. When the doc broke the sad news, "It's a boy," they had to think up something masculine on the spot. They dubbed him Fred, but compromised by nicknaming him Bud, and the nickname stuck.

Moving around was something Fred learned to do early and well. His father was a concert pianist, but he didn't do his touring alone. Everywhere that dad went, mother went. And after Bud's arrival, he too, got the traveling habit. But he managed to get in some education in Beaver Dam and Madison, Wis., and later in military school and at Carroll College.

He played a sax and was a member of his college orchestra, and in between drew pictures. From childhood, he wanted to be an artist and showed a flair in that general direction. (As it turned out later, he wanted to act even more than to draw.) Fred worked his way through college by band-ing in a nite club, and did odd jobs

If you'd like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, and, incidentally, help boost his or her standing in our Barometer, fill in and send us the coupon on this page, or just write. Try to save yourself 2c by using postcards whenever possible. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.

Our Mail Box will be an added feature of this



selling golf clubs and sports goods in a prominent Chicago department store.

In 1929, after driving his mother and aunt to Hollywood, he worked at several jobs, including one which called for him to sandblast paint off cars so they could be repainted. He got a great yen to act about then, and registered with Central Casting. And about then, too, he was the world's greatest movie fan. He tells now how he'd show up at the haunts of stars, collecting autographs, and when a premiere was scheduled, there'd be Fred among the first arrivals, parked on a camp stool beyond the roped-in-section outside the theatre, craning his neck to get a glimpse of stardust flitting in and out—even as you and I.

He managed to get an extra job in "Girls Gone Wild," and then was a trapper in "Tiger Rose," with Lupe Velez and Grant Withers. But his face at that time wasn't even among those on the cutting room floor, for he looked so much like Grant that he wasn't allowed a single close-up. Partly because he was shy, and partly because of bad breaks, Fred just couldn't seem to get a real start in Hollywood. Discouraged, he took a job in an orchestra at Warner's Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard. Somebody noticed he was good looking, and he stepped up from the pit to the stage.

Some say he was discovered at last by a talent scout; others (and this sounds more likely) that he discovered the talent scout. That is, he camped on his trail and begged him to give him a screen test. And he got one with Paramount. Claudette Colbert was looking for a leading man to appear with her in "The Gilded Lily," and she liked Fred's homespun looks so well that she gave him the lead. After that, Hollywood's heart opened wide to Fred—and so did the hearts of fans the country over. His shyness, now, is one of his biggest box-office attractions, and there isn't much chance of his losing it, for it isn't a pose.

ATTENTION, FAN CLUBS! Get your name and address in MODERN SCREEN'S new Fan Club Directory. We've busy on a Fan Club Directory which lists the name and address of every club in the country. We'll then be able to provide a service that can find fan clubs for the fans and fans for the fan clubs. We depend on *your* help to make this an accurate and up-to-the-minute directory. So, if you haven't already sent us the name of your club, told us about your branches, and most important, let us have your address, do so right away!

FLORENCE KELLY, Baltimore, Md. Here is the lowdown on that Shirley Temple age dispute. The official birth certificate shows she was born in Santa Monica Hospital, April 23, 1928. The certificate giving her birth year as 1929 is merely an announcement card.

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print, free of charge, a brief life story of

.....

in your department

Name

Street

City State

If you would like our chart with weights, heights, ages, birthplaces and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.

department's service

Little Mary jabbed her hand
upon a piece of stick,
It hurt and swelled when germs got in,
and now she's pretty sick!

• • •

Take Precautions! Always apply a reliable antiseptic, even to the tiniest scratch . . . and protect with a *clean* dressing.

All Johnson & Johnson Red Cross products marked "sterilized" are sterilized not only in the making. *They are sterilized again after they are packaged.*

Johnson & Johnson

COTTON · GAUZE · BANDAGES

COSMOPOLITAN COOKERY



Nothing like a snack to stave off that hungry feeling. Viennese Luise forgets her calories when molasses-and-nut cookies are on the menu.

THE WORD "cosmopolitan" is one that just seems to fit charming and petite Luise Rainer and it certainly describes her tastes in foods better than any other I can think of. For "cosmopolitan," according to Mr. Webster, not only means "belonging to all or most of the world; at home in any country," but it also implies being "without local prejudices." And that certainly fits the bill in this case perfectly.

However, though a true cosmopolite and therefore quite as at home in the mountains at Santa Monica as she is besides the Blue Danube, Luise still reveals her foreign background in her attitude on the food subject.

"We Europeans not only enjoy eating," she assured me with a friendly smile, "we not only admit it, but actually boast of it!"

Having once tasted some culinary masterpiece, she then went on to explain, your appreciative foreigner will not hesitate to describe that particular dish in the most poetic terms. Nor would he consider it strange to speak of anything as plebeian as an omelette or a sauce in words that would do justice to the Mona Lisa!

"The purpose of food should not be merely to fill, but to delight as well," declared Miss Rainer with conviction. "In many lands, you know, it is considered quite all right to smack one's lips over some especially succulent morsel. In China I learned, one goes even further and expresses appreciation for an outstanding feast in a manner we would consider terribly rude!

"But in this country, alas, meals are so often thought of in terms of calories and vitamins, which makes food merely a fuel and dining only a duty! Why, one must not even exclaim to one's hostess about the prowess of the cook!" she declared in mock distress.

"Nor pay her the supreme compliment of using a piece of bread to wipe up the last vestige of some delectable gravy," I replied and laughingly went on to describe my admiration for the average Frenchman's skill at this particular form of "bread-dunking."

"But dunking is not a pretty word," Miss Rainer demurred. "Don't you think enjoying would be a far better one?"

Which was my cue, of course, to find out just what sort of dishes Miss Rainer herself enjoys most.

"I like almost everything—everywhere," she replied. Then pin her down to facts as I insisted upon doing and you will have a variety of foods from many foreign lands and from all parts of this country of ours as well. From this comprehensive collection I have chosen those that I think will have most appeal for the majority of us folks whose food tastes may not be as cosmopolitan as are those of our Viennese star.

Read on for a short description of these dishes. Then be sure also to turn to page 76 where you'll see tested recipes and explicit directions for their successful preparation. But before doing so let me add a word or two to Miss Rainer's on the subject of food enjoyment and the importance of



Courtesy Campfire Marshmallows

Sweet potato croquettes, garnished with marshmallow-topped pineapple rings will remove the monotony from any meal and assure your success as a hostess as well.

BY MARJORIE DEEN

Be original about your meals, advises lovely Luise Rainer, who declares food should delight

variety as well as excellence in preparing and serving it.

Miss Rainer suggested my asking the Vendome for the special Vendome dish which I'm giving you here this month. It is for Chicken Maryland, a French chef's bow to Southern cooking and a great favorite with our much-traveled star. In this particular version of this famous dish, the chicken is baked, not fried. Now there's an idea you'll like with winter coming on, for you can cook most of the meal in the oven. Then you can have a vegetable casserole and those marshmallow-topped pineapple rings pictured here. If you decide to have the Sweet Potato Croquettes—also pictured—you'll see from the recipe that they are of the fried food family. I'll leave it to you to find out how good they are!

From the South we travel northward to New England from whence came the recipe for the cookies which our Viennese Luise is so apparently enjoying. Molasses, nuts and rolled oats are delightfully combined to give these "drop" cookies a four-star rating. If you like black walnuts (some do, some don't!), be sure and try one batch with them.

From Vienna itself comes the Chocolate Torte with which we end our collection and which Miss Rainer suggests as the perfect dessert course for any delightful dinner party. You can serve it either plain or filled; but serve it by all means, if you're looking for something as different as it is delicious. And let's be "different" frequently, just for the fun of it!

Luise Rainer's Favorite Recipes appear on Page 76.

SUSAN: Hear that, Matilda? She's been crying ever since the bridge club left.





MATILDA: She heard the girls whispering. It would break my heart, too, if anybody said *my* clothes had tattle-tale gray.

SUSAN: But the poor thing works so hard. It's not her fault.



SUSAN: It's that lazy soap she uses. It leaves dirt behind. We ought to tell her how we got rid of tattle-tale gray.

MATILDA: Sh-h-h! That's why I've been saving this ad about Fels-Naptha Soap. Let's slip it under her door.



SUSAN: Wait, Matilda—does that ad say Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and *lots of naptha* chase out every speck of dirt?

MATILDA: Yes indeed, Susan. But keep still—or she'll hear us.



FEW WEEKS LATER

GUEST: But, Doris, these linens look brand-new! How do you ever get them so white?

DORIS: Sh-h-h! Two sly little birdies showed me how to banish tattle-tale gray with Fels-Naptha Soap. I haven't thanked them yet, but, as a bit of a reward, I'm treating them to the movies!

COPR. 1937, FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

GOOD



Nino Martini squires Elissa Landi to the Troc.



Virginia Bruce and Cesar Romero are Hollywood's latest duo.

BY LEO TOWNSEND

After the "High, Wide and Handsome" premiere, everyone drifted to the Trocadero to finish off the festivities. Most beautiful gal present was Virginia Bruce, with no make-up and Cesar Romero. When the two of them got up to dance, everyone at the tables stopped drinking to watch. They're better than most professional teams. Later in the evening, Margaret Sullavan, at a ringside table, entertained the customers with her dodging act, which she uses whenever a cameraman approaches. That's why the Trocadero never needs a floor show.

■ ■ ■

There was a large block of vacant seats at the "H., W. & H." opening, marking the spot where the Myrna Loy-Arthur Hornblow theatre party should have been. Hornblow produced the picture, so he and Myrna invited 25 people to the theatre and a late supper. Mr. H. evidently got the jitters, for on the day of the premiere he became seriously ill and Myrna had to phone all her guests and call the whole thing off.

■ ■ ■

Newest note in fashions is a dog to match your hair. At least, that's the newest note as far as Connie Bennett is concerned. Miss B. owns a cocker spaniel with golden hair exactly the shade of her own. She bought it at the Vendome—they don't serve them there, they sell them—and the two of them look very fetching in the back seat of the Bennett Rolls-Royce. The idea hasn't really caught on yet, but if it does several leading men will have to clamp on their toupees and go out shopping for a Mexican Hairless.

■ ■ ■

The Sphinx has moved again. Because too many people learned her address, and because of recent changes in her private life, Garbo has dismissed all her servants, hired a brand-new staff, and moved to a new home. The new address is 350 North Cliffwood Drive in Brentwood Heights. Why don't you drop in and surprise her?

■ ■ ■

Strange feud between Olivia de Havilland and that well-known stage and screen actor. Olivia once admired him considerably, and she was overjoyed when she finally got a chance to play in a picture with him. Something stupendous and colossal must have happened, because ever since then Miss de H. has been avoiding him. When she was working in "The Great Garrick" she even had the set barred to her former friend.

■ ■ ■

Funniest double feature bill of the month happened at Grauman's Chinese recently. Patrons were treated to "Thin Ice" and "Hot Water."

Flash news from the Hollywood front giving you all the low-down

NEWS





Joan Blondell and Dick Powell go previewing.

Randy Scott lights a ciggy for Dorothy Lamour at the Trocadero.

Rumors keep drifting around Hollywood that Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor are secretly married. Most logical reason is that Bob's Metro contract has a clause which forbids his marriage for seven years, which means that any wedding bells would have to ring very quietly. But can you imagine Taylor and Stanwyck being able to marry secretly anywhere? Of course, there's always the chance that Arlington Brugh and Ruby Stevens might have slipped off to some remote spot.

■ ■ ■

Best gag of the month is credited to a Hollywood correspondent for a New York newspaper. After a year of trudging the Hollywood beat, the weary scribe and his wife were about to leave on a vacation. When someone asked him where they were going, he said, "We're going to paste a big picture of Robert Taylor on the outside of our car, and drive until someone says, 'Who's that?' That's where we're stopping."

■ ■ ■

Battle of the Month rages over the fair, golden lock of guess who? Shirley Temple! It seems her mother wants to let Shirley's hair grow, because Shirley herself is growing, but the studio wants to keep it in curls, recalling, no doubt, that those curls brought plenty of gold into the vaults. At this writing, the momentous decision has not yet been reached, but you can rest assured that no one in Hollywood has slept a wink for days.

Seven or eight years ago exhibitors used to advertise their pictures by announcing "This is *not* a musical." Reason was that Hollywood had filled the theatres of the land with musical pictures, some good and a number of them bad, and the public had tired of them. Right now there's danger of the same situation repeating itself. In one week, for instance, we saw four musicals, and three of them were based on the old "show must go on" theme. Something ought to be done. How about a musical where the heroine's horse loses the big race? Or where the little country girl doesn't make good in the city? Or one in which the young producer simply can't scare up the dough to put on the big show? He marries the girl anyway, and everybody goes home an hour earlier.

■ ■ ■

When Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald arrived by plane from San Francisco on the last leg of their trip from Hawaii they were met at the airport by a bevy of photographers and Jeanette's mother. Gene's mother, who didn't approve of the marriage, is still not speaking. Too bad, because everyone else thinks it's a swell match. Jeanette and Gene posed for all the cameramen, but Gene refused to take off his hat. He had just washed his hair, he explained, and couldn't do a thing with it.

■ ■ ■

Love in Bloom Dept.: We dropped into a high-class men's shop —by mistake, of course—the other day and discovered Carole

on the high-ups or who's going where and why these days

No Waste! No Mess!

..with the

KLEENEX*

200 SHEET

Pull-Out Package



200-SHEET KLEENEX NOW 2 FOR 25¢

The handy size for every room

Why tolerate clumsy boxes or inferior tissues when Kleenex brings you *Double Economy?* Plus a world of convenience that others can't offer because *only Kleenex* has this patented Pull-Out Package.

Stop at your dealer's today and ask for 200-sheet Kleenex... now reduced to 2 for 25c. It's the handy size for every room and for the car!

KLEENEX*

DISPOSABLE TISSUES

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)



Dolores Del Rio, Hubby Cedric Gibbons and Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper pause long enough to be photographed as they enter the theatre for the premiere of "Dead End."

Lombard. Now that's an item every men's shop should carry, we thought, but before we could say, "We'll take that," she had gone. What Carole was buying was shirts, and since she doesn't have a size 16½ neck, we took it for granted they were for a Mr. Gable. Mr. G. is still a man's man—he continues to select his own ties.

■ ■ ■

People haven't been seeing much of Alice Faye around the night spots lately. Night club sandwiches were getting tired and lonely, so we decided to investigate. What we found out is that the little Faye gal has really gone to work. She's spending her evenings seriously studying voice and acting, and if you've seen any of her recent pictures you saw the results.

■ ■ ■

Here's a blow for all you men who've regarded Myrna Loy as the perfect wife. She thinks the word "obey" should never be allowed in the marriage ceremony. And out on the set of her next picture Myrna even refused flatly to use "obey" in her screen marriage. The picture is "Double Wedding" and Florence Rice is the other feminine member of the ceremony. Florence was all for saying that she would obey, so in order to keep peace between the two girls, the director decided to leave in both versions and let preview audiences decide which they prefer.

■ ■ ■

There are two new stars on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer horizon. One just signed up is Mary Christine Dunn, two years of age and really a super-colossal genius. For Mary Christine is that child wonder who was just found to have an I.Q. of 185, which news ought to make Shirley Temple hang her yellow curls in shame. And the other new star is Leatrice Joy Gilbert. The daughter of Leatrice Joy and John Gilbert took her first screen test the other day and has had the studio raving ever since.

■ ■ ■

There really is a girl in Hollywood who wouldn't go in the movies for love or money. And it's Eloise O'Brien—Pat's wife—who has just turned down her third bona fide movie offer. Mr. O'B. claims she's too content with her present rôle.

■ ■ ■

Just when we were all set to believe tales that love had chilled between George Raft and Virginia Pine, we hear that Virginia's daughter is still charging things to George. In the ten-cent store the other day, four-year-old Jean was buying with a lavish hand. "Just charge that to George Raft, will you?" she asked the clerks. And the clerks agreed solemnly, at a wink from George's chauffeur, who put up the cash.

■ ■ ■

A few nights before Bob Taylor departed for England to make "A Yank at Oxford," Barbara Stanwyck attended the preview of "Broadway Melody" alone. Bob was catching up on last-minute work at the studio, so Barbara went along to check on her gentleman friend's performance. Incidentally, Bob's going-away gift to Miss S. was a bracelet of diamonds and rubies, shaped into hearts and inscribed with the date of his departure.

■ ■ ■

Divorce, reconciliations, weddings, love affairs and rumored love affairs—all these keep Hollywood in a dither trying to untangle the threads of what is fact and what fiction. Joan Bennett, for instance, had her last date before leaving for Massachusetts to play in a stock company—with dashing Errol Flynn. But that romance was nipped in the bud in short order. For Errol took another girl on a yachting trip the very next day. And it was none other than Lili Damita—his supposedly estranged wife.

■ ■ ■

Did you know that there are really *four* Ritz brothers? The fourth one runs a men's furnishing store in New York City. He's the white sheep of the family. The Hollywood Ritzes tried the other day to get him to join forces here with them, for their next picture, but George wired back that he's crazy now—he doesn't have to act that way.

Clark Gable drove to a Montana ranch for a vacation, but things didn't work out so well for him. When he stopped for lunch at a small town the crowds jammed the sidewalks to get a peek at him. Telephone operators passed the word along from town to town so Clark met a welcoming committee everywhere he stopped. He finally found solitude on a hunting trip. The animals simply regarded him as another guy with a gun.

■ ■ ■

There's plenty of excitement out on the "Marco Polo" set and no wonder. In the picture they show the discovery of gun powder—and so far they've had four minor explosions on the set. One of them barely missed Gary Cooper, who didn't care for the idea at all. Although the Chinese discovered gun powder several centuries ago, it apparently still has Sam Goldwyn baffled.

■ ■ ■

Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, don't like to pose for pictures together. Reason, we learn, is that some time ago someone referred to the doctor as "Mr. Dunne." Well-known in his own profession in New York, he had good reason to resent it, hence he discourages any kind of publicity.

■ ■ ■

Edward Everett Horton arrived at the studio looking weak and wan the other morning. When asked what was ailing him, Eddie said, "I'm worn out. I sat up all night with a sick tree." That's right—a sick tree. Eddie is an ardent horticulturist and when a new linden looked like it was wilting, he sat up all night to administer to it. Only God can make a tree, says Mr. H., but it takes a lot of outside help to keep it going.

■ ■ ■

Embarrassing Moments Dept.: For her role in "The Great Garrick," Olivia de Havilland wears a nightgown which has 72 yards of pleated chiffon (whatever that is) in it. Well, when the little lady got too close to an electric fan on the set it took four prop men to untangle the 72 yards and locate Olivia.

■ ■ ■

Back in Iowa, when she was one of the Mulligan girls, Lola Lane played the piano at the local movie palace. It was during the silent days, when the piano intensified the chase and played "Hearts and Flowers" for the love scenes. The first picture Lola played for was a Ramon Novarro feature. So now, a certain number of years later, she plays opposite her one-time hero in "The Sheik Steps Out." Girls, get at your piano lessons!

■ ■ ■

Ever get seasick without going near the ocean? That's what happened to Joan Bennett recently at the Wanger Studios, which are a good half-hour's hard ride from the Pacific. It seems they were photographing a close-up shot of a boat scene in "I Met My Love Again." It was a prop boat and there was no water around, except in the cooler, but the rocking of the ship got to Miss B. and did her in.

■ ■ ■

That recent marriage which ended almost neck and neck with "The Wedding March" set a new record for quick separations in Hollywood. Real reason for the break-up, they say, is that on honeymoon boat trip the groom cast too many glances in the direction of a young lady who was definitely not the bride. So when

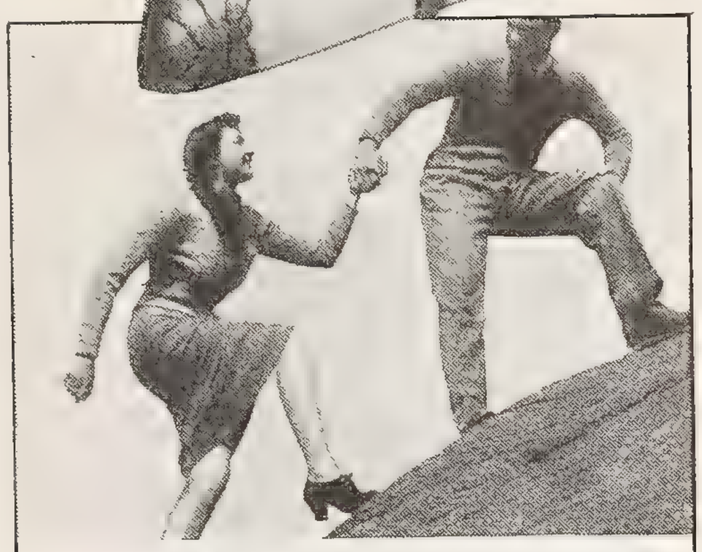
(*Continued on page 77*)

POPULAR MODEL GIVES TIP ON SAVING STOCKINGS!

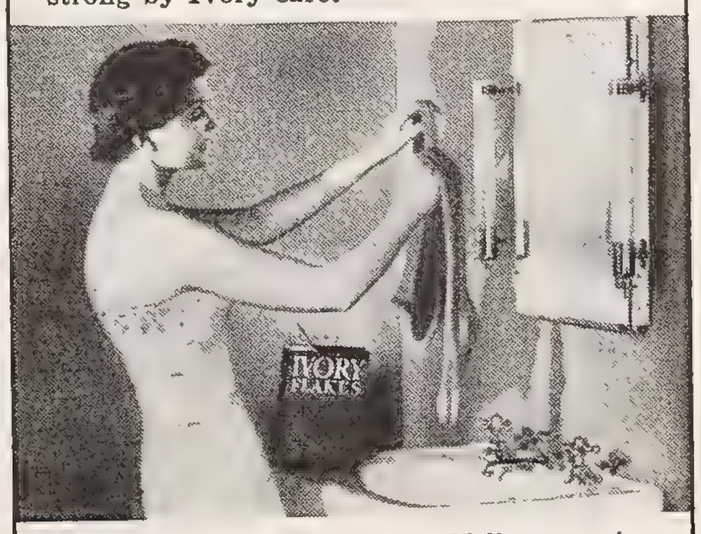


I cut my stocking bills IN HALF by using Ivory Flakes one minute each night!

Here's the girl you see in lots of fashion photographs — lovely Evelyn Kelly. "I furnish my own stockings," she says, "and Ivory Flakes save me money. Stockings washed with *pure suds* wear twice as long."



ACTION! DEMANDS PHOTOGRAPHER. Look at the strain on Evelyn's sheer stockings! They can take it, because they're kept fresh and strong by Ivory care!



ONE MINUTE PLEASE! Evelyn Kelly, popular photographers' model, takes one minute at bedtime to dash her stockings through Ivory Flakes suds. "Now they wear *twice as long.*"

Pure soap prevents weakening of silk stockings

"Protecting the freshness of silk is the whole secret of getting real wear from stockings," say fine stores. "That's why we advise the soap flakes made from the famous pure Ivory Soap—the soap that protects even a baby's young skin."

Don't pile up stockings you've worn—*don't* use any soap less pure than Ivory Flakes—*don't* let your stockings get *stale.* All these make silk grow weak and old.

Start tonight with Ivory Flakes. One minute of daily care can add weeks of wear—Ivory Flakes are pure economy!



TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



BETWEEN YOU

Prizes for your thoughts about stars and the movies. Be sure they are original, fans!



On the prairie, Miss Warbling Star gets musical accompaniment. Realism?

$5.00 Prize Letter

This Thing Called Music

There is nothing in the world quite so wonderful as music at the right time and in the right places, but I do not understand why the producers think it necessary to have music for every dramatic moment regardless of the circumstances. A singer, such as Grace Moore, or Lily Pons, or Jeanette MacDonald may be singing on a prairie just at sundown, and accompanying her perfectly will be a superb orchestra coming from where—out of clouds, flowers, or from behind trees? Is this realistic? For me it certainly isn't and I'm sure a lot of other fans feel the same way as I do about it.

Now, about that dramatic touch. In the most dramatic moments of "Parnell" when Clark Gable and Myrna Loy appear to be lost in a dense fog, soft music plays an accompaniment to their quiet laughter. I have never seen a London fog filled with music, but maybe Ireland fogs are different from those in London.

In "Captains Courageous," in mid-ocean, on a fishing schooner, Freddie Bartholomew and Spencer Tracy have an orchestra accompaniment to help them catch fish. I don't doubt that it might be soothing to the fishes' nerves, but for me it knocks the plot right out from under, and I'm jolted back into reality with the very annoying thought, "Ah, this is just a movie after all."

If an entire picture is a musical show, it is rather to be expected, though not always convincing either, to find music bobbing up almost any place, or if on the other hand an orchestra has been accompanying a picture from the beginning, that too, is different. But this thing of music suddenly appearing on a desert island, or on top of the Washington Monument, is just too, too absurd.—Lucia E. Harding, Charlotte, N. C.

WRITE A LETTER— WIN A PRIZE

Have you tried your luck in these columns yet? If you haven't, sit down now. Write a letter or poem about the stars or movies. Be sure it's original, however. Make it long or make it brief, and say your little say. Between You 'N' Me is an open forum, written by the fans, and for them. Tell us what pictures you think are tops, what stars you think are tops. Tell us what you *don't* like, too. We welcome your original contributions. No deadlines. Just send in your raves and peeves, and maybe a prize will find its way to your door. Prizes: 1st prize, $5; 2 second prizes of $2 each; 6 prizes of $1 each. Address Between You and Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

$2.00 Prize Letter

Don Woods—Before and After

Five summers ago, I met Don Woods and his wife, Jo, in a little out-of-the-way village in Connecticut. At the time they were practically penniless. Months before, Don had been working hard in all the parts he could get on Broadway to collect enough money for Jo to go to the country and rest. You see, after six years of marriage, the Woods were the expectant parents of an heir who would have little but love to inherit. They landed in Connecticut, and after settling in a comfortable Inn, made arrangements with a local doctor for the delivery. The little boy, christened Conrad, and nicknamed Splinter, was born late that August.

While waiting for him, my family and the Woods were having a grand time with corn roasts, feasts of watermelon, searching for an old cradle in antique shops, and putting on acts in the big Inn room on rainy nights. Till Splinter's arrival, both of them remained sweet and uncomplaining, and they won my heart completely.

That fall they visited us in our New York apartment. Don's career was now set. Eva Le Gallienne had taken an interest in him, and he was even then Hollywood bound. But he was the same down-to-earth chap of old. Conceit was something left out of his nature. We've moved since and haven't seen him again, but each year he sends either a Christmas card or a letter. Perhaps all stars aren't like him,

'n' me

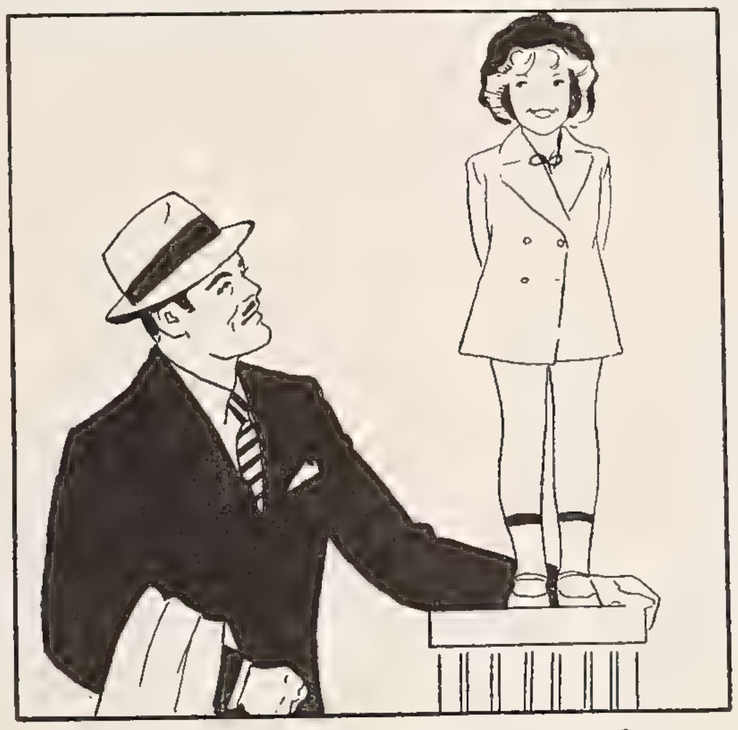
but here's to a grand person who deserves the best of luck, and then some.—Jean S. Ross, Rockville Centre, N. Y.

$2.00 Prize Letter
Wise Clark Gable

If you ask me, Clark Gable's wise
To be afraid of Temple's eyes—
Her dimpled cheeks, her teeth of pearl—
Oh she's a cute, intriguing girl!
No matter how, nor where, nor when,
She captivates the hearts of men.
Regardless *who* the leading man
'Tis Shirley pivots every fan.
Despite how each great star is cast
Our Shirley's role is first and last.
So, Gable's wise to fear his place,
When so much glamor he must face.
A pint-sized youngster holds the cup,
All Clark can do is stand and gu'p.—Mrs. L. L. Huffman, Lincolnton, North Carolina.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Prefers Stars Who Are Human

Do the movie fans really want glamor in motion pictures, or do they want real down-to-earth stories that tug at the heart-strings? That is a question which should not be hard to answer. Glamor may be all right but it should be served in sparing doses. The great popularity of Shirley Temple, Janet Gaynor, Wallace Beery, and the late Will Rogers easily proves that the more human the actor's portrayal, the more popular he becomes—and stays. After seeing a Shirley Temple picture, we can nearly always say, "Why, our Jane said the same thing as Shirley just last night," or while coming home from such a picture as "A Family Affair," we remark, "Father lights his pipe just like Lionel Barrymore!" Those actors and actresses who have remained tops with us for so long are the ones who act like the boys or girls down the block, or the men or women we meet every day.



Gable scared of pint-sized Shirley Temple? He *should* be, says a fan.

They've endeared themselves to us by their realistic portrayals, not by glamorizing themselves until they no longer seem like human beings.—Martha Nichols, Philadelphia, Pa.

$1.00 Prize Letter
A Knight Errant Named John Boles

Last year Mr. Boles was making personal appearances in Washington, D. C. Our school choir, billed on his program, invaded his dressing-room asking for autographs. He very pleasantly signed a hundred odd without any show of impatience.

I had always thought of stars as hardly speaking the same language as ours, but John Boles was, to my astonishment and delight, just like an ordinary human being. He saved my pink net dress from disaster when, in the confusion, I flounced too near some black shoe polish. And a whole year later, when my sixteenth birthday drew near, I was pleasantly mystified to receive a congratulatory note from him. I discovered later that Mother had wanted to surprise me and had written to him, reminding him of the incident of the year before. That's the kind of a star *I* like, girls!—Patricia Few, Decatur, Georgia.

$1.00 Prize Letter
"Old Fashioned" Girl Speaks Up

Maybe I'm behind the times or maybe I'm crude—just enough to like the ideas that went out with jigsaw puzzles and yo-yos, the heavy clinches, the risque scenes etc. Anyway I don't appreciate the new trend in the movies a-tall.

I've tried to be righteous about films with morals. I've laughed weakly at the pictures overrun with good clean fun. I've even forced myself to sigh over the pictures with those collar-ad cuties, Tyrone

(*Continued on page* 104)

"Glare-Proof" *flattering in any light!*



Pond's Shades Never Show "Powdery"

Out in the open daylight—what does your powder do for your face?

Sharp daylight throws angles into relief—shows up faults in your face — Does your powder show up terribly? Sharpening every fault?

Not with Pond's "glare-proof" shades! Pond's powder shades are carefully blended to catch and reflect only the softer rays of light. They *soften* your face. And never show up "powdery."

True skin tones. Uniformly blended. Softest texture. And clinging. Special ingredients make Pond's "glare-proof" Powder stay smooth, fresh-looking for hours.

Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

FREE . . .
5 "Glare-Proof" Shades

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-PL Clinton, Conn.
Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "glare-proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test. (This offer expires Jan. 1, 1938.)

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REVIEWS • A TOUR

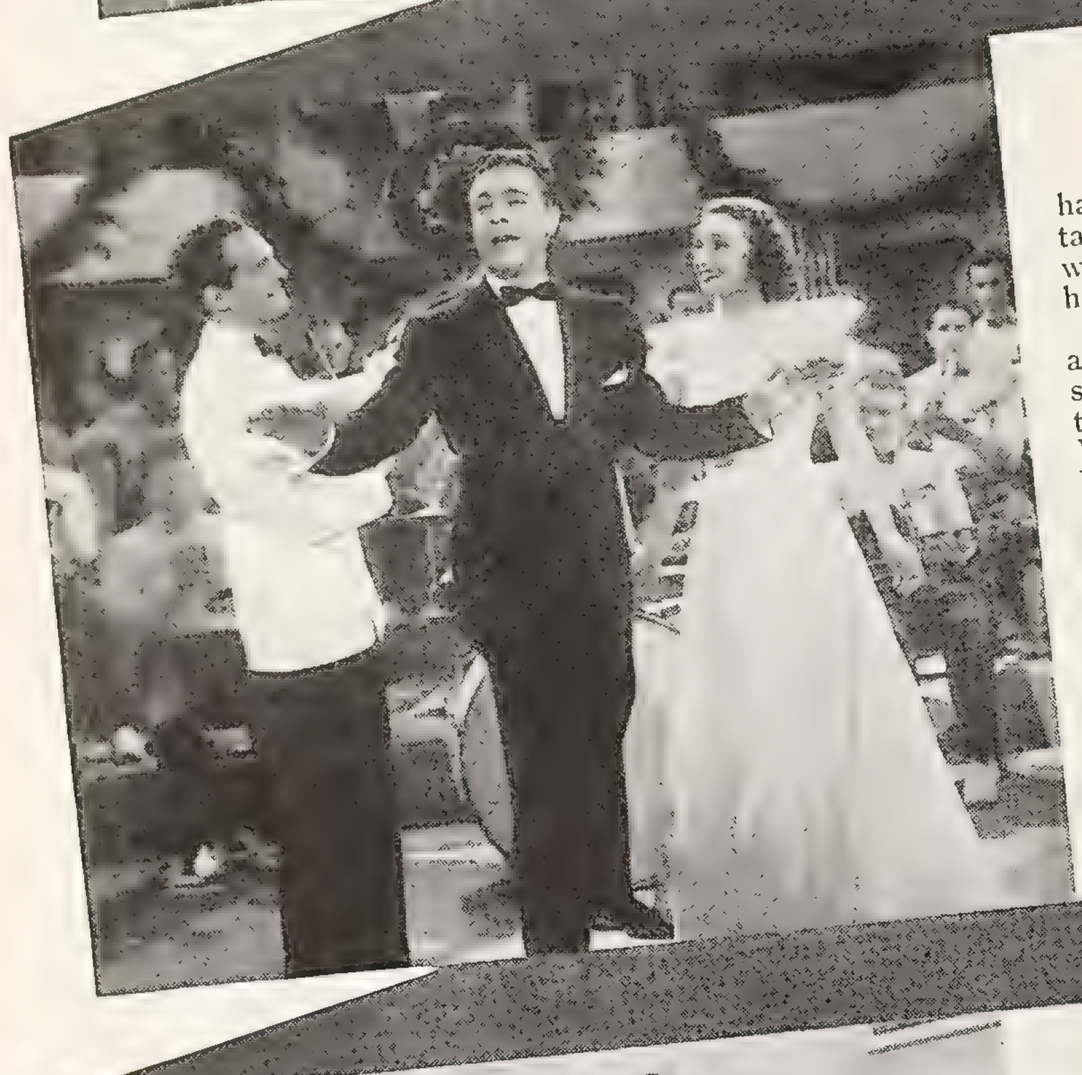


★★★★ Dead End

You'll undoubtedly find "Dead End" on numerous "ten best" lists when 1937's quota of films has been catalogued and judged by the critics. It was an excellent play on Broadway, and it is a swell motion picture. It is drama on a New York street. All the action takes place from dawn to darkness, and the entire picture is played on a single set, where the street runs into the East River. Mr. Goldwyn's cameraman has achieved splendid photographic effects and the identical opening and closing panoramic shot is something you won't forget.

On the street you'll find Baby-Face Martin, once a tough kid of the district, who has returned to see his long-forgotten mother; Dave, who has grown up embittered by his failure to make an honest living; Drina, Dave's girl and the older sister of Tommy, one of a tough gang of East Side kids who gets himself in trouble with the law, and about whom the drama really revolves.

There are good performances by Humphrey Bogart, as Baby-Face, Joel McCrea as Dave and Sylvia Sidney as Drina, but acting honors go to the group of youngsters, imported from the stage production, who play the tough kids. Billy Halop plays Tommy, and the others are Huntz Hall, Bobby Jordan, Leo B. Gorcey, Gabriel Dell and Bernard Punsly. In the supporting cast there are notable brief portrayals by Margaret Main, Claire Trevor, Allen Jenkins, Wendy Barrie and James Burke. Directed by William Wyler.—*Samuel Goldwyn.*



★★★ Varsity Show

With the aid of Fred Waring and his band, the Warner Brothers have turned out a college musical which is tops in that kind of entertainment. It's completely unsophisticated and completely rah-rah, which is either a hearty recommendation or a warning, depending on how you like your musicals.

Waring plays a professor at good old Winfield, and his band manages to look and act like undergraduates. When the annual college show seems about to wind up behind the eight ball, the boys get together and solicit the services of Chuck Daly, who has gone from Winfield to Broadway and success as a musical comedy producer. When it turns out that Chuck Daly is none other than Dick Powell, you can sit back and be pretty sure that the big show is going to be terrific.

Dick Powell does an ingratiating job as the helpful alumnus. As his sidekick, Ted Healy steals the show with a swell comedy performance. Fred Waring is not at ease in the acting department, but his band and male chorus are splendid. Rosemary Lane, in the romantic lead, and her sister Priscilla, who supplies comedy, are both due for fine screen futures. Others who help are Lee Dixon Walter Catlett, Johnny Davis, Sterling Holloway, Mabel Todd and Buck and Bubbles. The finale, staged by Busby Berkeley, is gigantic and colossal. Directed by William Keighley.—*Warner Brothers.*

★★★ Souls at Sea

In 1841 the packet William Brown, sailing from Liverpool to Philadelphia, caught fire and burned to the water. Forty-one survivors crowded into the lifeboat. The ship's mate, in charge of the boat, sensed at once that the small craft was overloaded, and in order to save as many lives as possible, he caused seven of the passengers to be thrown into the sea. Later, in Philadelphia, he was tried for manslaughter, and acquitted.

Out of this story—based on an actual occurrence—Paramount has fashioned an exciting and highly dramatic film, a sea picture which belongs in a select group with "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Captains Courageous." It's a tale as powerful as the sea itself, and it's acted to the hilt by a swell cast. First honors go to Gary Cooper, who plays the ship's mate with all the force and ability which has marked all of his recent portrayals. Surprise performance is that of George Raft as Cooper's companion. Heretofore identified only with city slicker rôles, Raft, with no lubrication in his locks, and none of his former mannerisms, turns in a performance that will certainly open an entire new field of characterization to him. In lesser rôles, Olympe Bradna and Frances Dee manage to be both beautiful and convincing. Of the supporting cast, Joseph Schildkraut, Henry Wilcoxon, Virginia Weidler and George Zucco are outstanding. Directed by Henry Hathaway.—*Paramount.*

Movie Scoreboard on Page 8

OF TODAY'S TALKIES



★★★ Broadway Melody of 1938

This year's "Broadway Melody" is recommended more for several of its parts than for the picture as a whole. It has several singing and dancing sequences which are completely delightful, and which help considerably to speed up a story that creaks loudly in some of its joints. In case you want to know, it's the old one about the young Broadway producer whose backer walks out on him because he is determined to star an unknown gal. This time the gal has a horse. The horse wins the big race, the money is put into the show, and the show is a howling success. So you won't be startled by the novelty of this idea, it may be well to warn you that the horse also appears in the show's finale.

Now for the assets. Best dancing is done in a box car by Eleanor Powell, George Murphy and Buddy Ebsen. Another number, in a park setting, by Miss Powell and Mr. Murphy, is also a show stopper. In the singing department, there are Sophie Tucker, Judy Garland and Igor Gorin. All three are swell, with little Judy Garland outstanding because she is given the best chance. Robert Taylor plays the romantic lead, and no one asks him either to sing or dance. Others who deserve mention are Raymond Walburn, Binnie Barnes, Billy Gilbert, Robert Benchley, Willie Howard, Barnett Parker and Robert Wildhack, who demonstrates sneezes. Most effective song is "Dear Mr. Gable," sung by Judy Garland. Directed by Roy del Ruth.—*M-G-M.*



★★★ Thin Ice

In her second screen appearance Sonja Henie manages to retain all the freshness and naïve charm which made her dear to thousands of customers in "One in a Million." In addition, she has made progress with her acting, for she exhibits a smoothness and finesse which she lacked in her first picture. Evidently sitting up nights with an actor (Tyrone Power) didn't do her any harm.

The producers have wisely kept the film's running time under control. In welcome contrast to the siege of recent over-long musicals, "Thin Ice" gets over its story, its song and its skating in slightly more than an hour, and audiences will leave it feeling they've had more than their money's worth of entertainment.

Tyrone Power has the male lead, and this accomplished young gent makes the most of his light comedy rôle. He seems as amused as the audience at Miss Henie's delightful accent. Melville Cooper, Raymond Walburn, Arthur Treacher, Alan Hale, Maurice Cass and Sig Rumann help considerably in supporting rôles. Leah Ray sings "My Secret Love Affair" and Joan Davis panicked a preview audience with comedy renditions of "I'm Olga from the Volga" and "My Swiss Hill Billy." In addition, there are several spectacular skating ensembles featuring Miss Henie. Directed by Sidney Lanfield.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★★ Artists and Models

A mélange of gags, girls and music, "Artists and Models" is good entertainment because it is fast and funny and because it gives Jack Benny his first real opportunity in pictures. The smooth-talking Mr. B. delivers a fine job in the top comedy rôle, so good that when he isn't on the screen the pace seems to slacken considerably.

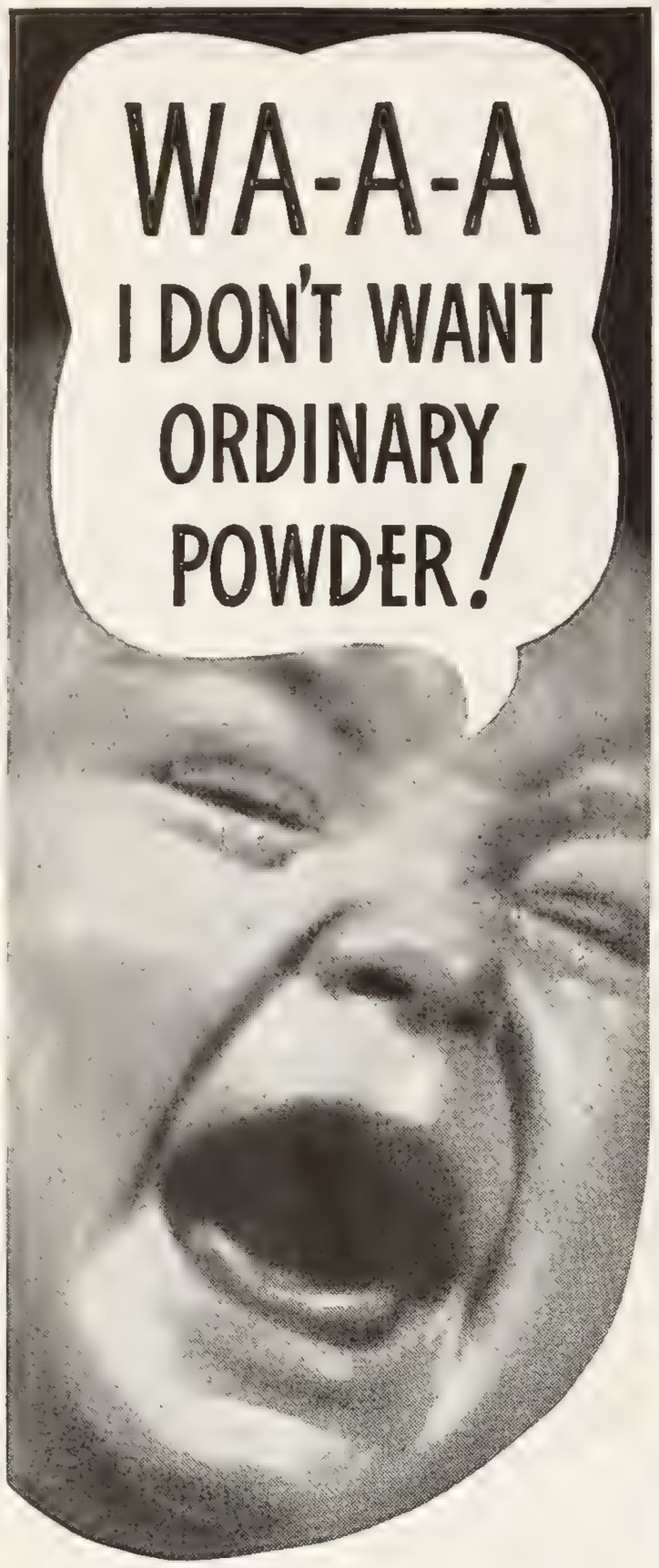
Paramount has gathered a large cast to support radio's Number One boy. In the leads are Richard Arlen, Ida Lupino and Gail Patrick. Mr. Benny wins Gail Patrick, which is better than most comics are doing these days. Among the added entertainers are Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra, with Connie Boswell doing a swell vocal on "Whispers in the Dark," Ben Blue and Judy Canova, the Yacht Club Boys, and Martha Raye with Louis Armstrong in a Harlem setting singing "Public Melody Number One." It's Martha Raye in blackface, in case you want to know. In addition, the cast contains six well-known artists—Russell Patterson, Peter Arno, Arthur William Brown, John LaGatta, McClelland Barclay and Rube Goldberg, portraying six well-known artists.

"Artists and Models" isn't the world's best musical, but it can certainly be recommended for an evening's entertainment. Directed by Raoul Walsh.—*Paramount.*

More Reviews on Page 70

BY LEO TOWNSEND

What to see—and what to skip—when you're movie shopping



"I want Mennen Antiseptic Powder that keeps me SAFER from germs!"

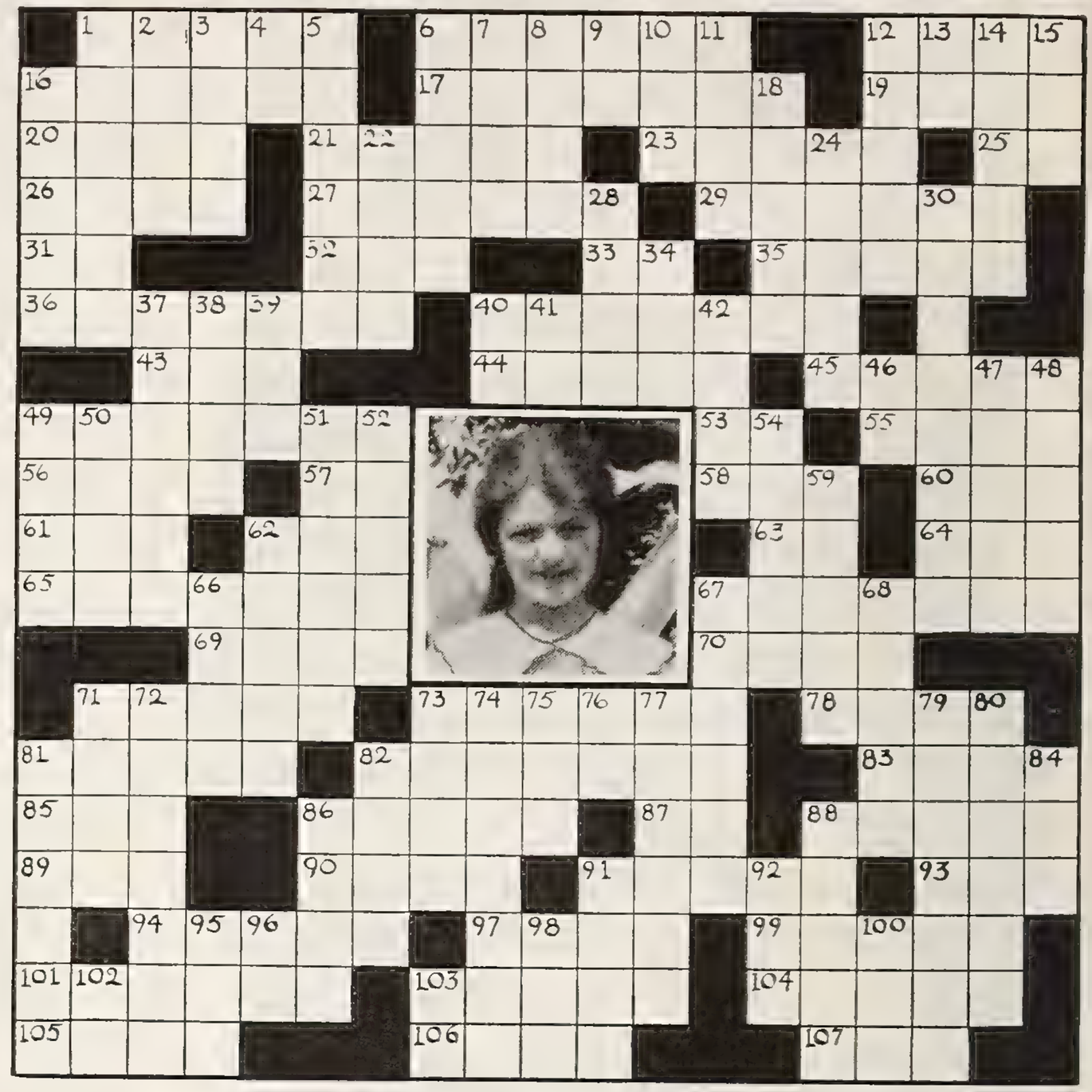
"Honest, Mummy, I'm not cryin' just to be bad. I'm SCARED of those germs that are always landin' on my skin; and I want the baby powder that'll protect me from 'em. I mean Mennen. You know, Mummy, there couldn't be a powder that's softer than Mennen, or that works slicker in keepin' my skin free from chafin'. Besides that . . . this Mennen Powder is what my doctor ordered; 'cause it's antiseptic. It keeps a baby's skin from gettin' infected. And that's what counts! So Mummy—what?—you'll get me some Mennen Powder! Gee, that's great! Now I'll love you more'n ever!"

Recommended by more doctors than all other baby powders combined . . . that's what a recent survey shows about Mennen Antiseptic Powder.

MENNEN BORATED POWDER -ANTISEPTIC-

THE BABY POWDER THAT HELPS PREVENT INFECTION

OUR PUZZLE



Puzzle solution appears on Page 100

ACROSS

1. & 6. The damsel in the puzzle
12. First name of star of "Victoria the Great"
16. Comedian in "The Road Back"
17. Embarrassed
19. Douglas - - - -; his new flicker's "Cornered"
20. Heavy in "Personal Property"
21. Name part played by Marion Davies in picture with Gable
23. Joe E. Brown's girl in "When's Your Birthday?"
25. Behold
26. Simple
27. Young hen
29. Her marriage to actor-adventurer is an off-again, on-again one
31. First name of actor who plays Swedish comedy roles
32. Name Louise Hovick used to use
33. Dick Powell topped in "- - the Avenue"
35. First name of girl lead in "Outcast"
36. Nancy Fairbrother in "Four Days' Wonder"
40. Her first name's Kay; she was in "Crack-Up"
43. First name of actress in "Artists and Models"
44. Ditto of girl in "High, Wide and Handsome"
45. Try with the tongue
49. The pictures he produces don't often get ribbed but his use of English does
53. Initials of ingenue in "Love in a Bungalow"
55. Pastoral tale
56. Word left out of most Hollywood marriage rites
57. Initials of portrayer of Jim Fisk in "The Toast of New York"
58. Doris Nolan was tops in "- - - of the Town"
60. This much is fair in love and war
61. Neither's pal
62. Life blood of a funny picture
63. Initials of De Lawd in "The Green Pastures"
64. Hawaiian flower wreath
65. Actor's motion
67. She rose to fame feudin' with La Temple
69. Real name's William Langan. Before he was in pix, he was a radio star
70. Stake in a poker game
71. Genial heavy in "Slave Ship"
73. A ticklish fellow in "Way Out West"
78. First name was Chic; he died in 1936
81. The perennial Oriental Hawkshaw
82. Comedy news photographer in "Bank Alarm"
83. First name of a hostess in "Marked Woman"
85. Reputed to be pretty snug in a rug
86. Song, "The Sweetheart of - - - - - Chi"
87. The sailor shouts, Land - -!
88. "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air" is her next
89. Elongated fish
90. Stockings
91. The door swings on this
93. Make an offer
94. Countrified looking youth in "Broadway Melody of 1938"
97. Hollywood's best-ies go stepping here
99. He's a treat in "The Firefly." First name
101. Capital city of Canada
103. Minute particles
104. Comic butler in many a pic; is in "A Love Like That"
105. Female attendant to Gravet in "The King and the Chorus Girl"
106. Bazooka's beloved in "Mountain Music"
107. Earth

PAGE

DOWN

1. This girl is aces for hard-boiled dames
2. Declare
3. Robert Donat played in "The Thirty ---- Steps"
4. W--dy Barrie was born in Shanghai
5. Wee Willie Winkie to the life
6. This actor's big ears haven't lessened his heart-throb appeal
7. Scientist in "Green Light"
8. Harvard University's biggest rival
9. Initials of star whose producer-husband died not long ago
10. Electrical unit
11. Granddaughter in "Make Way for Tomorrow"
12. Spinning and buzzing
13. Negative
14. Amiable gangster in "Internes Can't Take Money"
15. Fuss
16. Bald heads
18. Femme in "Midnight Taxi"
22. This Russian actor's tragic pan makes him seem more comic
24. Kent Taylor's chubby boss in "When Love Is Young"
28. He appears with his real-life wife in "The Bride Wore Red"
30. She's Adolphe Menjou's little woman
34. First name of one of the "Three Smart Girls"
37. Hoot Gibson's her ex; Harry Joe Brown's her present
38. Jeanette MacDonald's screen hero; he sang at her wedding but wasn't the groom
39. Animal's foot
40. Long Island: abbr.
41. --ene Hervey's hubby's Allan Jones
42. Six-foot lead in "The Lady Fights Back"
46. Our friend the three-toed sloth
47. Western star of many a serial and feature
48. The judge in "Midnight Madonna"
49. The bell in amateur hour
50. Wind instrument; not a Hollywood director though
51. Annually
52. Femme lead in "The Devil's Saddle Legion"
54. He appeared in "Broadway Melody of 1938"
59. Sad-faced comedienne with expressive digits
62. Lunt and Fontanne were in "The -----sman"
66. At that time
67. Canadian actor who played in "Thank You, Jeeves"
68. Bootlegger in "The Good Old Soak"
71. Jupiter Pluvius 2nd in "Artists and Models"
72. Baby eagles
74. Character actor; born in Palermo, Italy
75. Blonde comedienne in "Saratoga"; first name
76. Concerning
77. Code of right or wrong
79. This blonde sophisticate plays practical pranks off-screen
80. The third Mrs. John Barrymore's first name
81. Exotic actress in "The Divorce of Lady X," being filmed in London.
82. Physiological individual; opposed to morphon
84. Also
86. Little blonde who played in "Dangerous Intrigue"
88. Jacqueline Brown's her real name; she's married to Walter Brooks
91. This is where you hang your hat
92. Talk
95. Pooh!
96. California is in this compass direction from New York
98. Mervyn Le--- discovered Fernand Gravet in France
100. Kind of card game
102. Ri--Johnson's in "London By Night"
103. Land measure

If red, chapped hands could only talk after

Washing Windows





WASHING windows makes a "mess" of tender hands. Harsh soaps, ammonia water, and wind roughen skin . . . cause hangnails! No wonder your hands don't get kisses! Help them be soft again . . .

USE HINDS! It's extra-creamy . . . works *fast* to soften harsh skin . . . comfort red, work-abused hands. With "sunshine" Vitamin D in it, Hinds helps your hands *feel* smoother, more romantic than ever!



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EVEN one application of Hinds makes workaday hands more thrilling. Smoother to his touch . . . not a bit "scratchy." Use faithfully—before and after exposure, before and after household jobs. Hinds helps put back the softness that wind, cold, heat, hard water, and dust take away. Gives you the smooth, feminine hands that men like to hold! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream comes in $1.00, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes. Dispenser free with 50c size—attached to bottle, ready to use!



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HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

FOR HONEYMOON HANDS



The RITZ BROTHERS in "LIFE BEGINS IN COLLEGE"

with a glo-roarious cast of entertainment's top-notchers!

JOAN DAVIS
TONY MARTIN
GLORIA STUART

FRED STONE • NAT PENDLETON
DICK BALDWIN • JOAN MARSH
DIXIE DUNBAR • JED PROUTY
MAURICE CASS • MARJORIE WEAVER • ROBERT LOWERY
LON CHANEY, JR.

Directed by William A. Seiter

Associate Producer Harold Wilson • Screen Play by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger Suggested by a series of stories by Darrell Ware • Ritz Brothers Specialty Routines by Sam Pokrass, Sid Kuller and Ray Golden

20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F. Zanuck in charge of production



Shirley Temple

Portrait of a little lady gone demure. But the Temple mischief still lurks in Shirley's eyes, despite toe-tip frock and powdered hair, which she wears in "Heidi."

Clark Gable

Nice, eh? He's got what it takes, has Clark, and believe you us, he's still taking plenty of bows for his performance in "Saratoga."

Grace Moore

Lovely to look at and even lovelier to hear, Grace enchants again in "I'll Take Romance," with Melvyn Douglas. We'd take it, too!



Robert Kent

Here is a young man who is definitely going places, to the tune of a lot of feminine sighs, if his work in "The Lady Fights Back" is any barometer.



Anne Shirley

Four stars, five orchids and no scallions to our Anne for her knockout performance in "Stella Dallas." If never before, she's top flight now.



"How could Ty go with other girls?" demands Sonja. "He goes with *me!*"

CALLING

BY MURIEL BABCOCK

WHEN THE whole Hollywood chorus gleefully started to chant, whistle and sing, "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off," in the matter of that big romance of Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power, they reckoned without Miss Henie.

Oh, yes, indeed! It will take more than rumor-crooning to shake the faith and the love that the blond load of sex appeal from Norway has for her king of glamor, Mr. Tyrone Power.

You take a girl like Sonja, and she knows where she is going in affairs of the heart. Or rather, what is more important to smooth performance and no mishaps, she knows where her boy friend is and what he's doing in his odd moments. She is the kind of a girl who makes romance a full-time job.

Maybe you remember how Hollywood buzzed not long ago with the story that Tyrone and Sonja had "ph'ffed," that Tyrone was stepping out with Janet Gaynor.

"Ooof!" said Hollywood, "that's the end!" And proceeded to fill the gossip columns to this effect.

Cried Sonja to this reporter, upon land-

Yes, the Henie-Power



Sonja and Tyrone date Cupid. Yep, if this isn't love, it'll do until love comes along. What do you think?



Tyrone finds himself the center of attraction when he's with the ladies —and of discussion when he's not!

THE CALLING OFF, OFF

ing from an American airliner at Newark on her way through Manhattan to a vacation in her home town of Oslo, Norway, "It could not be! He did not even know Janet Gaynor. Besides, I *know* he did not have dates with her. He could not. He was with me."

Your reporter turned to the studio press-agent who had also met the plane and said, "You heard? It could not be. Now, I think that's the way to keep a man in line."

Sonja didn't quite understand, but she laughed. "It could not be," she repeated. "Foolish, the whole business. We are just the same as always. I see Tyrone every night, and we work together every day."

And from that frank admission, draw your own conclusions as to how Sonja feels about Tyrone, despite the fact that she has never before admitted they are to be married, nor does she wear a big sparkler on her third finger. Personally, I'd say she was in love.

At any rate, she was a little wrought up.

But let's go back to the beginning and let you in on the whole story.

It was about noon of a hot late Summer day in New York. Cameramen, reporters and yours truly, a-scribing for MODERN SCREEN, were waiting at the airport for Miss Henie.

Out of the clouds came the big American skyliner and out stepped Sonja looking mighty trim.

The reporters and cameramen closed in and Sonja posed on the steps coming down from the plane, posed waving her hand, with big smile, with sober countenance, posed on safe terra firma, even posed surrounded by a crowd of eager and insistent autograph seekers.

Said one reporter timidly, "And now, Miss Henie, how about Tyrone Power?"

"We are just good friends," Sonja replied.

"Ah," said the young man, "just good friends." And scribbled on his pad. "Anything more, Miss Henie?"

"Good friends, we are," she repeated, closing her mouth firmly.

BUT IN the limousine riding into New York, over the Pulaski Skyway and through the long Holland Tunnel under the Hudson River where we found ourselves shouting in order to be heard, she got really warmed up on the discussion with me.

I gathered from her remarks that Mr. Power is pretty important in her life, very important, so important, in fact, that she was mad as a hoot owl about the little episode in Hollywood, when they tried to sing, "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off" for her and her boy friend.

"How those things start!" she exploded. "It wasn't true. It was dreadful. At first when it comes out in the paper, we laugh very hard. Somebody is having a nice dream. Then four or five days go by and *all* the papers say so and it goes out over the radio, and it is not so funny. You try to laugh, but you cannot laugh at that. You know when people look at you, they are thinking about it. You see people talking and they stop when you come up, and you know they are talking about it.

"Besides, it does funny things to you inside—people saying that you have had a fight (*Continued on page* 106)

romance is very much "on," and Sonja herself gives you its lowdown

IF *You* MET ROBERT TAYLOR

BY ANNE McNAMARRA

I SEE by the papers that Bob Taylor is coming to New York soon. I wonder if he'll fly or come by train? If he comes by train. . . . Let's see, the Century gets in at ten. I could go up to Grand Central. Maybe I'd see him.

Well, what earthly good would that do you, Annie McN.? Do you suppose he'd notice you on the platform when he's got Barbara Stanwyck on his mind? Still, it doesn't hurt to *think* about it, does it? It's fun to think about him. I'd like to know him. I bet he's nice, as well as good-looking. Suppose you did meet him? What would you say—what would you do? I wish—I wish I could be of some kind of service to him—help him out of a jam—show him that fans *can* be nice. Wasn't it awful last year when that mob of females tore him apart! Took his shoes off. And stormed the Waldorf. And he didn't get to see hardly any of New York, because he didn't dare leave his hotel suite. His first trip to the big city, too. He said he had wanted to see Grant's Tomb and the Aquarium and buy a present for his mother in Saks-Fifth Avenue, just because she had always wanted to shop in that store herself.

I wish . . . I wish. . . .

The sleek, beautiful train came gliding down the track. I was there, in the right spot, as close as I could get to the newspaper photographers. I heard a wild-looking, unkempt young man telling a spruce, persistent young lady that "Mr. Taylor was not going to give any interviews. Too busy." She said, "My mother told me never to believe anything a press agent said." Doors opened, baggage was dumped out. The camera boys looked bored. The press agent looked increasingly unkempt. The spruce young lady stayed her ground. People began leaving the train. All the people left the train. None of them was Mr. Taylor.

"Musta got off at Harmon," said the press agent.

I started home, disappointed.

Over at the west end of the great terminal was such a mob as you've never seen. I knew—I knew. I got there first, before the press agent, the young lady and the camera boys. A shrieking, howling crowd of girls and women were pulling and tugging and shouting at the screen's No. 1 Boy. Tearing buttons off. One had his hat. Another his handkerchief. It was disgusting. He was trying to fend them off without using his fists—as he (*Continued on page 101*)



A smoothie on the dance floor might be one way to describe Mr. Taylor. He's certainly not doing so badly with Eleanor Powell, in "Broadway Melody of 1938."

Did you ever have a date with a dream? Well, here's a girl who dreams and tells, but remember, it's make believe



Look out, girls, h
turning on that f
charm! When
gets that wistf
pression aroun
eyes, it's tim
pick up your
and run

Can the nc
Barbara Stan
wearing be s
ic? 'Tis whis
she's captain
destiny and
may go for
speed" to

KIE

"There's plenty to laugh at," philosophizes Jack. "F'rinstance, pompous celebrities inflated with the gas of their own glamor."

BY CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT



Yes, anything that life can give—bumps, skids, uppercuts—Jack can take—and always with a shrug and a merry twinkle in his eye

CAN TAKE IT!

OAKIE CAN take it, tit for tat, right on the slightly double Oakie chin. The bruises, disappointments and practical jokes. Yes, anything that Oakie can give, Oakie can take.

"I've often wondered about Jack. 'Tain't nat'ral, always to be in the sun. Or is it? Maybe we're wrong. I've often wondered when I've talked, through the years, to the people who work with him in pictures. The tales they tell. As on the set the other day when Eduardo Ciannelli said, "Oakie always knows his lines. I don't believe he goes up on them more than once in every picture, if that. And when he does, he never stops and just stands there, like most of us do. No, he goes right on and off into a story. It's always a story that has nothing whatsoever to do with the scene, and it's usually unprintable. But the point is, Oakie isn't stopped. Nor does he sulk. It's a remarkable temperament," said the Latin Mr. Ciannelli of Mr. Oakie of Sedalia, Missouri.

Ann Sothern, working with Jack, said, "We worked all day yesterday in the pouring rain. Studio-manufactured rain on the set. Our clothes stuck to us, soppy and steamy. It was hotter than Tophet outside and clammy and chilly here on the sound stage. We were all sneezing and sniffling and obviously catching our deaths of cold. We were all hitting the all-time low—all but Oakie.

"Jack managed to avert a sitdown strike by such cracks as, 'Well, any day now M-G-M will be calling me to play opposite Garbo—that Boyer don't light up!' Or an aside to Edgar Kennedy, about me, 'If she says her heart goes pit-a-pat every time she sees Gene Raymond, it's a lie.' Or, to me, 'Kennedy's a low comedian, not my type at all, a face-maker, a mugger.' Or, 'Guess I'll be doing Rathbone parts next. The directors want a full face for their money. They're tired of using two profiles stuck together.' Or, when the director would call him to the set, he'd yell, 'Sorry, I couldn't come today!'

"This kept up until, at the last, he pretended to succumb to the general gloom. He stood up on the stage, pretended he was bawling like a baby and said, 'Here I stand, day after day, year after year, rained upon, kicked around, and what do I get out of it? *Two million dollars!*'

"Well," laughed Ann, "what can you do with a man like that? The result was that we all felt better, finished the sequence with a flourish. That's Jack, the greatest little morale-builder in the business. And, I believe," Ann said, seriously, "I believe it's because he's got such swell morale himself. It's 'Never say Cry,' with Jack."

Yep, I thought, there's more to Jack than the laughs he gives and gets. But what? And, more importantly, how? Easy enough to explain the wisecracks. Many a man has worn the cap and bells. But there does come a time when the motley is doffed. What manner of man is he then?

Was Oakie born this way, a laugh in his mouth instead of a silver spoon? Or has he, through the years, achieved a fool-proof philosophy with which to thumb his nose at fortune? Or is he one of those (*Continued on page 83*)



"Folks say marriage has settled me down," claims Oakie. And, looking at the attractive Mrs. O., you don't wonder he's content to be that way.



Massas Cary Grant, Jack Oakie and Edward Arnold, the no'thernest southerners to ever cross the Mason-Dixon Line. They're in "The Toast of New York."



Ladies and gen'men! We have in this corner, Katie Hepburn. What she wants, she takes! How about "Stage Door" honors?

BY FAITH SERVICE

FIREWORKS! Frenzies! A feud?

Danger signals flared in all the Hollywoods. The grapevine system buzzed and bumbled. Studio folk awaited the explosion. For RKO, barging in where archangels would fear to tread, were co-starring Ginger Rogers and Katharine Hepburn in "Stage Door." Those two redheads, dynamically different in backgrounds!

All very well to put two male stars together in one picture, such as Gable and Tracy in "San Francisco." Men, Hollywood reminded us, are not the deadly species. But look what threatened when Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Constance Bennett and Simone Simon were together in "Ladies In Love." Cold shoulders. Omens of hair-pulling and wire-pulling. Now Hepburn and Rogers, of all the incendiary combinations!

Oh, woe, moaned Hollywood.

Hollywood heard that there were ructions. Roaring, red-headed ructions. Over costumes, Ginger wanting her designer, Hepburn wanting, and getting, hers. Ructions over stills, Hepburn killing stills in which Ginger was good and she bad, and vice versa. Ructions over lines, and over, above all, billing. Co-starred as they were, Ginger's name was to get top billing. "Hepburn in hysterics," hollered Hollywood. For could anyone imagine La Hepburn, with her Theatre Guildish propensities, taking second billing to Ginger of light musical comedy fame?

It is told how Hepburn threw a glass of water on Ginger's new mink coat, how Ginger made the retort courteous when she said, "It's real mink; it won't shrink." The story broke in the papers. No one paid heed to the revealing fact that Ginger was more upset by it than Katie.

No one heeded the true version which was that Katie and a producer were having a conference on the second floor of an executive building and that, just as Ginger happened by, the executive threw a paper cup, containing a few drops of water, out of the window. Ginger did say, "It's real mink; it won't shrink." However, Katie didn't do the throwing. But Hollywood would have none of that.

THE TOWN expressed itself, forcibly. Said that there were substantial reasons for a feud, and so there must be a feud. For:

The two girls are too much alike—in the wrong ways. They are too much alike physically, which is always bad. Both girls are tall, Ginger an inch the taller of the two. They weigh within one pound of each other. Their bust, hip, waist measures are the same. Both have changeable, blue-green eyes. Both are natural red-heads. Yes, the physical similarities between Rogers and Hepburn were the fuel to the feud, said "They."

Both girls are athletic. If one were an Amazon

and one a languid lily, all might be well. But no. Both ride well, swim well, dive, dance, play games. Ginger excels in tennis, Hepburn at golf.

Both are Americans from way back. Both from families studded with professional and political names. Katie is the third of six children. Ginger the second of three, two sisters dying in infancy.

These are the similarities, wag the head-hunters, which engender feuds.

And then, the dissimilarities begin. These are even more significant. For they are psychological. This is what Hollywood has to say about them:

Hepburn is a fighter. What she wants she goes after and gets, one way or the other. Born in a large family, she spent most of her childhood playing with boys, with an elder brother she idolized. Her quick pride made her do everything the boys did. She took every dare from jumping off roofs to swimming across bottomless lakes to skinning rattlesnakes. And she has been fighting for what she wants ever since.

Ginger, on the other hand, waits and watches, outwardly casual. She was raised among women. Her mother took care of her, and as Mrs. Rogers had to work, Ginger learned to play by her mother's various desks and be quiet.

While still a child, she learned what Katie has never learned—the discipline and the meaning of the stage, of struggle. And early, too, she learned that, in her case, things have a way of "just happening." As a result, Ginger today has developed a belief that you must never cross your bridges until you come to them, for much of the time they are not there at all. Katie, on the other hand, would rather a hundred leagues and build a bridge across the Hellespont. No little struggles for supremacy mar the even tenor of Ginger's days and ways. She earned her career by working hard and by a genius for being in the right place when the right job turned up.

With Katie, it is different. Her professional background is one of fighting for every break. Earn a part, and then lose it—partly because she refuses to conform to a part or to direction in which she has no faith, partly because she plays in bad luck.

Today, Katie still fights. Ginger still works and waits. What, shrieked the Hollywood sirens, what would be the outcome of two such diametrically opposed forces? Would Hepburn's fighting spirit go marching through the film to glory? Or would Ginger's watchful waiting, her smooth serenity, prove the immovable body over which Hepburn's militant spirit would dash them both to pieces?

Neither.

THERE was no feud.

Sorry, Hollywood, you were wrong. Never wronger in your vigilant life. I know, because I watched them on the set for hours. I browsed about the lot and talked to everyone from gatekeepers to props, waitresses, cameramen, photographers, directors, supervisors, extras. (*Continued on page* 94)



Over here—in fine fettle—we see Ginger Rogers, whose game is watchful waiting. Watching Katie—and waiting for anything!

ROGERS FEUD!

FUN IN

A sense of humor plus one good

Jimmy Stewart can't understand why people like to talk about their operations. But hospitals! Well, there's never a dull moment, to hear him tell it.

JIMMY STEWART came in, all six foot three of him, looking longer than usual because he was thinner than usual. His face was sunburned, but he still walked as if he and his legs were not on the best of terms. He dropped into a low chair, which brought his knees about to the level of his eyes.

"You know," he complained, "technically speaking, I'm going to owe some people a lot of money for giving you this story. Well—say, a hundred thousand dollars, in very round figures. I signed the fellows at home to an agreement that anybody who mentions hospitals, doctors or any kind of sickness pays a fine of five thousand dollars—including me. By the time we're through here, I'll be a technical bankrupt. How's if we talk about something nice, like the heat or toothache or Al Capone?

"No? All right. But remember I'm sacrificing myself for my art. I can't understand why people ever want to talk about their operations. If I'd broken my leg or got smashed up in an airplane—something reasonable like that—it might have been different. You see what I mean, don't you?" he inquired anxiously.

"You fall and you crack a bone, cause and effect, two and two make four, rational as ham and eggs. People glare at you in disgust and say, you blamed fool, now you've gone and held up production, why in blazes can't you be careful and look where you're going? Something simple and sunny about it. But here comes this arthritis from nowhere and swoops down on you and doubles you up, and you don't know why. I don't like mysteries. I don't like diseases that come sneaking up on you from behind. And I don't like people to look at me sort of appalled—I'm appalled enough myself without any help."

Stewart's eyes always look mournful, even



Oh, for a man-sized bed! Evidently patients must never be six feet three.

THE HOSPITAL

ailment and you can have yourself a time. Ask Jimmy, he knows

BY IDA ZEITLIN

when his spirits are at their blithest. It's his natural style of deadpan. But there was a grimness about the set of his lips at this point, which indicated that he meant what he said, and no funny business.

When he finished the exacting role of Chico in "Seventh Heaven," he was bone-tired. He should have taken a rest. Instead, he went to Yosemite to ski, and did a thorough job of it. His lazy movements, his drawling voice, belie him. Work or play, he puts his heart into it.

Then he went into "Vivacious Lady" with Ginger Rogers, and collapsed so thoroughly on the set that he was taken straight to the hospital, where he stayed for two weeks—too ill the first of those weeks to see anyone, but not too ill to note dimly through his pain what was going on about him.

"They stuck me into bed, and I could feel my feet sort of dangling half way to the floor. Try sleeping that way when you're normal, and see how far it gets you. I'd pull my legs up in tent formation for awhile, then hang 'em out again to air. They weren't used to patients my length, and I don't know how long it took 'em to get a bed to fit. Even then the mattress was still too short, but at least my feet didn't have so far to go. That was something.

"Then they went to the other extreme. After letting my feet roam free, they locked 'em up. Did you ever sleep in a hospital bed? Well, they've got their own peculiar notions of making 'em. Or maybe it's me that's peculiar. I'm broadminded enough to see that every man has a right to his own design for sleeping, and if you like to sleep in a strait-jacket, that's your privilege. I don't. They got those sheets and things tucked around me so tight, I couldn't budge. Arthritis by itself is bad enough, but combine it with claustrophobia, and you've got something. I tried to pry the stuff loose but, first, I hadn't much strength and, besides, Houdini himself couldn't have done it.

"There was a button arrangement at the end of a long black wire that the nurse had told me to push if I wanted her. 'This will summon the nurse'—that's what she'd said, I remember exactly now—'this will summon the nurse.' Well, she'd stuck it right alongside my ear, and what good was that? I couldn't summon her with my ear, and I couldn't get my hands out of jail. I remember lying there, trying to figure it out, wondering if maybe I could turn my head and butt it with my forehead, or what would happen if I just cut loose and yelled. As a matter of fact, I tried to yell, but the noise all stayed inside. I could hear myself yelling, and still I couldn't hear a sound, and that got me so mad that I managed to yank out a hand and push the button. I felt as though I'd accomplished a miracle.

"So they made me a thing called a cradle—big sort of canopy that went over the foot of the bed, and they draped the sheets and blankets around it. I was like a king under that canopy, wriggling my feet any which way I pleased. Till it turned cold. I was half asleep by that time, and I pulled the covers up over my head and dug in. Then I felt the breezes dallying with my feet. I'd pulled the whole works down off the contraption, and there it stood, high and dry, making faces at me. That was when I gave up. Someone tossed a pill in my mouth, and next thing I knew, someone else was saying breakfast.

"I didn't want any breakfast. I wanted to sleep. But it seems a hospital's got whims, same as a patient—only difference being the hospital gets its whims humored. One of them's this: sick or hungry or (*Continued on page 72*)



You can be dying, but when it's breakfast time, you eat —or else!



Fifty roads to the bathroom. And they don't even furnish a map.



No De Mille bathtub, this. Might as well try to get wet in the dishpan.

THE AWFUL TRUTH ABOUT IRENE DUNNE

BY JAMES REID

Has Miss D. been keeping something from us? Yes—and here it is!



THERE SHE was, on the set of "The Awful Truth"—modern for a change. And poised and sensible-looking, as always. Except for one thing. Her hat. If it could be called a hat. A sliver of black felt with five or six other slivers rising straight up from its center. That should have warned me.

The setting was the front of a courtroom. She was in the witness chair, asking for a divorce. Dramatic setting, dramatic situation. But the dialogue was hilarious. And she wasn't serious, she was coy.

In the middle of a line she stopped, in sudden self-doubt. The camera also stopped. "No," she decided, "that line wasn't right. It sounded almost sensible." The script girl told her what the line should have been. She started again.

A few feet away, facing her, stood Cary Grant, from whom she was asking the divorce. Midway between them stood a wire-haired terrier, now Mr. Smith, once Asta in "The Thin Man," and real name Skippy. The dog was there by the judge's order, the dog being the main issue in the divorce. The divorcing couple were fighting over his custody.

The judge had said, "In cases of this kind, we frequently let the party involved decide which one he wants to live with."

So there was Mr. Smith—and there were both of them, trying to entice him. But whatever his cue was, Mr. Smith wasn't getting it. He wasn't reacting to either of them. He was just standing, staring into the camera, prolonging his close-up.

They doubled, then redoubled their bids for his attention. The only result was a mad bedlam.

Beside me stood a prop man, who looked human, sane and normal. Suddenly, he started shaking his head, and talking to himself. I didn't quite catch what he was saying, but it sounded like: "Is this picture scur-*rew*-y!"

At approximately the same moment, the girl in the pixie hat threw up her hands, frustrated. "You know," she said, to Director Leo McCarey, "I think we have a temperamental star on our hands. Either that, or he's high-hat, after acting with Bill Powell and Myrna Loy."

"We'll fix that," said McCarey. "We'll have him eating out of your hand in five minutes!"

He called for some dog biscuit. He crumbled some into her hand. Then she called to Mr. Smith. This time, Mr. Smith reacted. He leapt into her lap. Her expensively gowned lap. She didn't scream. She acted flattered.

Five times more, in rehearsal, she proffered Mr. Smith dog-biscuit crumbs. Five times more, she had her lap leapt on by thirty pounds of canine. Then they were ready for the "take."

This time she didn't have any crumbs, but Mr. Smith leapt just the same, and she turned to the judge, with a warm, disarming smile, and said, "*I* win, don't I?"

The girl was Irene Dunne—who used to have a reputation for dignity. She'll be lucky to have a shred of it left after "The Awful Truth."

And why is she making such a picture? Why is she turning from epic drama (see "High, Wide and Handsome") to mad merriment?

There is only one answer. The awful truth about Irene is that she's a person who likes to un-suppress her desires, at least once in a while. And to do amusing things is a rampant old desire of hers. The awful truth is the girl has a sense of humor.

No one has suspected it until just recently. There's nothing particularly funny about a singer, not when she sings as Irene can. She didn't make her professional debut in the chorus of the Metropolitan Opera, as once reported. She started as an understudy to Peggy Wood, but from there she went straight to stardom in Broadway operetta.

There's nothing particularly funny about a dramatic actress, not when she acts as believably as Irene does. Not when she wins screen stardom in a "Cimarron" and a "Back Street," undergoing, in both, a transformation from youth to middle age.

There's nothing especially comic, either, about a girl who lives one of the quietest lives in Hollywood, seldom appears in public or the gossip columns, and makes a spectacular success of a marriage that "didn't have a chance"—a marriage in which, eight months of the year, husband and wife are a continent apart.

If, on top of all this, she is also a beauty, such a girl doesn't accumulate a reputation as a clown. In fact, just the opposite. People—men and women

alike—think of her as intellectual, idealistic. As finely emotioned as she is finely featured. Ambitious, yes, but also modest, quiet but courageous. All of which Irene is. But she is also amusing. She's proving it.

Hollywood should have suspected this side of her long ago. After all, she has the blood of Erin in her veins—and when, bedad, was an Irish girl ever born without a sense of humor?

Also, she consented to make her movie debut in a comedy number entitled, of all things, "Leather-necking." And then there was that famous remark of her early film days. She was appearing in an inexpensive picture. On the same lot, a high-priced epic was in the making. The studio offered a prize of fifty dollars for a new title for the epic. Some co-worker of Irene's wondered why the studio didn't offer a fifty-dollar prize for a new title for *their* picture. "Because," said Irene, "if they did, it would double the budget."

Hollywood saw her first picture, and was amused. Hollywood also heard the story, and laughed. But, somehow, her lighter talents were

(*Continued on page 89*)

Don't let the wistful expression fool you. She's probably thinking up a wisecrack.

Irene and Cary Grant do battle over "Mr. Smith." Yep, he's the four-footed gent between them.



HER BROTHER-IN-





Paul and Bella—Mr. and Mrs. Muni to you—take time out to say hello, with smile effects.

BY MARY JACOBS

YOU THINK you know Paul Muni. You've read thousands of words, dozens of stories on what he's like—a very serious, sober man, shy and diffident, with no time for hobbies, for anything but work. And how he married without loving his wife, Bella Finkle, and only fell in love with her after their marriage.

To all of which I say Bunk.

For I spent an entire afternoon chatting with a young lady who knows Paul Muni better than anyone except Mrs. Muni. A young lady who has known and loved him for fifteen years.

I'm talking of his sister-in-law, Lucy Finkle, to whom he is brother, brother-in-law, fine artist, grand fellow and playfellow combined.

Lucy herself is a slim, petite girl with laughing brown eyes and curly dark hair. She resembles her older sister, Bella, Paul's wife, very much. "Except," she adds, "Bella has gorgeous brown eyes and is an inch shorter."

We chatted together in the lobby of the Hotel Wellington where Lucy lives, and works very hard to prepare herself for grand opera. She has a lovely soprano voice.

Lucy Finkle saw Paul Muni first. Yes, even before her sister Bella did. Rather, she saw his hands first, and fell for them.

It happened fifteen years ago, when Paul Muni was the star of the Irving Place Theatre, and was top man in the Yiddish theatre, earning $250. a week. Now all the Finkles are theatrical folk. Papa Finkle was the father of the

So you think you know this fine

LAW, PAUL MUNI



And here we have Muni the artist, portraying the difficult role of Emile Zola, with Erin O'Brien-Moore.



Muni in a mood. And it looks pretty serious. But don't let it fool you—he has his gayer moments.

Jewish theatre in the United States; Bella's and Lucy's mother, Emma Finkle, was a famous actress; and both Bella and Lucy have appeared on the Yiddish and English-speaking stage.

Lucy, serving her apprenticeship as a girl in her teens, went to every performance she could. One night she went to the Irving Place Theatre to see "The Lily," in which Paul Muni played a middle-aged man, a friend of the family to whom everyone brought his troubles.

"Because of his make-up I couldn't see his face," Lucy told me. "But what attracted me were his hands. I always judge people by their hands. His looked full of character, slim and sensitive.

"When I went home I told Mama how much impressed I was by Muni's hands. Of course, he had acted well, but those hands—no one but a real artist could have them."

At the time, Bella was playing at a rival theatre, the National Theatre, and she had never met Muni.

Fate has a way of working things out according to her own designs. Shortly afterwards at a party given by some theatrical friends, Lucy spied Paul Muni.

"Look, there's the actor with the hands," she whispered to Bella.

"Hush, Lucy," Bella whispered back, "don't be silly."

Their hostess introduced Paul Muni to them. "I wanted to tell him how grand I thought his performance was," Lucy laughed, "but even to my childish eyes it was obvious he didn't know I existed. From the minute he saw Bella, he had eyes for her and no one else."

No shy lad, Paul. Immediately he made a date with Bella and started courting her. He was serious at once.

"Mother was crazy about Paul the first time she met him, and kept telling Bella what a wonderful young man he was. And notwithstanding what has been printed, Bella thought a good deal of him, for once she began going out with Paul, no one else had a chance.

"About three months after they met, she went to Atlantic City for a vacation."

Evidently Muni could not stand being without her, for he followed her the next day, and they came back engaged!

"They were a mighty dizzy couple," Lucy chuckled. "Instead of buying something for themselves in Atlantic City, they bought Mother a silver engagement ring, with a huge jade stone in it. To her dying day Mother prized that ring.

"Two months later, on May eighth, Bella and Paul were married. Before their marriage, they had never played together, though they had wanted very much to appear in 'Maytime,' the stage play, in which Paul was to be the old man playing the comedy role—the one who chases all the young girls—and Bella, the young chorus girl he finally marries.

"But Bella's employers refused to release her from her contract, so Paul had to play his part without her."

Shortly after they were married, they went on tour together. They were as happy as two larks.

"When they came back, they bought a house next to ours in Brighton Beach, and we all spent a good deal of time together," Lucy said. *(Continued on page 80)*

actor? Well, here's someone who reveals things you never suspected



Lola Lane and Ramon in a torrid scene from "The Sheik Steps Out." Finishing it, R. stepped out — on Hollywood.

"We've seen men get attention before," marvels our correspondent, "but Novarro topped 'em all."



A NIGHT WITH NOVARRO

BY MARY PARKES

YOU MAY remember that Ramon is the only known gent in captivity to have beaued the glamorous Greta Garbo to the New York night spots. According to all reports, they had a large evening, but nobody ever knew exactly what they did or where they went. They were secretive about it.

But we can and will tell all—well, almost all, about our night with Novarro.

It had its moments. Mebbe not the kind you're thinking of, but moments to us. For example, there was the one when we found ourselves stumbling down the aisle of the Ethel Barrymore Theatre behind a very confused little usherette.

Ramon gallantly halted her with, "Please, let me. You know I used to be an usher."

He found 'em, too, in the twinkling of an eye.

There was the moment when we were almost knocked down and walked upon by a mob of yelling women trying to get at Ramon, clutch his coat tails, pull his tie, get him to sign autograph books. We were scared. It was our first experience of such ilk, but Ramon didn't seem to mind a-tall.

There was the moment when—but, let's go way back to the beginning.

Ramon, finishing up his first picture, "The Sheik Steps Out," after returning from Europe, decided to spend a first holiday in New York in a long time.

We met in the lobby of the Savoy Plaza Hotel at six o'clock to make an evening of it—dinner, theatre, a night club. Ramon was punctual to the dot, looking exceedingly debonair in a dark blue suit and carrying a radio script under his arm. He broke the sad news that we were to have an hour's interruption of our fun while he did a radio broadcast over WINS. But, first, dinner at Luigi's!

"I've just heard of it," he beamed. A big Italian garden, waterfall, trees, tables outdoors, delicious food. It's on Fifty-Eighth Street near Eighth Avenue. You would like? You would! We go."

We hailed a cab. But—the taxi-cab driver looked bewildered. He'd never heard of Luigi's. Couldn't find it listed, but—we started.

We toured sundry streets up and down. No luck. Finally, from Mr. Novarro, with wrinkled brow, "Maybe it was Forty-Eighth Street."

A dirty look from the cab driver, but he made a daredevil turn in the middle of the block and headed hence. Eventually, from the host hanging out the taxi side and checking door numbers, came a shout, "It's there. Stop."

Now Ramon's face lighted up. Ah! It wasn't Luigi's. It was Leone's he was looking for. Aside from having the wrong name and street address in mind, Ramon was as near right as most members of the male sex when they start out to find a new restaurant. However, it did look delightfully cool; there was a waterfall, and there were shade trees in the garden.

We were given a big table and a good one right near the fountain. Waiters hovered about—we never saw so many or had such attention in a New York eatery before! There was an impressive looking menu.

"Please," said Ramon, "let me order. You like Italian food? Yes? We'll have Italian dinner all. I know what will be good."

He knew all right. And what a meal our sheik for the night ordered.

It was almost eight when the waiter brought the check, and we had to rush to get to the radio station. We felt stuffed. I must have gained at (*Continued on page 87*)

Our daring reporter dates a sheik, and then tells all—almost!

TRY, TRY AGAIN

Phyllis Brooks is the happy answer to the perseverance adage

BY MARTHA KERR

I AM an actress," stated Phyllis Brooks simply, "because my mother was not."

And that direct statement, ladeez and gen'men, aptly characterized Fox's blue-eyed potential star. No, there's no beating around the bush for Phyllis, nor is there a "rully, I wouldn't care to answer that" in her system. You ask the questions and she'll answer 'em—willingly and unflinchingly.

"Many a less sensitive soul than I would have shuddered at the thought of another try at the movies," the Brooks volunteered. "You see, contrary to most reports, I'm no novice when it comes to having my face and figger struck in celluloid. No, indeedy. I've been on the coast before—for two different companies. Each gave me a contract with an option and when the option came due—well, let's say that some careless person permitted it to lapse.

"Wasn't it Bette Davis who said that she called her dog 'Option' because no one ever picked him up? That was practically my story. Of course, I could tell the one about my asking to be let go, that I was miscast, that—well, you know how it goes! However, being fair to myself, nobody paid *too* much attention to me. They had originally found my face on a toothpaste ad and usually transferred it to the cutting-room floor. Bitter? No, not I. I learned an awful lot through disappointments and waiting around. While it perhaps didn't do much toward developing my ego, it certainly gave me patience and perspective. I got to know what not to do—in case I ever got a chance to do it."

Under the Brooks blond tresses, there beats—a brain. She knows what she wants—and that, you'll admit, is half the battle—and goes after it. Detours to her goal only served toward determination, not discouragement.

About a year ago, when her second contract exploded, she met Edna Ferber, who was about to put "Stage Door" on Broadway. After several interviews and a reading or two, Phyllis was selected to play the role of a dizzy damsel who wanted to be a movie actress simply because she was "a little ermine coat and big swimming pool" addict. Immediately it was announced that Miss Brooks was cast in this important production, every picture company along the gold coast made her offers.

She considered and, having learned by experience, turned them all down. Phyllis figured that a season on the stage would do wonders (*Continued on page 74*)



Phyllis realizes now that it's one thing to have a movie contract and quite another to work in a movie.

Their Beauty

Here's how the Glamor Girls get that way and—what is more

WHAT DO the stars do to keep beautiful? To keep thin? To put on a little weight? Betcha they're forever running to beauty parlors and masseuses, huh? Do they diet, exercise, or both? Is So-and-so a real blonde? Is this true, that true, the other true?

I've just returned from Hollywood. All my friends (and dear me, suz, it's marvelous how *many* friends I have all of a sudden) have been asking me questions, questions, questions. I told 'em all to go fly a kite—that I'd been out there to collect just as much stellar beauty information as I could for y-o-u, and if they wanted to know the answers, they could find them in MODERN SCREEN.

This is the basic beauty low-down on the stars: They're all pretty good-looking, of course. That is, they must have good figures, although they have figure faults, too, even as you and I. They have interesting, photographable, but not always beautiful, faces. But they have to keep after their good looks, watch and tend their figures, skin, hair, teeth, hands and general grooming much more assiduously than you and I. Some of their tricks to keep in trim and to improve upon Nature, I am going to pass along to you.

First place, I found out that there are more ways of keeping slim than you could shake a stick at. Of course, none of the stars are out-and-out fat, or they wouldn't be stars. Their problem is the lump-and-bump problem, the problem of excess flesh cropping up in the wrong places.

Carole Lombard, now, has a little trouble keeping her streamline hips streamlined. Her answer to the problem is exercise—definite corrective exercises. Here is a good one: Sit on the floor, bracing yourself with your hands placed behind you. Your legs are to be kept absolutely straight. Roll from side to side. That's all there is to it. But do it for twenty minutes every morning, and watch those bumps disappear.

Carole finds that she can eat pretty much what she pleases, within reason, and even indulge in a sociable cocktail without doing any damage, just as long as she watches "them hips" and does the exercises faithfully. She plays quite a bit of tennis, which keeps her fit generally, but will not reduce her a particle in the desired spots. Remember that, all of you! Athletic sports in general will keep you trim and in good condition, but they'll not chase away localized fat.

Alice Faye, who could be quite plump if she'd let herself, goes on a diet of fruit juices one day a week. She takes six ounces of fruit juice every two hours. Tomato juice, orange juice, grapefruit juice—or you could take grapefruit and pineapple juice mixed half and half, if you find the grapefruit too acid. This stunt, incidentally, gives the stomach a much-needed rest. It's a good idea for anybody except very thin people.

Myrna Loy has a grand figure, and she has no trouble



Do you think the sleek Alice Faye doesn't have her "figger" worries, even as you and you? Guess again, m'loves!



Myrna Loy has a grand figure to start with, and that helps, but she's not resting on her streamlines just the same.

Secrets

—stay that way!

at all keeping slim. It happens that she dotes on salads, likes every vegetable that grows, and doesn't give a hoot about desserts. All of which is a help to any figure. However, Miss Loy gives herself a ten-minute workout every morning to keep her body supple and to make certain that the muscles, especially the abdominal muscles, are kept firm.

She touches the floor with her hands ten times, bending directly forward and not bending the knees. Then ten times to the left side, still without bending the knees, and ten times to the right. This is good for the waistline, not only to keep the spare tire away, but also for the grace of the body generally. Then she sits herself down on the floor and, still without bending the knees, touches her fingertips to her toes twenty times. She finishes her workout by putting her head on the floor, between her knees, ten times, the legs still kept absolutely straight. That's a dancer's exercise, not easy, but awfully good for what ails you.

DEANNA DURBIN—there's a darling, if ever I met one—is too young to have the lump-and-bump problem, but she *has* some of the problems of the so-called awkward age. On the screen, while she's thinking about herself, she can keep an excellent (*Continued on page 96*)



Carole Lombard's answer to the beauty problem is definite, corrective exercise, done daily.



Even that youngster, Deanna Durbin, has the beauty problems of the awkward age to cope with. But she's one smart girl, and you can bet she's out to lick 'em.



Nat's been a jack-of-all-trades and master of—all! Here he is with Jessie Matthews in "Gangway."

PENDLETON, *the* PROMOTER

BY ROBERT McILWAINE

MANY A poor, benighted soul has talked himself *out* of a good job, but Nat Pendleton has talked himself into one after another even if, at the time he was in a conversational mood, there wasn't a job in sight. Yep, when it comes to personal promoting, our Nat puts the circus barker to shame with the confident spiel he gives his favorite product—himself. But—and here's where he has you—he's good, and he knows it.

Pendleton recently returned from abroad, where he occupied himself making "Gangway" with Jessie Mathews. And so, we wanted to know his initial impression of Europe. The question seemed to slightly irk him.

"Hey," he said, "this wasn't my first trip across! It was my tenth. I was over before the war; in business in Lisbon. I worked for an oil company here and they sent me over, originally to Egypt, but the Big Fight broke out and the Arab who was in charge there had ideas of confiscating the plant, so he didn't want me around. The company then sent me to Portugal and it was there that I ran amuck.

"I spoke Portuguese, so I took over the firm's books. The old man who had been there for years returned to find a new system of bookkeeping in effect."

"What sort of bookkeeping?" we asked curiously.

"Well—you know—bookkeeping. Anyway, to get on, the fellow ranted and raved, threatening to have me fired. I told him that I was running the show and if he didn't like it, he knew what he could do! In fact, if I decided to have a bon fire and light up all the tanks, it was strictly my affair.

"The funny part was the guy took me literally and wired the company that I was about to set fire to the works. I got word to return to America at once, so I cabled that if they wanted to fire me, to do it and allow me the passage money back. They did just that and the old gent tried to give me passage on a boat that took about twenty days and only cost eighty dollars fare. D'ya think a Pendleton would stand for that? I wouldn't and told them the only line I'd sail on was the Spanish. They were the only boats that weren't fired on—to say nothing of their being the most expensive. Anyway, I got the passage money and with it went into business in Lisbon.

"I had quite a business, too—importing and exporting." To our inquiry of what sort of business, Nat replied, "Why I exported goods and imported goods. Pendleton Importers and Exporters, was the firm." Well, that took care of *that!*

After some time, Nat returned (*Continued on page 85*)

Nat can get himself a job—even if there isn't one to be had!

Miss Peggy Stevenson

A CHARMING GOLFER FROM THE NORTH SHORE OF LONG ISLAND . . . WHO ILLUSTRATES THE IMPORTANCE OF HEALTHY NERVES



Watch Peggy Stevenson tee off calmly before a crowd (below) and you can well believe that her game is never upset by jangled nerves. "It takes healthy nerves to play a good game of golf," Miss Stevenson remarked recently, "so my smoking is confined to Camels. They're *mild!*"



PEGGY, lovely daughter of the Philip Stevensons of Glen Cove, Long Island, has been fêted from Newport to Palm Beach. In clothes, Peggy's taste is simple. Note the nubby woolen jacket she wears above—a "comfy" for the golf she enjoys so much. Her cigarette preference is Camels. "After nine stiff holes of golf," she says, "I'm not so fresh as when I started out. But Camels give my energy a *lift!* And they are *gentle* on my throat." Turn to Camels. Like Miss Stevenson, you will find that Camels are so mild that you can smoke them steadily without their getting on your nerves.

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MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, *Philadelphia*
MRS. OGDEN HAMMOND, JR., *New York*
MISS WENDY MORGAN, *New York*
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN III, *Baltimore*
MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., *New York*
MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, *Pasadena*
MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., *Chicago*
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CAMELS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES



Fashion Parade of the Month..... NOVEMBER

FOR HER FALL WARDROBE
MISS ELYSE LAW CHOOSES

3 "Smoky Nail Shades"



Old Rose

For country week ends in Del Monte, Elyse Law chooses a suit of the new tapestry tweed, in clover-lavender. "Cutex Old Rose is heavenly with it!" she says.

Robin Red

Miss Law will wear this gown of royal blue to the Spinster's Ball at the Palace Hotel, this Fall. "Won't Cutex Robin Red be marvelous with it?" asks Elyse.

Thistle

Miss Law has chosen Albany green for a town dress to wear lunching at the St. Francis Hotel. She picks the new Cutex Thistle for this . . . a rosy faun color.

SAN FRANCISCO'S smart younger set boasts one of the loveliest debutantes ever presented to Society. Elyse Law's beauty is the kind that is only seen once or twice in a lifetime . . . Divinely tall, slim, with hair that shines like wheat in the sun, a faintly golden skin, blue eyes deep-set under a high, pure brow.

She's a very vital young person, too! Golfs, swims at Pebble Beach, Santa Barbara. Adores far places . . . has traveled a lot. Likes music, the theatre. And has a really extraordinary flair for color and design in clothes.

In composing her color harmonies, she uses the rich and subtle new "smoky" nail shades with unusual imaginativeness. "I never get tired of playing my Cutex nail shades against costume colors," she says. "I wish every girl appreciated what exciting possibilities they offer as contrast."

• • •

WHY NOT STUDY the three suggestions above, and then see what effects YOU can achieve? There are 11 shades to choose from altogether. And, being Cutex, they'll all wear for days . . . won't thicken up in the bottle . . . won't fade . . . but will shine and twinkle like bright little stars! And since Cutex is only 35¢ a bottle, you can start with 3 shades at least! At any shop, anywhere!

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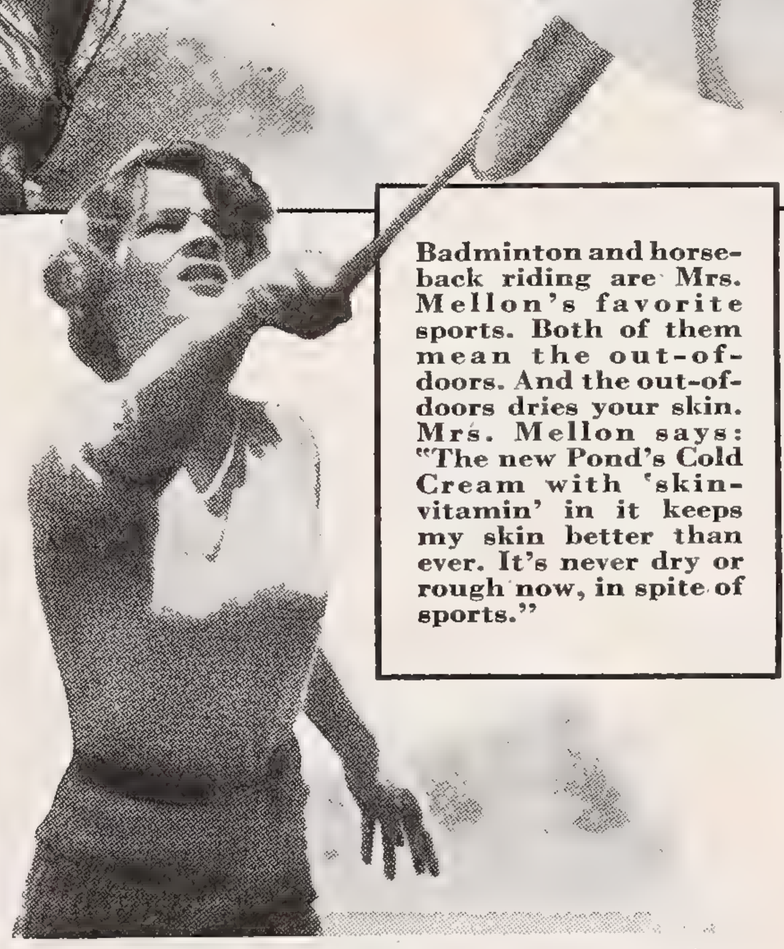
Applied right on the Skin—this special Vitamin helps the Skin more directly



"IT'S WONDERFUL," *says Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr.*

one of the first women to use Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream. "It's wonderful," she says. "My skin is so much brighter—and finer textured. The new cream is even better than before. Congratulations to Pond's—and to all women."





Badminton and horseback riding are Mrs. Mellon's favorite sports. Both of them mean the out-of-doors. And the out-of-doors dries your skin. Mrs. Mellon says: "The new Pond's Cold Cream with 'skin-vitamin' in it keeps my skin better than ever. It's never dry or rough now, in spite of sports."

THIS NEW CREAM does more for the skin than ever before! It contains a certain vitamin found in many foods—the "*skin*-vitamin."

When you eat foods containing this vitamin, one of its special functions is to help keep skin tissue healthy. But when this vitamin is applied right to skin, it aids the skin more directly.

Here is great news for women!

First doctors found this out. Then Pond's found a way to put "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Cold Cream. Now everyone can have Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream!

Famous beauty cream now has "Something More"

Pond's Cold Cream has always been more than a cleanser. Patted into the skin, it invigorates it, keeps it clear, soft, free from skin faults.

But now this famous cream is better than ever for the skin. Women say its use makes their pores less noticeable, softens lines; best of all, seems to give a livelier, more glowing look to their skin!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Already this new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is on sale everywhere.

The cream itself has the same pure white color, the same delightful light texture.

But remember, as you use it, that Pond's Cold Cream now contains the precious "skin-vitamin." Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the vitamin which especially helps to maintain healthy skin—skin that is soft and smooth, fine as a baby's!

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Now improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Reviews

(*Continued from page 23*)

★★★ The Prisoner of Zenda

If you're in the mood for a romantic tale of mythical kingdoms, handsome heroes in costume and beautiful princesses, "The Prisoner of Zenda" is certainly your dish, for it's tops in that field of entertainment. Lavishly produced, its gorgeous settings. make an ideal backdrop for the romantic doings of Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll, for the swashbuckling antics of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and for the plottings of David Niven, C. Aubrey Smith and Raymond Massey.

Ronald Colman is perfectly cast as the adventurous Englishman who rules a kingdom for a few days because of his amazing resemblance to the actual king. In his brief hour of glory he is fortunate enough to win the love of Madeleine Carroll, fight a thrilling duel with the younger Fairbanks, and thwart a dastardly plot by the evil Mr. Massey. At the end, he relinquishes the throne and the princess to the rightful king (whose role he also plays), and disappears nobly over the horizon.

In the supporting cast, Madeleine Carroll retains her status as one of the most beautiful, but hardly the most capable, ladies of the screen. Mary Astor is colorless in the role of Raymond Massey's sweetheart. Massey himself is properly sinister in his role of pretender to the throne, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., overacts in his customary fashion. C. Aubrey Smith is effective as one of the king's aides, and David Niven takes second acting honors with a fine humorous portrait of another of the monarch's men. Directed by John Cromwell.—*Selznick-International.*

★★★ Big City

"Big City" is pure hokum all the way through, but it's good entertainment for weary audiences who are jaded with million dollar musicals and the so-called "goofy" high comedies. Actually, it's nothing but an old-fashioned western brought to town. The hero is a cab driver instead of a cowboy, and the villains are gangsters' henchmen instead of rustlers. Everything else fits right into the pattern. The hero is honest and the villains are unscrupulous, there's a chase, and the thing is climaxed with a terrific mob fight involving such personages as Jack Dempsey, Man Mountain Dean, Jimmy McLarnin and a host of names right out of the sports pages.

Spencer Tracy and Luise Rainer are the picture's stars. Tracy turns in a grand performance, which should rank among his best. Miss Rainer's work is adroit and often delightful, but she is much too talented to allow herself to indulge in those spells of overacting. The gents from the sports world acquit themselves creditably and there are good performances by Joseph Schildkraut, Eddie Quillan, Regis Toomey, William Demarest and Charley Grapewin. Directed by Frank Borzage.—(*M-G-M*)

★★ Something to Sing About

You probably didn't know that Jimmy Cagney is now a song-and-dance man. Neither did we, until we saw "Something to Sing About." Jimmy hoofs, sometimes in the manner of Fred Astaire and sometimes in the manner of Bill Robinson. He's not as expert as either of these two gentlemen, but he's surprisingly good. And since no Cagney picture is complete without a fight, it won't be news to report that this one features a slug fest which will satisfy even the most rabid Cagney fans.

"Something to Sing About" is a picture about the movies. Cagney plays a band leader who comes to Hollywood to act. Because his producers want to build him up as a romantic hero along with their foreign heart-throb (Mona Barrie), he is forced to conceal the fact that he has a wife (Evelyn Daw). As the plot unravels one is treated to a good share of laughs and a lot of action. All in all, it's a first-rate picture which should please most any audience.

Jimmy Cagney turns in a top-notch performance as the band leader. Evelyn Daw displays an excellent voice, but she needs more coaching on her dramatics. Gene Lockhart does a swell take-off on a producer, Bill Frawley is amusing as a press agent, and Mona Barrie furnishes grand comedy in the role of the temperamental foreign star. Directed by Victor Schertzinger.—(*Grand National*)

★★ Make a Wish

Master Bobby Breen makes another appearance in this one. So you know what to expect. Bobby again runs the gamut from A to Z and the scale to high C. However, we can recommend this picture above "Rainbow on the River" because of a capable supporting cast and an excellent setting for a boy's picture.

A camp in the North Woods is the locale, and it is here Bobby goes to spend a summer with some two hundred other children. The campfire songs, with Bobby as soloist and a chorus of boys' voices, are outstanding. But when the boys decide to put a musical version of "Rip Van Winkle" in order to earn money for charity, but really to give Bobby a chance for some of his cuter cut-ups, we weren't so enthusiastic. Across the lake from the camp lives a composer, Basil Rathbone, who is struggling to get out a new musical comedy for a Broadway show. He lacks inspiration and is having a pretty tough time of it, until he meets young Bobby. And when Bobby's mother, Marion Claire, puts in an appearance at the camp, Basil just whips the score out. Miss Claire is a former singer, but has promised to give up all stage aspirations to please Ralph Forbes, a very dependable and stuffy gentleman with a million dollars or so.

Marion Claire has a pleasing screen personality and a good singing voice, Basil Rathbone gives a good performance, considering its obvious limitations and Ralph Forbes and the rest of the cast are adequate. Directed by Kurt Neumann.—(*RKO-Radio*)

★ The Life of the Party

A year ago, this combination of dizzy farce and music would have been regarded extremely funny. Today the nonsensical plot is on the down grade, and "The Life of the Party" is routine insanity, if there is such a thing. What we mean is that "The Thin Man" started something which audiences are beginning to regret. You can take just so much of that sort of thing.

This one is loaded with names, everyone from Parkyakarkus to Gene Raymond —from the ridiculous to the sublime, one might say. In between are Harriet Hilliard, Joe Penner, Victor Moore, Helen Broderick, Billy Gilbert and several incidental songs and dances. Story has something to do with a gay young millionaire and a society belle who wants to break into show business. Confidentially, she finally breaks in. (*Continued on page 108*)





9 out of 10 lovely Screen Stars use it to guard Million-Dollar Complexions





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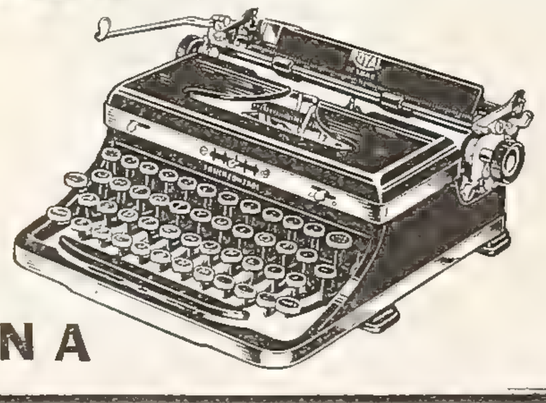
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Fun in the Hospital

(*Continued from page 41*)

sleepy you eat breakfast at eight, you eat lunch at eleven-thirty, you eat dinner at six—on the dot. I didn't know that. I had an idea—not that I ever gave it deep thought—that a hospital was run along the lines of a hotel, American plan.

"Now I'm used to having my meals when I get around to them, and I didn't see why I should change just because I was sick. Anyway, I resented it. I thought they ought to come tiptoeing to my bedside, laying their white hands on my fevered brow, et cetera. Instead this nurse comes barging in, all bright and cheery, and planks down a tray. I gave her a withering look—that's what it was supposed to be, at least—and turned on the other side. I think I said, 'Eat it yourself and choke,' but I can't be sure. Those first days I never could tell whether my thoughts came out or sort of died away in my throat. Most of them would have been better off dead. Anyway, when I woke up at eleven, the tray was gone.

I SAID 'I'd like some orange juice.' The nurse said, 'You'll be getting your lunch soon.' I said, 'I don't want lunch, I want orange juice!' She went away, and she didn't come back. I thought, 'How long does it take to make orange juice in this dump?' It wasn't a dump, it was just the way I felt.

"At eleven-thirty sharp, in she marches with lunch. I combed the tray for a sign of orange juice. There wasn't any. You see, I looked weak and I couldn't talk very loud, which must have given them the impression I didn't know what I wanted. Well, I managed to clear up that point, but if you think it got me my orange juice, you're wrong. There's some rule that says you can't squeeze orange juice in a hospital between eleven and one. It gets the cook mixed up. It gets the whole hospital mixed up. It's like bringing a mouse to a tea-party. They all get upset and start dashing around, looking white. But it doesn't lead anywhere. I finally got hold of a nurse who must have had something on the cook, or else she knew how to squeeze oranges herself. Believe me, I hung on to her.

"Then there was the time they decided I should have a hot bath—in a bathtub. That was the second week. A man came in pushing a wheelchair, all for me. He had that look of pride and benevolence on his face, like a Boy Scout coming to take the baby for a stroll. It was my first wheelchair ride, and I was pretty impressed. They wrapped me up in all sorts of blankets and hats and towels and bedroom slippers, and wished me good luck, and hoped I'd come back safe, and off we started on this great adventure.

"We rolled up corridors and down corridors and across corridors, and saw all kinds of interesting things on the way—doors and windows and fire-escapes, and when the doors were open, we peeked in and saw patients lying down and sitting up. The big thrill, though, came when we passed one window, and the kind man stopped to let me look outside. There were people going calmly about their business and cars whizzing past and children frolicking, just as if the world hadn't stopped ten days before. 'Look!' I said to the man. 'What's there to look at?' he said. 'I don't see no accident!' So I told him to drive on.

"Finally we came to an elevator and went down a floor and rolled around some more, and by that time my coachman seemed to be lost. Out in the wilds of one of the wings we met a nurse and asked for directions to the bathroom. 'Let me see,' she said. 'I seem to remember giving someone a bath a couple of weeks ago. Take the first turn to your right, go a couple of miles till you come to a drugstore, bear left till you see a boulevard stop sign, and I think you'll find it somewhere around in there. If not, come back, and I'll try to think of something else.'

SO we finally came to a door marked Bathroom, but the architect must have changed the specifications. Or else the X-rays and things piled up in there were waiting for a bath. Anyway, there was no room for us. You'd have thought by that time we'd have called it a day and gone home. But we decided to be a couple of dauntless spirits and never say die.

"After half an hour or so, we came across somebody who'd once heard tell of a bathroom on the top floor. She'd never seen it herself, it was one of those legends handed down from nurse to nurse, but we were welcome to it. We sailed clear up to the top floor, and there, sure enough, we found a bathtub. At home we'd have called it a washbasin, but I'd had my mind for an hour and a half on a bath, and I wasn't going back without one.

"So I struggled out of my hat and carpet slippers, and folded myself up like one of these folding rulers and got in. When I tried to wet my shoulders, my feet hit the ceiling. When I tried to drag them back, I skinned my elbows on the floor. The soap flew out, because there wasn't room for both of us, and when my toes got tangled in the stopper and jerked it out, I began getting leery. 'Am I supposed to be doing a comedy blackout or taking a bath?' I asked the man. 'Search me,' he said. So I got out.

"After I was back in my nice little white bed, I asked the nurse about this bathtub situation. She was very soothing. 'People in hospitals are supposed to be sick,' she said. 'When they're well enough to bathe, they're well enough to go home to do their bathing.'"

"Is that a hint?" I demanded.

"If you like to take it that way."

"I'll go home right now. I'm not a guy to hang around where I'm not wanted."

"You'll stay right here till the doctor tells you to go."

The doctor sent Jim home at the end of the second week. He lives with two friends in a household refreshingly unlike a hospital, in that it knows no routine. When they're hungry, they eat. When they feel like dining in state, the cook prepares a meal. When they don't, they grab a hot dog and run.

His housemates welcomed him back with song and rejoicing. Word spread abroad that Jimmie was home where he belonged. Friends trooped in, brimming with honest relief. "Gee, we're glad you're O.K. again, Jimmie. What can we do for you? How about a nice, juicy hamburger? Bill brought his sax along. We thought you might like a little music. How about a spin in Hal's new bus?—eighty miles an hour."

"How about a little rest and quiet?" asked the doctor, coming in to find him entirely surrounded by good will and looking a little green around the gills.



Something must be going on to get Bob Montgomery and Basil Rathbone so excited. They're pictured here at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club

"I'm all right," Jimmie protested. "My friends just dropped in to welcome me home."

"When did you have your last meal?"

"Oh—not long ago—this morning, I think. But I had it—all kinds of things. Milk—and milk—" His voice trailed off.

He was rescued by friends with a well-regulated home in Brentwood, established in a quiet wing of the quiet house, left to bask or read on the sunporch and watch the grass grow. He stayed three weeks and did exactly as he was told. Because, however lightly he may garnish the story now, there was just one thought fixed firm in the back of his mind—to get well as fast as he could.

HE makes no bones about the fact that the whole business had him frightened stiff. He'd known that people got sick and went to hospitals, sure—but what had that to do with a sound young man who'd never known illness in his life? Then suddenly here he was, Jimmie Stewart in person, laid low, racked by pain, delivered helpless into the hands of an enemy he could neither understand nor fight—except by following orders. So he followed them.

"And I've sworn off being sick," he informs you. You've grown used to the gleam of banter behind his gravest statements, but this time there is none. "Don't smile. I mean it. It's just something I've made up my mind to, same as you might make up your mind to swear off cocktails or painting your fingernails red. I've given the matter deep thought, and find it's not worth the money or effort.

"I'll be ready for work soon. I think my next picture is "Men of Brimstone" with Wallace Beery. Then I go back to finish "Vivacious Lady." But next time I'm tired, I'll go to bed. And if I feel that Yosemite can't get along without me, I'll go up and spread myself under a tree and count leaves. Try it some time when you need a sedative. Beats sheep all hollow. Nice cool green instead of a dirty white—"

"And talking of counting, do me a favor, will you? Count up the times I've said 'sick' or 'doctor' or 'hospital' in that story, and send me a bill. Even if you pay in toothpicks, you've got to play fair. Then, while you're about it, you could do me another favor. Spread the word around that nobody's ever to ask me how I feel. I'm feeling fine, and I'm going to stay that way till the end of the chapter. That's my last word on the subject," he announced.

And our last word on the subject is, more power to you, James.



● *"Now wait a minute, Mrs. Zebra. What's your hurry? Stop and catch your breath. Look at your poor little colt—he's winded and all of a lather! You really shouldn't let a baby get so hot."*



● *"I'll fix him up, though. Just leave it to your Uncle Dudley. A good rub-down with gentle, cooling Johnson's Baby Powder and he'll be fit as a fiddle and rarin' to go again."*



● *"Imagine, Mother—Mrs. Zebra has been trying to raise a baby without Johnson's Baby Powder!...She'd no idea how to stop chafes, rashes and prickly heat. Seems odd in this day and age, doesn't it?"*

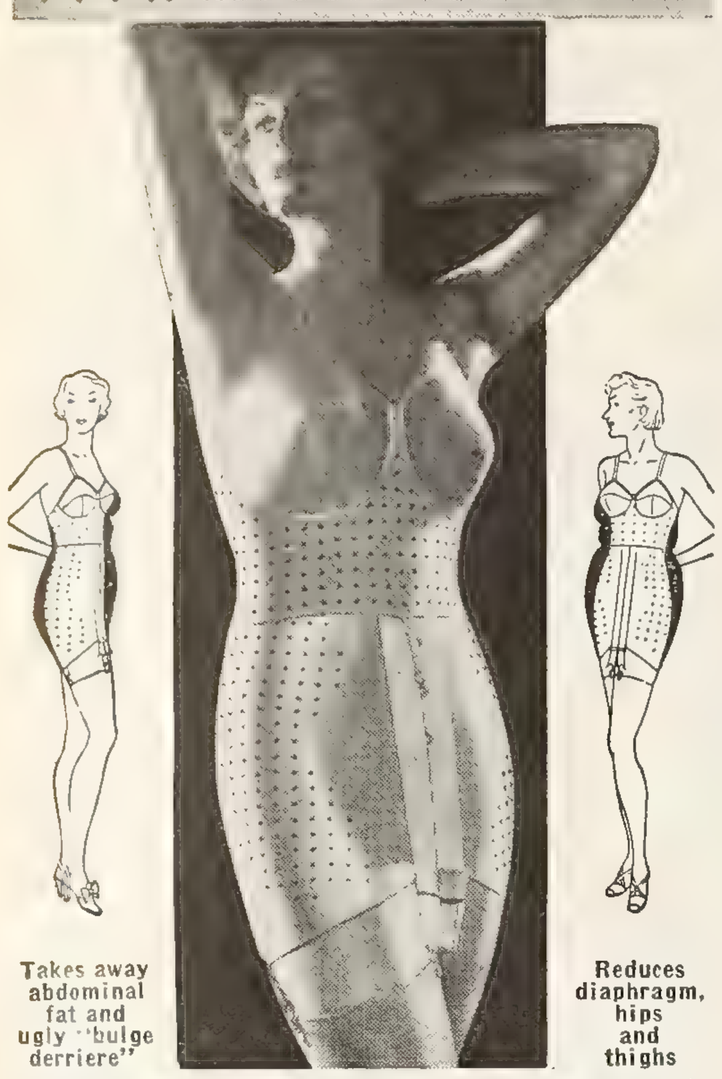


● *"I love the feel of Johnson's Baby Powder—it's so much softer and finer than lots of powders. Keeps my skin just perfect."... And perfect condition, Mothers, is the skin's best protection against infection. Johnson's Baby Powder contains no coarse, scratchy particles—it's made entirely of finest Italian talc—no orris-root. Your baby needs Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too—and if he's very young, the new Johnson's Baby Oil, which is stainless, pleasantly fragrant and cannot turn rancid.*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE
4
FIGURE FAULTS
PERFOLASTIC NOT ONLY CONFINES
. . . IT REDUCES UGLY BULGES



Takes away abdominal fat and ugly "bulge derriere"

Reduces diaphragm, hips and thighs

IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
. . . it will cost you nothing!

Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the quick, safe way to reduce . . . Perfolastic! "Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and reduced my waist 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr. "I used to wear a size 42, now I take size 18" says Mrs. Faust. "Never owned a girdle I liked so much—reduced 26 pounds," writes Miss Marshall. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere at our expense?

Immediately Appear Inches Slimmer!

You need not risk one penny . . . simply try Perfolastic for 10 days without cost. You will be thrilled with the results . . . as are *all* Perfolastic wearers! You *appear* inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments the gentle pressure and massage-like action are *actually reducing* hips, waist, diaphragm and thighs . . . the spots where fat first accumulates.

No Diets, Drugs or Exercise!

You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. The Perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear. And with the loss of excess fat will come increased pep and energy.

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks . . . safely! You risk nothing. Mail coupon *now!*

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Dept. 5311, 41 EAST 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET in plain envelope describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of Perforated material and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name

Address

Use coupon or send name and address on penny postcard

Try, Try Again

(*Continued from page 47*)

toward raising her movie stock. And she was right. She scored a personal hit in the play and a Twentieth Century-Fox contract proved part of her reward.

This young lady spends her free time studying. Dancing, reading aloud, coaching with a prominent director. She goes into the proverbial conniptions, if her work doesn't please her.

"It's the most awful feeling, not giving a good performance," she remarked. "You see, it's nobody's fault but your own. There you are, out there in front of everybody, just being bad. If you're a painter, you can say the light was wrong or the colors not true, or something. If you're a writer, you can find explanations for a bad job if you look hard enough. But when you're an actress! Gosh, if you're not good, there is no one to charge it to but yourself."

Phyllis Brooks was trained from infancy to tread the boards. Her mother would love to have been an actress when she was a girl, but parental objection finished her career before it had time to get started. Therefore, she determined that her child would amount to something in the theatre.

And so, when many other little girls skipped rope and made dolls' clothes, Phyllis learned to recite and perform arabesques. It was no hardship, for the ambitious youngster took to "play acting" like the traditional duck to water.

She got her formal education "on the fly," for the family moved from town to town during her early youth. However, Phyllis *did* grab off a diploma in New York and, no sooner was it framed, than she met John La Gatta, famous illustrator. She became his pet model. Whenever there was an especially handsome job to be done, La Gatta called on Phyllis and, as soon as her likenesses found a market, she received more posing calls than she could handle. However, it was the toothpaste ad that gave her her movie chance.

"Well," she said, "when I passed that first movie test, I thought my future was assured. Little did I know that it is one thing to be under contract to a big studio, and another to be cast in pictures. Whenever it looked as if I were actually going to work, someone else slid into the role.

"Don't misunderstand me. I did appear briefly in a few pictures, but was allowed to do nothing that would warrant a studio's keeping me on. Repeated inferior roles made me determine to get back to New York and I know now that it was a step in the right direction."

Being one of the most preferred blondes, Phyllis still insists that she has no immediate matrimonial intentions. Cary Grant seems to be her best beau, for they are seen everywhere together. However, she claims there is nothing serious about their attachment and, since forthright Phyllis makes the statement, it's apt to be authentic.

No, she is interested in work only, these days, and if her former complaint was the lack of it, that is not the trouble now. Miss Brooks was delectable and amusing as the affected English girl in "You Can't Have Everything" and she has just been awarded the lead in "Dangerously Yours." She will make a few more pictures and then return East for a season on Broadway. That is to be part of her annual schedule.

Her studio realizes "it has something there," when it comes to the beauteous, talented Brooks, and so, they are determined to do right by our Phyl.

Information Desk

(*Continued from page 13*)



THE MAUCH TWINS. (First printing. Total number of requests 367). The Mauch twins like to whistle, play they're G-men, eat ice cream cones 'n' green apples, dodge their spinach and school work, and trade things—knives, marbles and personalities. They kid their mother sometimes by swapping clothes, and even though Bobby's one-eighth of an inch taller than Billy, she can't always tell the difference. They kid you, the fans, too, for in each picture, 'tis rumored, they play one scene as the other member of their twinship. That is, Bob plays Billy and Bill plays Bob, and by the end of the picture the producer's apt to be playing Napoleon in a nice quiet asylum. See if you can spot the dupe scene in their next picture, scheduled to follow "The Prince and the Pauper." At this writing, it's called "A Prayer for My Sons."

The boys began to act by appearing in local entertainments in Peoria, Ill., where they were born July 6th, 1924. A theatrical manager signed them to sing and dance, and it was just a hop from there to stage and radio engagements. Unlike most grown-up actors, they didn't have themselves a time at all in getting the breaks, for twins with personalities like theirs are scarcer than natural blondes in a Hollywood studio. They appeared on Lucky Strike programs, the Beauty Box Review, March of Time and Show Boat.

Billy got the first summons to work in movies. He was playing in a Broadway musical comedy, "Mr. Smith," at the time. He signed up to portray the boy Anthony in "Anthony Adverse," and, of course, Bobby went along as his stand-in. And, of course, you know what happened. When the director'd been out late the night before and was napping, they did their quick change act—Bob played Billy and Billy played Bob. Anyhow, Bobby got in some film acting experience before he was officially an actor.

During the making of "The Prince and the Pauper," Errol Flynn became their idol. Their mother says they wanted to dress like him, talk like him, and even regretted they hadn't been born in Ireland instead of Illinois. But even Flynn wasn't immune from their pranks. He'd been talking to the boys about his lion dog, and being smart boys, they knew he was spoofing them. So they spoofed him right back. They put a wolf skin on an Airedale and, with innocent faces, they told Errol they had a rare wolf dog.

Lately, Billy's eyes have bothered him a little from the strain of the studio lights, and he's had to wear glasses on and off. Mostly, though, they're off Billy and on

Bobby. Yep, they've found one more way to fool their mother and bosses.

The only dilemma the lucky pair's been faced with so far is finding enough stories to act in. Stories, good stories, written around twins, aren't turned out every day, you know.

The Mauch movie salaries are three hundred and fifty dollars apiece, and Mrs. Mauch receives another one hundred and fifty for their care and guardianship. But the thrifty twins make pin money just the same by collecting and selling old bottles. They play baseball, tennis, field hockey and football, toss a mean ping-pong game, collect stamps and box. Red's their favorite color. They're about four feet ten (subject to change without notice) and have blue eyes and brown hair.



GLORIA DICKSON. (First printing. Total number of requests 246.) Not glamor, but yensomeness is the word which describes Gloria Dickson, the twenty-year-old blond girl who stepped right out of a WPA play into the lead of Melvyn Le Roy's movie thriller, "They Won't Forget." In case you're vague as to the meaning of the word, yensomeness is a coined term which means she's the kind of a girl you hanker to go back and see again, once you've seen her. It doesn't mean she's necessarily beautiful, though Gloria is that, too. It doesn't even mean she's got sex appeal, though Gloria has that, too. It means she has a subtle something which the camera catches and exaggerates. When the public sees that something, it goes ga-ga. All the toppers have it, of course—Power and Flynn and Durbin and Temple—and Gloria's sponsors, the critics and her growing number of fans assure us that the young Dickson has this box-office commodity in abundance.

Her real name's Thais Dickerson, and she was born in Pocatello, Idaho, Aug. 13, 1917. During her school days, which weren't very long ago, she did some footlight amateuring in a play called "The Melting Pot," and incidentally, this is still her favorite play. On leaving school, she trouped about the country for a time with a tent show. Each night's gate was divided among the players. Gloria drew anywhere from one dollar and ten cents to three seventy-five a performance.

Small wonder that she found herself, eventually, out of a job and in need of funds. A girl friend suggested that, since she was living with her mother in Los Angeles at the time, she apply to the Federal Theatre there. She promptly applied, and not so promptly, got work. First, she played Diane in "Seventh Heaven," then followed "Holiday," "Smiling Through" and "The Devil Passes."

It was right after the final curtain of the final performance in this latter play that a talent scout from Warner Bros. ceremoniously passed a card into Gloria's dressing-room. Thinking it was just a gag, she unceremoniously tossed it into a waste basket. But second thought made her rescue it, and shortly afterwards, in came the testing scout to invite her over to his studio next morning for a screen test. You can bet Gloria arrived in time to take it. The next thing she knew she'd passed the test with flying colors, and was being signed to a contract and offered one of the most coveted leading roles in Hollywood.

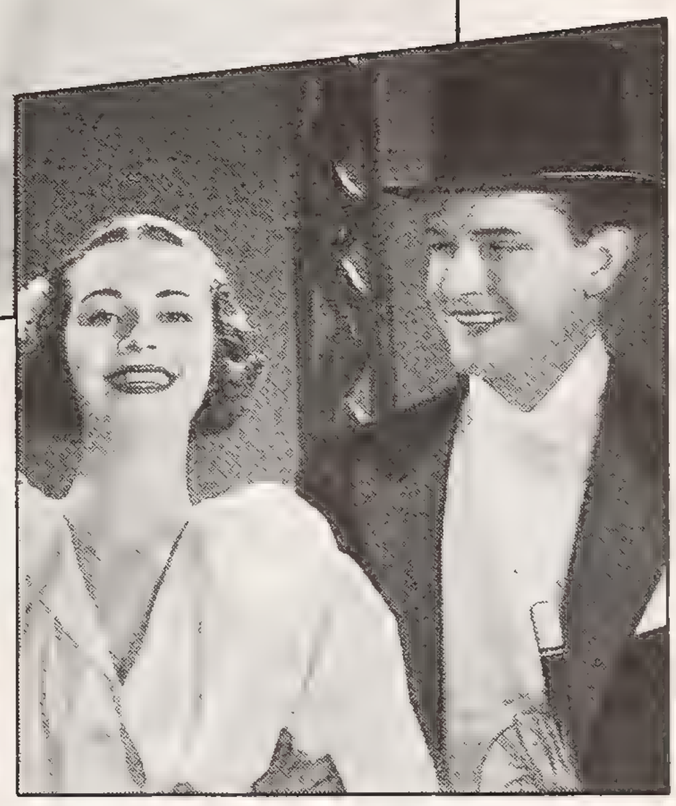
She lives quietly with her mother in a small apartment at the present time, and has a great desire to travel, which not even her tent-show days has cured her of. She loves nice clothes, and would like to shop in Paris, as who wouldn't. Purchasing coats, gloves and bags is her pet extravagance. And she can't resist bargains in costume jewelry, though she seldom wears it. She keeps fit by walking, swimming, playing tennis and riding horseback. In fact, she likes all sports—excepting prize-fights. She's five feet four inches tall, tips the scales at just one hundred and thirteen pounds, has blue-grey eyes and natural blond hair.

Right now, she's interested most exclusively in carving herself a bright, bright career.

Prelude to Allure...



THIS LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING



A LOVELY DENVER BRIDE WRITES—"What a pity that every girl doesn't bathe with Cashmere Bouquet! For this deep-cleansing perfumed soap removes body odor so completely . . . keeps you so sweet and clean. And then Cashmere Bouquet leaves its flower-like perfume clinging to your skin. No wonder Cashmere Bouquet is called the *lovelier way* to avoid offending!"

SO BEFORE YOU GO STEPPING OUT, take this wise precaution! Bathe with Cashmere Bouquet—the perfumed soap that keeps you *fragrantly dainty!* Long after your bath, Cashmere Bouquet's lingering perfume still surrounds you. But remember that only a perfume as rare as Cashmere Bouquet's has this *lingering* quality. You won't find it in ordinary scented soaps.

MARVELOUS FOR YOUR COMPLEXION, TOO!

This pure, creamy-white soap has such gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!

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TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

FREE!
MEASURING GLASS
WORTH 35¢



FREE WITH ZONITE

Use Zonite For —

1. BAD BREATH—Gargle, rinse, brush teeth with Zonite dilution. Zonite removes causes of halitosis—kills tobacco breath, even onion breath!

2. DANDRUFF—Zonite actually destroys dandruff and all scalp germs—*at contact!* Ends nasty scalp odor. Use Zonite scalp treatment when washing head.

3. CUTS AND WOUNDS—Zonite kills many kinds of germs, not just one or two. Then tissues heal in *less time!* Apply Zonite wet dressing *at once*.

4. SORE THROAT—Zonite kills "cold bugs" at start! At first sign of irritation, gargle every 2 hrs. with Zonite dilution.

5. "ATHLETE'S FOOT"—Zonite treatment gives quick relief from itching. For prevention, bathe feet in Zonite solution.

Offer limited. Get yours while they last—at your druggist!



Shows teaspoons and also tablespoons. Ends guesswork whenever you are measuring medicines.

Luise Rainer's Favorite Recipes

HAWAII

Golden Pineapple Slices

Brush pineapple slices with melted butter, place in a baking dish, sprinkle with a little sugar and place under broiler until they begin to brown. Remove from broiler, place a marshmallow in the center of each. Place in oven until marshmallows are puffed and golden brown. Use as a garnish for sweet potato or a meat platter.

MARYLAND

Baked Chicken, Maryland

a 3-pound frying chicken
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
flour
1 egg
1½ tablespoons cream
bread crumbs
½ cup butter
½ cup boiling water

Singe, clean and disjoint chicken. Wipe each piece clean with a fresh towel—do not wash. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge lightly with flour. Dip each piece separately in egg beaten with the cream, then roll each piece in crisp bread crumbs. Place prepared chicken in large greased baking pan. Pour melted butter and water into bottom of pan. Bake in hot oven 30 minutes or more, or until tender, basting frequently with the liquid in the pan. Remove chicken to hot serving platter. Add 1 cup milk to liquid remaining in pan. Thicken to taste with flour mixed to a smooth paste with a little water. Season and pour over chicken or serve separately in gravy boat.

MIDDLE WEST

Magic Sweet Potatoes

2½ cups mashed sweet potatoes
2 tablespoons melted butter
½ teaspoon salt
6 marshmallows
½ cup fine bread or cracker crumbs
1 egg
2 tablespoons water
deep fat for frying

Boil sweet potatoes until tender, peel. (Or use canned sweet potatoes which are excellent for this purpose.) Mash potatoes thoroughly—putting them through a ricer or food sieve will do a quicker and more thorough job of it. Add melted butter, mix well. Divide mixture into 6 parts and shape each into flat rounds about the size of the palm of the hand. Place a marshmallow in the center of each, bring the potato up around each and shape as for croquette. Roll croquettes in crumbs, then dip in egg beaten with the water, then roll in crumbs again. Fry in deep hot fat (410°F.) until golden brown (2 or 3 minutes only). Drain on white paper kitchen towels. Serve very hot.

NEW ENGLAND

Molasses Oatmeal Cookies

2 cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup quick oats
⅔ cup walnuts (3 ozs.) chopped fine
¾ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
2 eggs
3 tablespoons molasses
2 tablespoons hot water

Sift flour, measure. Add salt, soda, baking powder and spices and sift again. Mix in the quick oats and the chopped walnuts. Cream the shortening. Add sugar gradually, creaming well together. Beat in eggs one at a time. Add molasses and hot water. Gradually mix in the dry ingredients. Drop by teaspoon onto greased baking sheet, about an inch apart. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400°F.) 8 to 10 minutes.

VIENNA

Chocolate Almond Torte

¾ cup blanched almonds
4 eggs, separated
¾ cup powdered sugar
3 squares cooking chocolate, melted
¼ cup grated bread crumbs
3 tablespoons milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon baking powder
⅓ teaspoon salt

Either grate the shelled, blanched almonds; or put them through a grinder; or chop them *very* fine. Separate eggs. Beat yolks until thick and lemon colored. Add sugar gradually, beating well. Add melted chocolate slowly. Mix in the prepared nuts. Meanwhile soak breadcrumbs a few minutes in combined milk and vanilla. Add breadcrumbs mixture to first mixture, together with the flour, baking powder and salt. Mix thoroughly. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, gently but thoroughly. Turn mixure into a very lightly greased spring-form or tube pan. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes. Reduce heat to slow (325°F.) and continue baking 15-20 minutes longer or until cake tester inserted in cake comes out clean. Remove from oven, invert in pan onto a cake rack and allow to cool before removing from pan. Spread top with icing. If desired, the cake when cool may be split and an icing spread between the two halves.

(*Continued from page 19*)

the boat docked the little wife ran straight home to mamma, where she's been ever since.

■ ■ ■

Pat Paterson (Mrs. Charles Boyer) returned to the screen in the musical opus, "52nd Street." If you liked her performance, you'll undoubtedly see her again soon, but if you liked her singing, you can send your congratulations to Trudy Wood. Miss W., who appears on the Packard radio show, took care of the Paterson vocal department.

■ ■ ■

When John Barrymore reported for work in "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back," he had memorized the lines of one of the supporting players. Not until it came time for rehearsal did he discover that the part his studio had in mind for him was the lead, Bulldog Drummond. You can imagine Barrymore's surprise, and you can imagine everyone else's surprise, that the great John had even consented to sign up for a minor role.

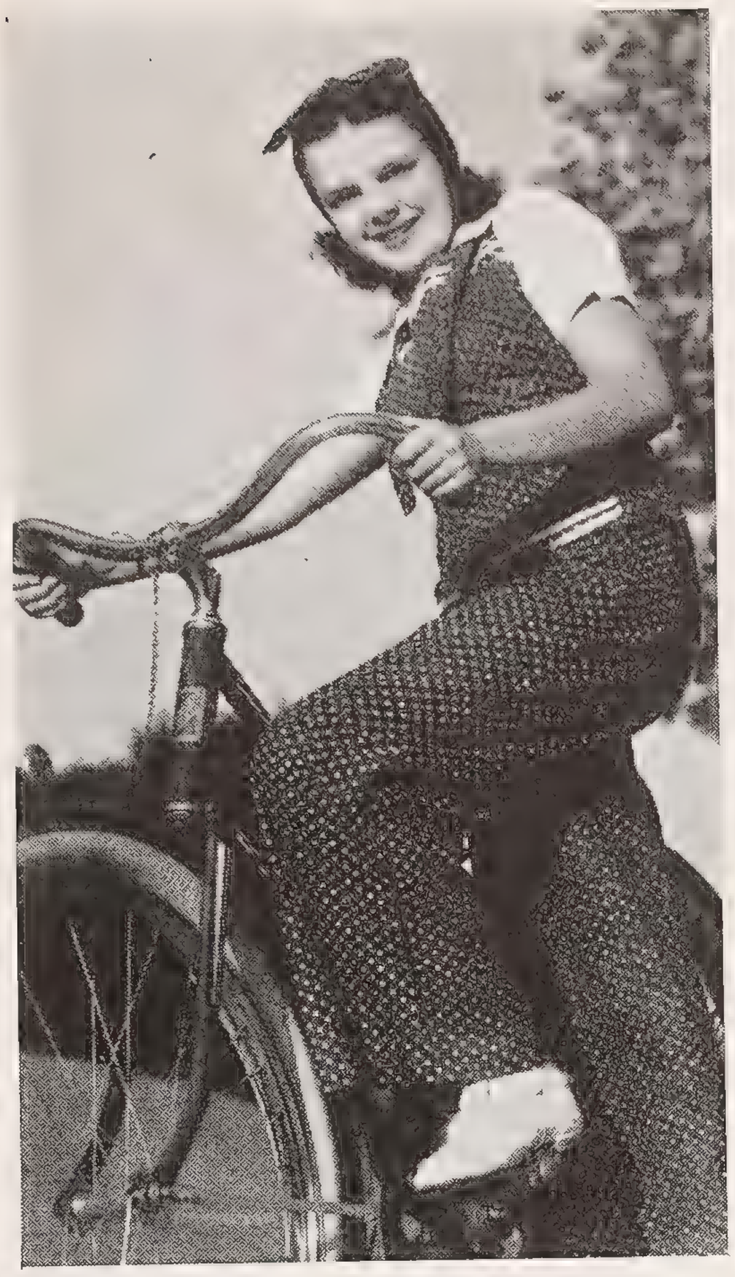
■ ■ ■

Most surprised guy of the month is Victor McLaglen. Six feet three and a half, he has to stand on tiptoes to measure up to his youngest son, Andrew. Young Andrew just came out of the hospital after a three months' session with a broken leg, and he has grown three inches in that time. To be technical, he now measures six feet six.

■ ■ ■

When you see "Artists and Models," you'll probably notice the gorgeous gowns adorning Gail Patrick, so we'd like to tell you how she got them. The gowns originally were dashed off by Travis Banton to be worn by Marlene Dietrich in "Angel." La Belle D. inverted her regal thumb, and they were handed over to Gail, who now regards Marlene as her favorite actress.

■ ■ ■



Garlands to Judy for her swell singing in "Broadway Melody of 1938." This thirteen-year-old is going places!

At a rehearsal of one of the Barrymore radio plays, a cameraman was busy snapping pictures when one of his flash bulbs exploded, splattering glass all over the room. Most of the cast dashed for the exits, but Barrymore, unperturbed, stood his ground. Someone asked him why he wasn't frightened. "Explosions don't bother me," replied the great John. "I've been married three times."

■ ■ ■

Health Note: During the shooting of "Stand-In" Joan Blondell went on a diet to lose some weight. Ate nothing but fruit and vegetable salads for two weeks. Result: Dick Powell lost five pounds.

■ ■ ■

Did you see Gypsy Mizzy in "You Can't Have Everything?" Well, you did, if you saw the picture at all, because La Mizzy is none other than our own Gypsy Rose Lee, listed cinematically as one Louise Hovick, but who has acquired recently, still another name. She's Mrs. Mizzy now and apparently likes *that* one so well that she had two separate wedding ceremonies to make sure it's all her very own!

■ ■ ■

Marian Marsh and Al Scott, Colleen Moore's ex, are engaged to be married in spite of all the denials. They will probably take the trip to the altar some time after the first of the year.



SOME FUN!



It's three o'clock in the morning and is Herbert Marshall tired! That's what the night spots do, Bart!



No doubt about it, this night life gets 'em. Look what an evening's gaiety does to Maggie Sullavan.



When nothing else goes on, La Gaynor whiles the time away with a little game of handies—or something.



Where's that girlish enthusiasm Mary Carlisle usually displays? Surely, the food can't be that bad!

From the coast comes word that despite all the hullabaloo about selections for "Gone With The Wind," three top spots have definitely been cast. Margaret Sullavan is to play Scarlett O'Hara, Clark Gable Rhett Butler and Walter Connolly has been chosen for the important part of Scarlett's father.

■ ■ ■

Arline Judge and her brand-new hubby, Dan Topping, got back to Hollywood following a lot of travelling. No more, they both solemnly declared. At least not for a good many months. To hear them tell it, they're tired of dashing hither and yon. But the rumor is rampant that Mrs. T. will be pretty busy from now on, baby shopping.

■ ■ ■

Anna May Wong is now at Paramount where she is making a picture entitled "Daughter of the Tong." If it is a success, she is set for a series of similar productions with the same company. And speaking of Miss Wong reminds us of the story she told upon her return from China recently. When interviewed by the papers there, she was asked about romance and laughingly, she told them she guessed she was wedded to her art. Imagine her surprise the next day when she saw herself in headlines thusly: "Anna May Wong to wed prominent Cantonese named Art."

■ ■ ■

Gloria Blondell, Joan's kid sister, will make her movie debut under the Warner banner. Her first picture will be "Money Talks." Dick Purcell has been cast to play opposite her.

■ ■ ■

Ann Sothern forgot cameras and Klieg lights for a brief space recently and her band leader husband, Roger Pryor, left his baton at home, when the two were reunited in a brief vacation in Chicago.



Blonde Marie Wilson will have her best role to date as that of the ga-ga waitress in "Boy Meets Girl." She rates a good break.

Perhaps you never give the property department of a studio much thought. But they certainly deserve a lot of credit. For instance, for Shirley Temple's new picture at Fox, they needed eight sabre cuts for some extras in a duelling scene. A call was made to the prop department and quick as a flash the wounds were delivered—eight strips of red tissue paper and a bottle of glue.

■ ■ ■

Mary Astor has stage ambitions—but she's willing to work at it besides talk about it. For that Santa Barbara play in which she appeared recently, Mary traveled a hundred miles every day, in order to work here at the studios during the day. Interesting to note, that after many people thought Mary's career was definitely on the skids, she's had the best year of her life—with her cinema and domestic life both taking a turn for the better. However, we learn from reputable sources, that Mary hasn't broken off that one bad habit—she still keeps a diary.

■ ■ ■

Charlie McCarthy may have eyes only for Shirley Temple, but the guy whose knee he occupies has other plans. Edgar Bergen's romance of the moment is Judy Canova, whom you saw in "Artists and Models." This is just a warning—if Charlie breaks out in a hill billy song one of these Sundays, you'll know the reason.

■ ■ ■

John Farrow, who directs at Warners, rented a beach house from his boss, Jack Warner. Mr. F. and wife, Maureen O'Sullivan, moved in, and everything was lovely. A month later Farrow's option was taken up at the studio, and he was handed an increase in salary. Two days later his landlord notified him that his rent was raised.



FELLOWS NEVER LOOKED AT HER



until she found a way to add 11 LBS. QUICK with IRONIZED YEAST



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Thousands gain 10 to 25 lbs.

Skinny, friendless girls who never could gain an ounce, have easily gained 10 to 25 pounds, normally rounded curves, this new easy way—in just a few weeks! What is more, this new discovery has given them naturally clear skin and normally lovely color, new pep and charm, loads of new friends and popularity.

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If, with the very first package of Ironized Yeast, you don't begin to eat better and get more enjoyment and benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength, pep and energy—if you are not absolutely convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the pounds of normally attractive flesh you need—your money will be promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast today.

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WARNING: Beware of the many cheap substitutes for this successful formula. Be sure you get the genuine IRONIZED YEAST.

Her Brother-in-Law, Paul Muni

(Continued from page 45)

"Mother was as fond of Paul as if he were her own son, and he was mighty fond of her. Almost every day Bella and Paul would drop in. Paul would sit on Mother's lap, hug and kiss her. Always he asked for her advice on what he should do about certain roles. There was no in-law trouble between Paul Muni and us.

"In fact, if any misunderstanding had arisen, I'm quite sure Mother would have taken Paul's part, for she was so crazy about him.

"She used to tell people about a prank he once played upon her. One day there came to the back door an old beggar, shabby and forlorn-looking, with a long grey matted beard. Out of watery eyes he peered at Mother, and launching into a hard luck story, he begged her for a hand-out.

"It was a hot day, and her heart melted at the plight of this poor old man who said he had no family or friends. So she invited him in, gave him a glass of lemonade, and went to get her pocketbook.

"When she came back into the kitchen, it was to find the old beggar howling with laughter. It was her son-in-law, Paul Muni!"

WHAT was Paul like in those early days?" I asked Lucy.

"He hasn't changed very much," she confessed. "Always, he has lacked faith in his abilities. Today, he's blue and discouraged when he's shooting a film. My sister has to advise, criticize and encourage him constantly. He'd be lost without her.

"Fifteen years ago he underrated himself, too. I remember he came home one day very moody, because he felt sure he had made a mess of his performance in a new play.

"The next day my sister went to the theatre, and anxiously asked his fellow-actors how badly he had performed. 'Badly,' they said in astonishment. 'Why, he was magnificent.'

"She watched the play that day, and Muni was grand in it, but it took a good deal of talking on my sister's part to convince him of this.

"Another way in which he has remained the same is in his moodiness. Naturally a serious person, Paul becomes upset and worried easily, and becomes moody and downcast when things go wrong.

"I remember years ago he came in looking terribly tired, and threw himself on the couch, glum as could be. A few minutes later I was startled to see him kick his feet up into the air, whistle, and throwing himself off the couch, begin to clown.

"At the beginning it took us time to accustom ourselves to his moods, although, since we all come from theatrical, emotional stock, we were mighty sympathetic. I guess we're all a little nuts.

"Gradually, Bella has become so accustomed to his moods that hers now coincide with his. And intimate friends aren't shocked at all when they walk in and find Muni prancing about, walking on his head, and clowning!

"Paul is one of the greatest teases I know, and he always has been. But it is a privilege to be teased by Paul, for he teases only people he loves dearly."

Lucy is not married, and Muni constantly twits her about it. "He's always on the lookout for a suitable mate for me," she laughed, "and whenever he hears of some half-wit doing something idiotic, he'll say, 'Don't you think he's good enough, wouldn't you be able to like him? I'll fix it up for you.'

"If ever he feels he's hurt my feelings, he'll come right over and apologize, throw his arms around me, kiss me and say, 'There's a good kid. You know I'm just fooling.'"

He teases his wife unmercifully about being superstitious, for Bella has all the superstitions of stage folk, and then some. The very idea of giving stick-pins or brooches or any pointed object as a present horrifies her. After she's once started for some place she'll never come back for fear it will bring hard luck, and she'll never walk under a ladder or whistle in a dress-



Paulette Goddard and Bruce Cabot arrive at the Troc for an evening's gaiety. How do you like the idea of wearing an orchid on your muff?

ing room. When Bella sees a black cat she winces.

"The amusing thing to me," Lucy confessed, "is that gradually and unconsciously my brother-in-law is becoming superstitious and avoiding the very things Bella is afraid of.

"It's just, I suppose, that married people grow more and more like each other with the years."

There's one thing for which the entire Finkle family is grateful to Paul Muni. That's teaching them to be punctual.

"We all were in the habit of being ten, fifteen minutes or half an hour late for appointments," Lucy explained. "When Bella and Paul were sweethearts, she was always late. But Paul would be so angry she grew more and more punctual, and today she's as accurate as he about time and never arrives a minute early or late.

"In time we knew better than to keep Paul waiting. He has no patience with latecomers, and explodes.

"I know many people misunderstand my brother-in-law, and say he's high hat," Lucy told me.

"Really," leaning forward earnestly, "he's nothing like that. Off-stage he's the most unstagy, unpretentious person you ever saw. It's just because he doesn't make friends easily, and is rather reserved unless he knows you well, that people get the wrong impression.

"Nor is he the type who believes in personal publicity, in broadcasting anything he may do for others. Such matters, he feels, are private. I know of several people whom he has helped to movie careers, but he'd shoot me if I divulged their names. Once he's sure that you have the goods, he'll go out of his way to help you. And if you fail, he considers it a personal reflection upon himself.

"If he doesn't feel you are competent, neither heaven nor earth can get him to help. He'd rather make enemies than help someone incompetent. Fifteen years ago he was like that, and he's like that today."

When he was starring in the Yiddish theatre, a close relative, an actress, wanted to get a job with his group.

"All you have to do, Paul," she told him, "is to recommend me to the manager."

But Muni refused. To his wife he explained, "She could never hold a job in our company, for she can't act. It would be cruel to place her."

Of course, to this day this woman believes it was only selfishness that motivated Muni, and they have been estranged for years. Paul Muni preferred to hurt someone he loved dearly, rather than get her a job when he felt she was not entitled to it.

"While he's perfectly willing to help any of us," Lucy added, "he's so proud when we stand on our own feet. We feel, too, that it is unfair to try to bask in his glory.

"He has offered to help further my musical career, but all I want is his moral support. I'd rather make my way on my own, even though it takes longer, and I know he agrees with my viewpoint."

Never once in the many years she was on the stage did his wife permit Paul Muni to help her get work.

Though she earned less than she might have if he had exerted his influence, that was the way she wanted it. And, should she ever decide to return to the stage, while her husband would not stand in her way, she'd be strictly on her own.

"Once my brother-in-law was heartbroken because people insisted he had used pull to get Bella a job on Broadway."

As was, and is, her custom today, Bella goes to all rehearsals with her husband. It was at the second rehearsal of "Four Walls," one of the early plays in which Paul Muni starred on the English speaking stage. No actress had been selected for

Disappointing Rough Hands made Soft, White and Young!



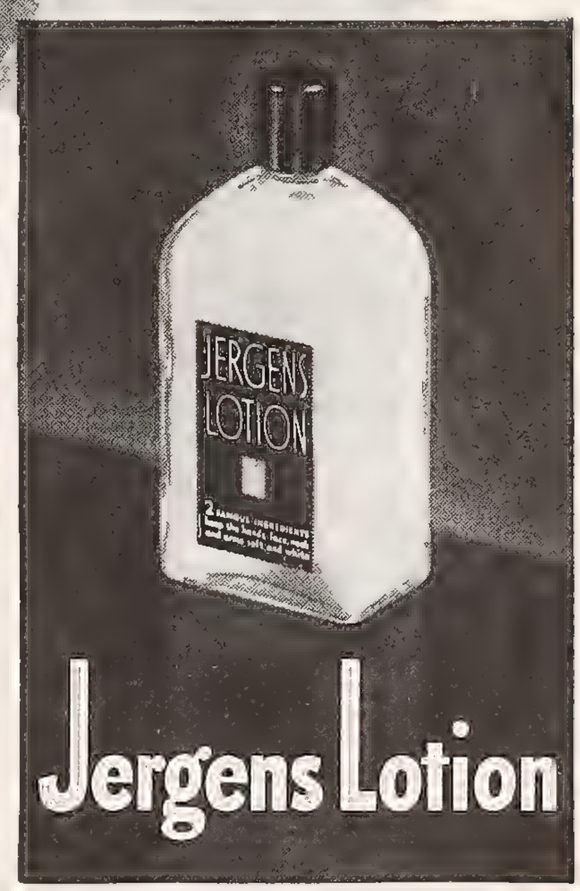
HANDS LOOK OLD when the skin cells lose their special beautifying moisture. But Jergens soon replaces the lost moisture, because it *goes into the skin.*

NOW "WE'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED"

YOUNG, soft hands—*romantic hands*—have a rich supply of moisture in the skin cells.

Look out! Wind, cold, even ordinary use of water—tend to dry out that moisture. Then your hands are soon like old hands—rough, much coarser!

Jergens Lotion helps prevent this, because it *sinks in*, replaces lost moisture. Of all lotions tested, Jergens goes in the most completely. Even neglected hands soon regain youthful softness! Jergens' two ingredients are used by many doctors to make harsh, rough or chapped skin soft and white. For lovely hands—use Jergens every time you've had your hands in water. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—$1.00 for the large economy size—at any beauty counter.



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4-ACTION SATINMESH



June Lang isn't pining away over her wrecked marriage these days—and here's the reason. His name is Morry Morrison and he's veddy social register.

the role of Bertha, a poor girl who loves a man hopelessly, and doesn't get him. Muni was to play this man.

Seeing Mrs. Muni sitting near the platform, John Golden, the producer of this play, asked her if she'd read the part of Bertha. So well did she read it, that he said, "We've been searching the city for someone to play Bertha and here you are."

So Bella Finkle became Bertha. And to this day no one believes her own merit got the job.

TO Lucy, Paul Muni's amazing capacity for proving a real friend to his in-laws is unusual.

Three years ago, when she was touring with a theatrical troupe in South America, she got an attack of appendicitis. Knowing how her family would worry, she didn't let them know. But one of the girls in the troupe wrote to friends saying Lucy needed an operation, and they told Muni.

"He knew how frightened Bella would be, so he said nothing to her or to my brother. Instead, he phoned the hospital in Buenos Aires, where I was to be operated on, and ordering them to spare no expense, made arrangements with the head surgeon.

"Frequently he cabled me to find out what he could do to make me more comfortable, and of course, he paid all the bills.

"It wasn't till I was well on the road to recovery that he told my sister. When I tried to thank him, he laughed the whole matter off."

"I didn't do it out of kindness," he said, his eyes twinkling. "I heard you were ill the day we moved into our new Hollywood home. You know how superstitious your sister is. If I had told her, she would never have been happy there, for she'd have been prejudiced against the place from the start."

To her dying day, Mrs. Finkle, his mother-in-law, adored Paul. And do you know, when he bought his first house in Hollywood, eight and a half years ago, he picked out the nicest room and furnished it for his mother-in-law? Unfortunately, she died before she could go to visit 'her son,' as she called him.

"My brother, Abem Finkle, who is a script writer for Warner Brothers, is one of Paul's sincerest admirers," Lucy told me.

"And he's more than a husband to my sister, he's a real friend. They spend all their time together and he relies upon her judgment implicitly. She doesn't flatter him to hold him, either. She tells him the truth as she sees it, about himself, about his acting, his habits. There was only once when he felt she had erred in judgment."

That was after his first attempt at making motion pictures in Hollywood, when he flopped, and came East very much discouraged. Unlike most actors, he didn't blame Hollywood producers or the terrible picture in which he had been cast. He just blamed himself.

"I guess," he said sadly, "my wife and all of us have overrated my abilities."

It was his wife, incidentally, who persuaded him to try again in Hollywood.

In case you are interested in the hobbies of our greatest character actor, I'll let you in on a secret. Paul Muni is gadget-mad. Whenever he sees a gadget, he can't rest till he has bought it, taken it apart, and learned all about how it works.

"He's spent days experimenting with the best cleaners for phonograph records. He reminds me of a small boy who simply must take the clock apart, and put it together correctly," Lucy laughed.

"Once he solves something, he forgets all about it. Do you know he has a separate three-room apartment in his home, just for his gadgets?"

That fact alone should prove beyond all doubt, that Paul is just as human as the rest of us. He may be a great actor—when he's on the stage. But at home, he relaxes and he's just a nice guy who forgets all about fame and footlights.

And he'll never pass a stationery store without going in and buying something . . . paper, mucilage, pasters, posters, letterheads, stapling machines . . . he's got enough in his private quarters to start a store.

Another of his hobbies is the dictionary. Yes, I mean just that. He's got dictionaries in all sizes, shapes and languages. Since he reads a good deal of general literature, history and biography, he constantly has those dictionaries, every one of them, near him. And whenever he is in doubt about a word, he looks it up in all of them to catch the subtle nuances of meaning it may have.

If you were to ask him, he'd tell you that the real reason he bought a home was to have a place for all his gadgets!

Oakie Can Take It!

(Continued from page 37)

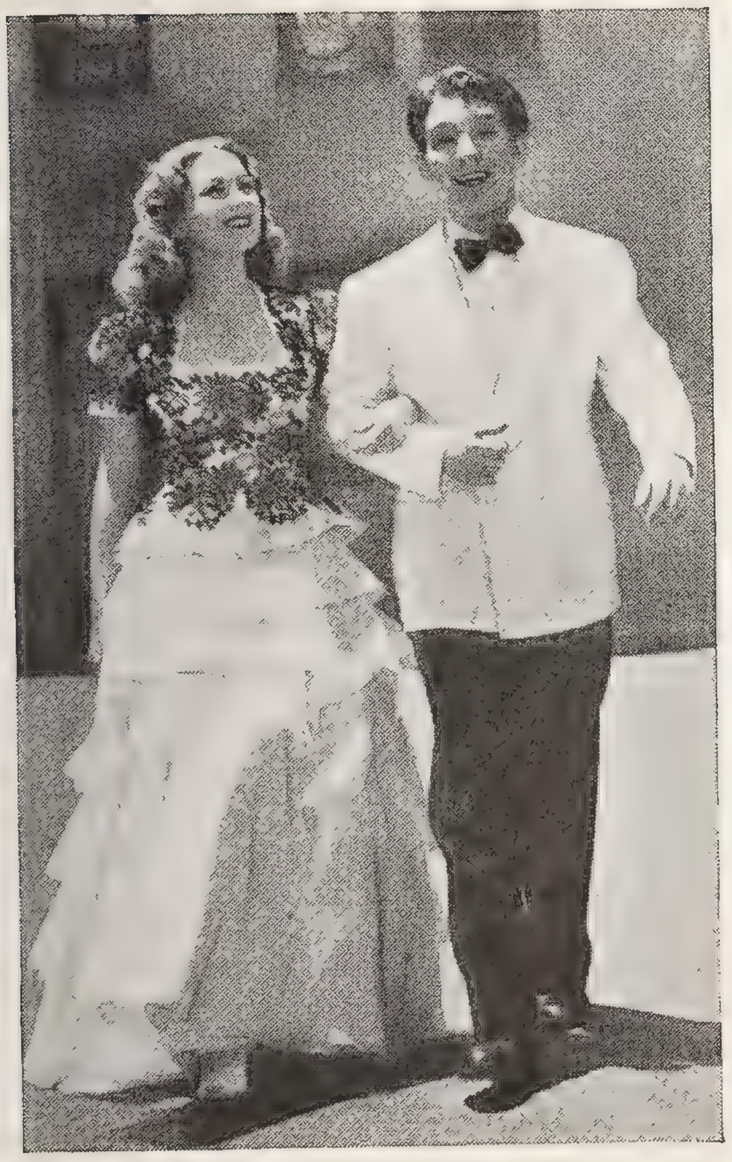
elect whom the gods leave, unevicted, in their place in the sun? If one should douse the twinkle in the eye, what would one find? It seemed worth while to find out, or try to. I determined to get serious with Oakie if I had to tear his heart right out through his wise-cracks.

While I lay in wait for Oakie, one of the prop boys added to my curiosity. He said, "That Oakie. He's a tonic as well as a panic. D'you know, he never forgets if it's a fellow's birthday or there's sickness in the family or anything like that. He's a lesson to every mother's quitter of us. He razzes the life out of us, but he can take it, too.

"Last week he ordered a bicycle. Said he wasn't going to wear out the Oakie patent leathers hoofing it about this man's lot any longer. The bike came. We uncrated it for him. And when we delivered it to him, we'd removed the regular saddle and fastened a horse's saddle on instead. We'd done a little paint job on it, too. We splashed 'Prez Oakie' in huge letters all over it. Oakie didn't turn a hair. He mounted that horse saddle just like he didn't notice, gave a wild western 'Yip-ee!' and went whizzing off down the lot. He left that horse's saddle on, and it's still on. That's Oakie."

I remembered a story Frank Morgan told me about Oakie. It happened some time before Jack's marriage. Jack and Frank were both in New York, stopping at the same hotel. Said Frank:

"I told Oakie one morning that I'd been to a barber shop the night before and had been manicured by the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen, in a long life of seeing to it that I see beautiful girls. She was worth



All ready for a day's work, Ann Sothern and Burgess Meredith are off to the set for RKO-Radio's "Don't Forget To Remember."

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"You're all the family I've got, Molly-o"

"I don't want *you* to come down with a bad cold. We're going to tackle it right *now*—at that very first sneeze. I'll just put a few drops of this Vicks VA-TRO-NOL right up your nose.

"Now the other side.

"There. Doesn't that feel fine! Notice how clear and comfortable it makes your head. Bet you couldn't sneeze now if you wanted to!

"Sure, Mummy does all this when she's here. But, shucks, I've got to keep up with the times, too, if I'm going to take care of a young lady all by myself.

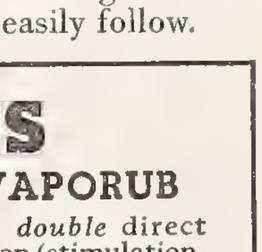
"You know, Honey, Vicks made this Va-tro-nol on purpose for people's noses, 'cause that's where 3 out of 4 colds start.



"Even when I forget and wait till my own head is stuffed up tight, just a few drops are generally enough to let me breathe nice and easy again. And if you get after the cold early, like I'm doing with yours, why, lots of times it never *does* grow up into a real cold.

"'Course, some colds are plumb stubborn and get by no matter *what* you do. If you don't feel all better tonight, we'll get out the good old Vicks VAPORUB and give your chest and back a good rubbing, like Mummy does. Remember how good it made you feel that night when you started coughing?

"There's nothing like VapoRub when you're tight and achy with a cold. You seem to feel it working right through your skin and all the time you're breathing in those grand Vicks vapors. Before you know it, you're sound asleep just as if you'd never had a cold at all."



• • •

Molly's father certainly knows what to do about colds. He must have read the special folder that comes in each Vicks package—"Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds in the Home."

In the largest clinical tests ever made on colds—tests in which 17,353 people were subjects—Vicks Plan cut sickness from colds *more than half!* Va-tro-nol and VapoRub are the only medications used in Vicks Plan. You'll find it a simple, practical guide that any mother (or daddy) can easily follow.

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Results are amazing! Gums are stimulated—soon there's a new youthful lustre to your teeth.

Forhan's toothpaste, created by an eminent dental surgeon, was especially designed to do *both* vital jobs—*clean teeth* and *safeguard gums.* It contains a special ingredient found in no other toothpaste. End *half-way care.* Use Forhan's tonight! *Also sold in Canada.*

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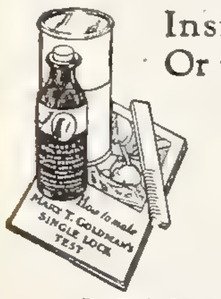
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FREE TEST ~ We send complete test package Free. Snip off a lock of hair . . . Test it first this safe way. No risk. No expense. 3,000,000 women have received this test. Mail coupon.

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Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
Color of your hair?.....

any man's pilgrimage to the shrine of the soap basin, I said. She was delicious. She was divine. Well, Oakie got all tottsied up, took a taxi and drove twenty blocks to that barber shop. He arrived, asked for the manicure girl, and was confronted by the plug-ugliest woman the Hand of the Potter ever shook in making! But he sat him right down, with that cockle-of-the-heart-warming smile of his and had himself a manicure! Because he wouldn't take even a chance of hurting the feelings of that poor girl. A girl he'd never be likely to see again. He didn't open his trap to me when he got back. Just showed me his trimmed cuticles. He didn't need to say anything. I was stopped and a bit ashamed. That's Oakie."

SO, over the luncheon table, I said to Jack, boiled in his boiled shirt, but beaming, "For the first time of all the times we've talked together, be serious, will you, Jack? Were you born this way? Or have you got this way, deliberately, with conscious effort?"

"I dunno, sister," said Jack. "Guess I was born this way, mostly. Guess it's hereditary. My mother is this way, too. Always has been. In all my life I've never seen her look worried, low in her spirits. I've never known her to be without a laugh. My dad was the same. My sister is the same, only more so.

"You may say, and rightly enough, that I've never had much in my life to moan and make faces about. Never had any terrible personal grief. I was born to swell, jolly parents, in a jolly home. I never had any of them there frustrations, complexes or like that. I didn't Suffer Through Adolescence.

"I fell into Wall Street, and even there, my mistakes came up smiling. I'd chalk stocks and things up on the board and make a lot of errors, and the next day, I'd find that the fellows who had taken my notations at their face value had come out on top. I fell into the theatre and onto the screen. No effort. No kicks. I got my dough out of the local banks before they closed their doors. With a puss like mine, you might suppose that I'd have had to support it and work pretty hard at the job. But no, it's supported me.

"Now I look back a bit, and I've begun to look back," Jack said—and for the first time in my long acquaintance with him, his gray eyes were sober—"now that I look back, I realize that I've always evaded life a little. I confess here and now, for the first time, that I may have used the laugh as a shield. Maybe it hasn't been altogether the breaks. Maybe it's been the breakaways, too.

"I guess I did run away from any emotion that couldn't be laughed at—or off. I made dates with that funny thing called love, and when love looked like it wouldn't be funny, I broke the dates. When I was getting kicked around a bit at the studio, I'd stall going into the Front Office and staging a big scene.

"I'd just crack, 'Say, they'll get me mixed up with Johnny Downs someday,' and I'll be a dead pigeon.' Or I'd suck my thumb and go back to the bottle. That usually learned 'em. Because on the bottle, I'd pound desks and demand my rights.

"One time Lubitsch wanted me to make a picture. I didn't want to do it. He gave me the big sales talk. Finally I said, 'Okay, I'll do it. Call 'em up, and tell 'em I'll do it. But before I do it, I'm going to tip the jug a bit.'

"Lubitsch didn't wait to hear no more. He was on that phone quicker than an extra jumps into her hole when Garbo looks at her and said, 'Never mind about Oakie. Forget him. We'll get someone else for the part.'

"I had to take that, too. Not that it mattered. But what I'm getting at is this, before Dorothy Dell died, I was like that—escaping life at every street corner. No more.

BUT now," said Jack, "I'm not the broth of a boy I was. And I know why. You remember Dorothy Dell, don't you? You remember when she was killed? Well, that did something to me. Something I've never got over and never will. I hardly knew the girl. So there was no really personal grief to speak of. But I'd worked with her. I'd kidded around with her. And I'd seen her on the lot one day, young, peppy, full of life. And the next day—she was dead. Gone. I couldn't get over it. I've never got over it.

"And then Will Rogers died, and Irving Thalberg. Before them, Lew Cody. And I began to be aware of things I'd never been aware of before. Not only death, but grief and suffering, and how patient folks are and all the things that go where laughs are not. For the first time in my life I met up with something I couldn't laugh away. I've never been the same since.

"So now," said Jack, "it isn't as spontaneous as it used to be, the wise-cracking. I still play the fool, of course. It's bred in the bone. But it's like a kid who walked freely and without thinking, had paralysis, had to learn to walk all over again, step by step. He does walk again, but he had to learn how. I laugh now because I believe it's the way to beat any kind of rap.

"I've knocked around a lot. I've known everyone in this business. I've known the fellers in Wall Street, men and women in show business, in small towns, the good and the bad. I've never known one a laugh wouldn't help, if you could get it down. I've never known a grief a laugh wouldn't soften. I've never seen a love a laugh wouldn't lift out of desperation. I know this to be the truth. And so, why not laugh?

"There's plenty to laugh at still." Jack smiled a different kind of an Oakie smile.

"There's plenty to laugh at," he repeated. "Stuffed shirts, pompous celebrities inflated with the little gas of their own 'glamor.' That 'serious school of stars'—y'know, the kind that don't light up, the dead pan kind of whom the Intelligentsia say, 'But you can see what they are thinking.' I can't see, but I can laugh. The kind of stars that have grown awfully uh-uh—the kind I used to clap on the spine, say, 'Why you old so-and-so, you' and now have to give the 'Howjado, I'm sure—.' The fellows that go around, off-stage as well as on, giving it the do-re-mi-fa-so-la-si-do, getting their contracts out of their throats.

AND I also think you can laugh louder, longer and more often if you're not just interested in your own pwecious, pwiceless self. Now I think I'm a very remarkable fellow—on that point my Public and I are in perfect accord—but I do get a kick out of other people. All kinds of other people. I talk to the waitresses here in the café, to cab drivers, to prop boys, policemen on their beats, anyone who will listen to me. I even talk to big shots like the Kay Francis', the Hepburns, the Garbos. I'm not particular.

"Folks say marriage has 'settled me down.' Because I don't go the rounds the way I used to, stay up all night, shave the whiskers off and then go to work. I used to be all over the place, the bouncing-est boy in town. Now I like to stay home. We're building us a house, overlooking the sea, my Little Woman and I. But we get a laugh a minute at everything, Venita and I. Maybe I've slowed down because I found something I couldn't laugh away. But I found out, also, that the thing to do is to keep on laughing—anyway."

That's Oakie. Now you know.



Irene Dunne, with a brand-new hair-do, attends the premiere of "High, Wide and Handsome" with Melvyn Douglas.

Pendleton, the Promoter

(Continued from page 50)

to the United States and where he put out another little masterpiece in promoting. He induced Bernarr Macfadden to back a movie company, called True Story Film Company. The versatile Mr. Pendleton was Vice President and General Manager in charge of production, for the short duration of this venture.

"Our first picture was called 'Wrongdoers,' and was pretty good, too," reminisced Nat. "It was a story about a kid who is taught to steal. Well, I got Lionel Barrymore, Henry Hull and Peggy Shannon for the picture with Dickie Moore playing the kid. In accounting for the expenses, I told B. M. what I was paying the cast.

"'I got Barrymore for three-fifty,' I said proudly.

"'Why didn't you get him for three hundred?' he asked.

"'The figure is three thousand, five hundred, B. M.' Well, the new picture producer nearly fainted until I explained that in seven thousand feet of film there were approximately twenty-one thousand pictures he could use for his magazines at no extra cost. He had world rights on them. Then all went well until we ran a contest in the *Graphic*.

"The winner was to get the leading role in our next film. Well, the releasing company wouldn't okay the girl selected because she didn't have a stage name. I sided with the releasers and that didn't set too well. But the final straw was when I bought a story outside. This couldn't and wouldn't be understood, not with twelve

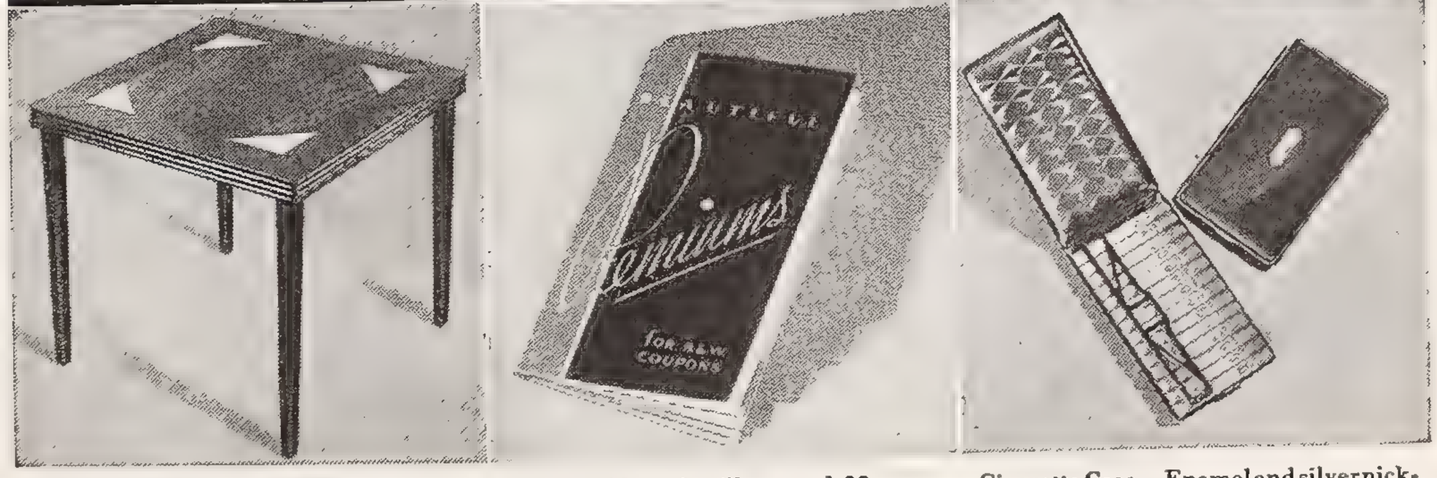
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hundred stories in the publisher's files. So we split up."

IT wasn't long, however, before Luck again stalked Nat. An agent, who had supplied him with actors for his movie, decided to return the favor and give Pendleton a job.

"They were having trouble casting a role. It called for a prize fighter, but none of the actors who looked the part had the intelligence to read the lines right. I could do both so got the job and toured with Irene Bordoni in 'Naughty Cinderella' for fifty weeks. Fox saw me in it and tested me for 'The Big Trail.'

"When I did the test," Nat explained, "I padded my hip boots with towels—my shoulders too—and looked like a giant. Spencer Tracy was tested for the same role, but I got it. He's caught up with me since, though! I'm kinda sorry that I got off on comedy, because I should be doing that Tracy stuff now. You know, I wanted to play the part of the priest in 'San Francisco,' but the big boys said if I came out as a clergyman, everyone would laugh me off the screen and those that didn't would think it sacrilegious.

"Anyway, to get on, I went out to Hollywood for the picture. My first day there, I met Raoul Walsh, the director, and with one gander at me he said, 'Hey, I thought you were a big fellow. I don't want a midget playing this role. Another thing, your voice is too high.'"

Nat laughed and continued, "I explained that maybe my voice was a little high then, but I wasn't acting and when I did, it came over the mike much lower.

"'Well,' Walsh said, 'go out in the hills and holler till you're hoarse, then come back.'

"Do you know those hills in Hollywood? Well, I went up in the hills and for two days yelled my head off. When I came back, Walsh asked what I wanted. I explained about getting hoarse for the part and he said, 'Oh that? Well, we've got Tyrone Power for the role.'

"'Who, the kid?' I asked."

"'No, Tyrone Senior. Now, young fellow, go right down to the second set on the left and tell them I sent you for the Western.'"

"'But Mr. Walsh, they won't like that because I was sent out here to play in—'"

"'Don't argue with me, do as I say,' he snapped back. And so I was sold down the river to Westerns with George O'Brien.

"I did several pictures with O'Brien and found he had his own company of yes men who thought he was the last word. One day after we finished shooting some scenes, George stepped up to me and stuck his gun in my ribs, saying, 'I'm going to let you have it and teach you a lesson not to steal my scenes!' With that, one of his stooges let go with a forty-five right at my heels. That was to make me think he had really shot me. Well, I just caved in and fell to the floor, and they were running around like mad, putting cold towels on my head till the doctor arrived. I waited until he took out his stethoscope and then got up, dusted my hands off and said to O'Brien, 'Now let that be a lesson to you.' He nearly dropped and did he burn, but I didn't have any more of his practical joking while I was there."

We jerked back from the Arabian Nights tale of Scheherezade Pendleton to ask about his recent London trip. "Maybe it was a toss-up between Astaire and me," Nat kidded. "But I could hoof it and talk tough too, so I got the role. I thoroughly enjoyed working with Miss Matthews. And it was pretty nice to be treated with deference. You see, I know a little more about the picture game than most of them do over there—at any rate about gangster parts. They certainly made me feel I was somebody, not the way Hollywood does—taking you for granted!"

Nat explained that the reason most films made over there seem slow to us, is because the English sense of humor is so entirely different from ours. Too, after all, their pictures are primarily made for British and not American consumption.

The fact that Jessie Matthews goes over with a bang in this country, Pendleton explained to his complete satisfaction. "Well, you see, her forte is singing and dancing—and that is good in any language. She can't go wrong with a good tune and a nice bit of hoofin'."

"I do a little writing," Nat remarked modestly. "But I can only write about a subject when I thoroughly know it. I've sold one of my stories called 'Deception' to Columbia. It was about wrestling, and Leo Carrillo played in it with me. I've got a better one though. Does it have a punch ending! A scene where the ropes around the ring are wired with twenty thousand volts, so the promoter can knock off the wrestler if he doesn't do as he tells him! This guy is fighting the champion and the hero is supposed to be backed into the rope and bumped off, but the chump forgets and gets his hands burned off—so the hero comes out on top!

"Warners made me an offer for it, but they wanted Sir Galahad—I mean Kid Galahad—to play the leading role and that's what I want to play, so we didn't make a deal. But I've got those Londoners looking over the script so something may turn up on it at any minute.

"Then, of course, something may not."

And if it doesn't, be sure something else will, for Nat can always promote himself something good—and make good at it!

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A Night with Novarro

(Continued from page 46)

least three pounds! Don't know about Ramon.

Once in the auditorium which fronted the broadcasting chamber, we found ourselves on our own. Mr. Novarro found a chair for us and then left us flat to retire to a corner and study his script. But the poor man had hardly sniffed the script when the gals in the audience started to move in upon him. A harem of 'em. One even brought him a box of flowers.

We've seen men get attention before, but Novarro topped 'em all. We felt kind of sorry for him. Seemed as if the director would never call him for his spot on the program. It evidently seemed that way to Ramon, too. He'd shake himself loose from an admirer, walk up and peer through the glass partition at the director with a wistful "Now?" on his lips. Finally, to our relief, and we kind of expect, to his, he was summoned.

There had been laughing and talking while the fashion reviewer, the movie chatterer, the orchestra were on the air, but for Ramon there was attentive silence. And then it was over, and we ran for the elevator which we found, surprisingly, manned by a cop in uniform.

"You stay right here while the other officer calls a cab," he warned. We wondered why, until we got out on the street, and there was this wildly yelling enthusiastic crowd of fans, pushing and pulling to get at Ramon. Six policemen with a rope held 'em back and made an aisle through which we hustled to the waiting taxi.

We had tickets for the hit show, "The Women," with its all feminine cast. We elbowed our way to our seats. We elbowed our way out again after the play.

Then to the Bedford Hotel roof garden. There, twenty stories above Manhattan, with the city spread before us—boats plying their way up the East River, the brilliantly lighted tower of the Empire State building to the right and the honking taxis and automobiles in the streets far below, we drew our breaths. And Ramon began talking about his European junket and his plans for the future.

"I have been away from Hollywood two years," he said thoughtfully. "Two wonderful years that I would not give up for anything, but I am glad to be home.

"Look," he said with a gesture toward the streets below. "See how little man is? You think you are so, so important, until you go up on a high hill or on top of a high building. Then you look down and see how insignificant man is. You see things at a distance, with perspective.

"Those two years I spent away from Hollywood can be compared to going up on a high mountain and looking back at where I have lived and what I have done. They gave me time to think about myself, to attain balance.

"I was tired and sick when I left Hollywood. I did not want to make any more pictures ever—I had two more, but we tear up the contract so I can go."

WHY?" we inquired, "should you go away when you have pictures and money to make. Why not do them, collect the money and then go?"

"Well, I have some money," explained Ramon, as if to a child. "And to get more, I have to work more and give up precious time. I talk for years about going on a concert tour, but I never have

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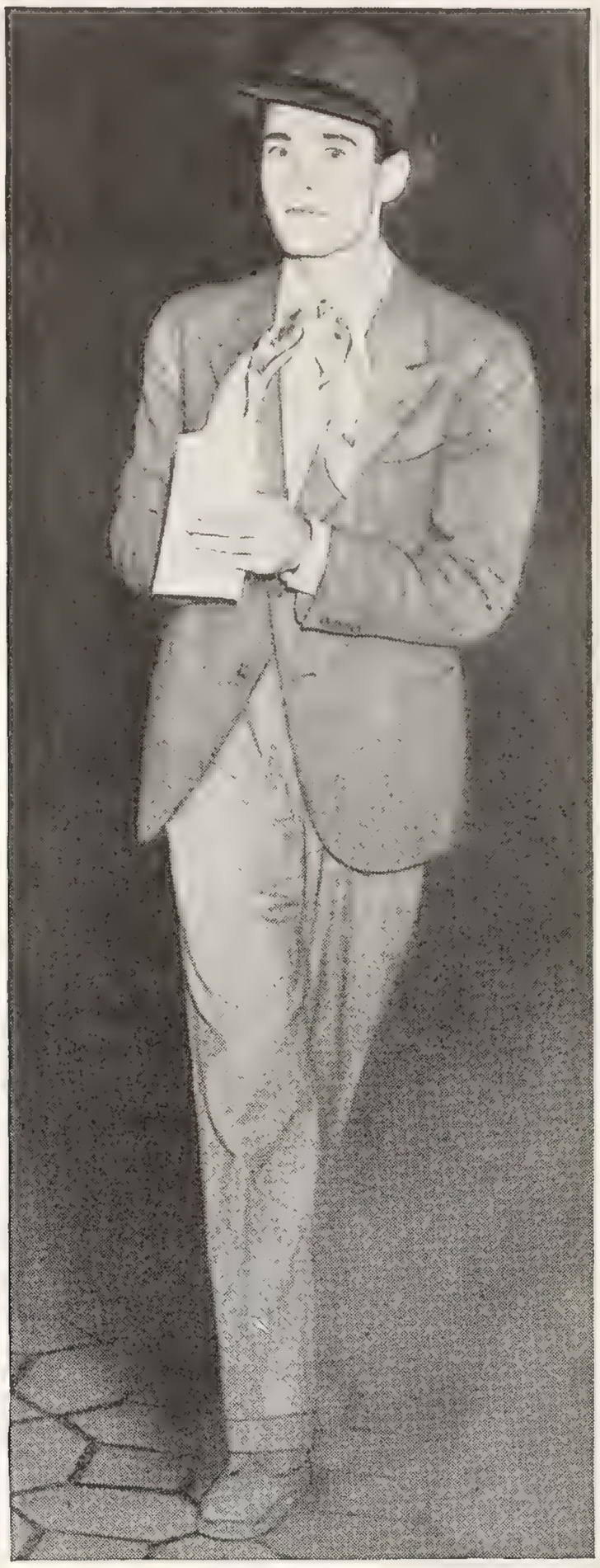
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Henry Fonda looks pretty serious considering he's only going to see a preview. Note the trick neckwear!

the time. It is time that I take it, to make my dreams come true. I want to sing, I want to be an actor in plays. I have my little theatre in my home in the hills, but that is not enough.

"So I start out. First, there is the play in London with Doris Kenyon. It is called 'Royal Exchange.' It is a failure. I am inexperienced on the stage. They say I choose the wrong play also. But I do not know, I think it is good, and," defiantly, "maybe it was."

"Was that the one," we queried, "where they heckled you so?"

"Heckle me," expostulated Ramon. "They shout right out, 'Go back to Hollywood!' It was somebody in the gallery who had had too much to drink, but he started all the others. Then while I am standing on the stage trying to calm the audience, the curtain comes down on my neck. It make us all feel very badly, but particularly it is hard on my neck!

"All this happening is very bad for the life of the play. Bad publicity, bad for us. We do not sell tickets, so I put my own money in for two weeks, that the people who have rehearsed so kindly with us do not lose all their wages. Then we close."

It seemed to us that such an episode might break the spirit of an actor and send him scuttling home to the haven called Hollywood where all was admiration and not heckling. We remarked as much.

"No, that is not sensible," said Ramon. "I am starting a new career. Maybe I am not good at first, but that is true of everybody. When I begin to work for my living, I am first an usher, a waiter. I work in the Automat, then I get bits in pictures. I do all sorts of things to get started. You always have to fall down, pick yourself up and start over again.

"So then I prepare some songs for a tour with my sister who dances. We are in London and in the English provinces. We appear before the same people who did not like my play. This time, they like me now. We go to Dublin.

"Then we go through Europe. It is in Budapest that I have an unfortunate experience which comes about because I do not know all the tricks of show business." He paused. "Oh, it is funny now, but it was not so funny then.

"I hear later—and how I hear—that a news story comes out of Budapest saying that Ramon Novarro is broke and has to borrow money to get home.

"People read this and start to send me money. Yes, really. Not very much money, to be sure, but friends from whom I have not heard for a long time write and say, 'How much do you need?' Some people send me ten dollars in envelopes. I even get a couple of five dollar bills from fans who do not give an address so that I can send the money back."

"Were you really broke?" we asked.

NOVARRO gave a pained look. "No," he said, "no, no. That is silly."

"A Budapest theatre manager comes to me in London and says he will pay my railroad fare, my expenses and a good salary if I will appear for a week at his theatre. I go. I sing. It comes two days before I am to go to London, and I have received no money. I go to the manager and he says, 'I will pay you when you go. Be assured.' But I am not assured because I am told after I get to Budapest that this manager is crooked, and you have to get your money every day from the box office. I tell him I will sing no more until I get some cash. He will not give it to me. So I wire London. It is Saturday. The bank is closed. The bank is still closed Monday because it is Boxer Day.

"I am desperate. I wire some friends thinking they can send on a little, and so the story gets out I am broke. It is the hotel man who finally comes to my rescue and says, 'Mr. Novarro, do not worry, I will get your tickets, and when you get back to London, you send me a draft.'

"That was one of many things that happened to me. I would not have missed any of it. I finally come home because I have yellow jaundice which probably came from the food I ate traveling. I am in Hollywood resting when this picture, 'The Sheik Steps Out' is offered to me.

"I like it. It is like one I did once for Rex Ingram that was very good for me. I do not even talk to my lawyers about it or my friends. I think I like it. I will do it. That is part of the philosophy that I have attained. It is: do the things you think best, and do not worry.

"So I am back in Hollywood to stay." He gave a big sigh, which might have been a yawn. (In fact, we're sure it was a yawn.)

Now, we dunno what Garbo would have said at that moment, but after all, it was two a. m., so we said, "Ay tank ay should go home."

Mr. Novarro took us, pronto. And that, alas, is the finale to our "Night With Novarro."

The Awful Truth About Irene Dunne

(Continued from page 43)

ignored. Somehow, she wasn't the comedy type. Hollywood insisted on casting her in drama, with a song interjected here and there. Until Irene, herself, decided to do something about it.

In "Show Boat," she interjected a shuffle-clog in burnt-cork make-up. She sneaked to the sneak preview, unnoticed, to get the reaction to that one scene. The theatre rocked with spontaneous laughter. That decided her. She would make "Theodora Goes Wild."

"I received some awfully bad notices in 'Theodora,'" she told me, ruefully. "Some letters that said—a bit violently—that I ought to leave comedy to other people. But most of those who took the trouble to write in seemed to like the change. And all a sinner needs, to sin again, is encouragement.

I'M under contract to four studios. At one, maybe two, I'll do drama. At the third, I'll sing. But when I'm at Columbia, I'll do comedy.

"People, visiting this set and seeing me in this zany role, ask me, incredulously, 'Is it true you're going to make "Madame Curie" later?' I *am* going to make 'Madame Curie' later. And there won't be any comedy in that. Thinking of it, I say to myself, 'Well, Irene, while you *are* doing comedy, you'd better let yourself go.' So—I'm letting myself go. And having the time of my life."

She can't stress too strongly that comedy hasn't been forced upon her by the studio. She asked for it. And now she got it.

"It's funny, but the comedians all want to be tragedians, and the people who do straight dramatics would like to do comedy. At least, *I* plead guilty.

"I'm sure we'd all live years longer, if we let ourselves laugh more. And worried less."

Irene isn't much of a worrier. She never has been.

"I had an Irish father, who was easy-going—at least, with those around him. Life wasn't a trouble to him; it was a constantly entertaining experience, easy to enjoy. He was very beloved, very gay, especially with children. I know I had a grand childhood, pal-ing with him. And I think I've inherited his sense of humor, his outlook on life."

In other words, her enjoyment of laughter, her liking to hear others laugh—isn't something new for Irene. Irene has never had a dramatic success story to tell, because life has never been difficult for her. And this is why.

"You know," she said, "I can't remember ever being desperately discouraged, trying to become a singer, then an actress. I think my background and my sense of humor spared me." She smiled, in enjoyment of a thought she had just had. She told it to me. "I didn't get really discouraged until I was a star. Then I discovered that I had a battle on my hands, if I wanted to sing. They wanted me to do straight dramatics, and I wanted occasional songs. Ah, me—the troubles I've had!" She gave a sigh of mock distress.

Unlike other actresses who have come upon success by way of Melody Lane, she singularly lacks a reputation for being temperamental. I asked her about that.

"Oh, I fly at maids who leave hats on beds and shoes on tables and frighten them half to death, probably. But it's only a pose. I'm only trying out my acting on the home folks. I'm not as bothered as I make out."

I can readily believe that. I have seen her at work often enough. She has no primadonna complexes. She doesn't harass the people who work for her or with her, she mixes with them. At Columbia, she has the swankiest dressing-room of all, the penthouse atop the stars' building—and spends most of her time in the box-like crate on the set laughingly called a "portable dressing-room." She doesn't even have tantrums under provocation. As, for example, the other day:

She was having fashion portraits made. She was wearing a glamorous costume, very full, with semi-train. As you may or may not know, when a star poses for full-length fashion portraits, the folds of her skirt are pinned to the floor in careful array. Robert Kalloch, the designer, was there in person, to do the pinning. In the midst of the photographing, Kalloch was called away and forgot to come back. The photographing over, Irene couldn't move, without danger of shredding her costume—and the photographer didn't dare to try to remove the pins for fear of tearing it. Here was

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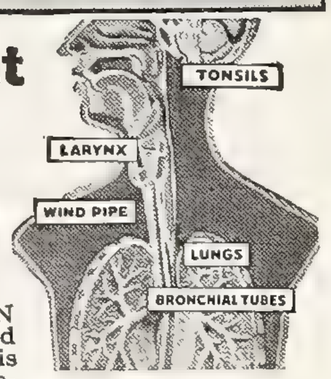
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Now Charlie, no back talk! The famous Mr. McCarthy gets his hair combed by his boss, Ventriloquist Edgar Bergen. The two make their movie debut in "The Goldwyn Follies."

a situation to tempt the temperament in any woman. But it struck Irene funny.

She told the photographer, "It's the first time in years I've felt anchored to any one studio. I guess you'd better telephone Mr. Kalloch and tell him I'm a forgotten woman."

And she had to stand as she was, where she was, for fifteen minutes before he arrived, apologetic, anticipating a storm. Instead, he heard, "Fine thing, standing a girl up, when she's going to buy her lunch, herself!"

Little things that would harass most stars amuse Irene. The other day, for example—a very hot day—she had to wear a dress of brilliant blue sequins. It clung to her. It wasn't comfortable. And when she took it off, she bore, only too plainly, the imprint of the sequins.

"I looked like The Tattooed Woman," she said. "It reminded me of the day I was married—one of the hottest days New York ever had. It was in mid-July. They threw confetti all over me. And when I changed to my traveling outfit, you should have seen me. I looked like a rainbow trout."

In the picture, she wears a dress of translucent glass beads—beads made from milk, hardened under pressure. Someone cracked that she was going around in yards of milk. And she flipped right back, "It's the only way I can take the product. Externally. I can't afford to get fat."

She has a flair for glamorous gowns, yet no star is so addicted to pajamas. She wears them constantly around home. She wears them to the studio in the mornings, and goes through her first rehearsal in them. "I like to start the day right," she told me. "Comfortably."

She also has a knack for having happy people around her. Her maid, Anita, is the most cheerful-looking star's maid I have ever encountered. But there is an explanation, I discovered.

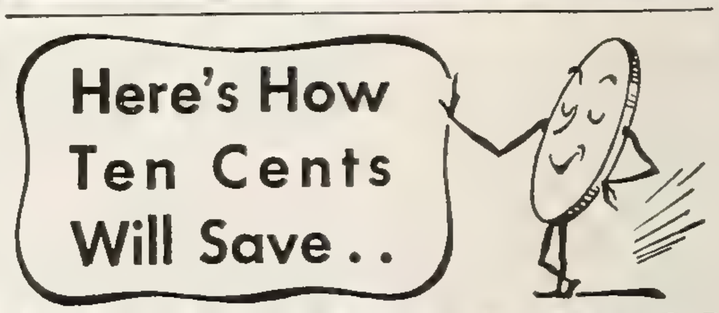
Anita came in, unusually upset. The reason, it seemed, was that she had just escaped, by inches, from being struck by a reckless driver. "The way some people drive, you'd think they owned the street!" she said, indignantly.

"Yes," said Irene, "you'd even think they

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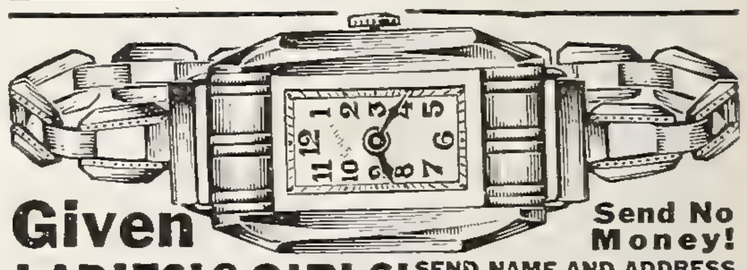
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owned the cars." She's quick, like that.

And Anita's indignation vanished in a laugh.

Irene, herself, had a chance to be indignant the day before, and turned it down. It happened this way.

"I have a new nurse for the baby. She came home yesterday, after being with a maid nearby. The other girl had told her, 'Did you know this is Irene Dunne's *third* husband?' My nurse didn't quite believe it. She wanted to deny it and defend me—but she thought she had better make sure of her ground first. I got quite a bang out of that. That was one story I *hadn't* heard about my marriage.

"I thought all rumors about—and interest in—my marriage had been exhausted long ago. I've had bales of letters from people, saying, 'We're *so* sick of reading about your husband. Won't you please talk about something else?' I'm amazed every time a new rumor pops out at me. And amused.

"Maybe people still are waiting, or hoping, to hear me say, 'It's an ideal arrangement.' I won't say it. It isn't ideal. It's a necessary arrangement that happens to have worked out.

"There's only one new change in the arrangement. Dr. Griffin does most of the commuting now. We have a house now, after all these years. And the house happens to be in California. And," she added, with a smile, "in the house is a baby—too young to do much traveling."

SHE calls the baby by both her names—Mary Frances. A blonde with wisps of curls and tremendous blue eyes, Mary Frances has a smile that would enslave anyone around her for five minutes. I know—I've seen her. And Irene is enslaved. I know that, too. I've seen her with Mary Frances.

She is as proudly embarrassed as any young mother, when anyone comments on her child's prettiness. "But looks are so secondary in a child!" she told me. "All that we wanted was a child in perfect health, with a perfect background. And Mary Frances fitted the description.

"Now I hear that we're going to adopt a little boy as a playmate for her. It's so silly! It's hardly worth denying. You don't just say, 'I'm going to adopt a child,' and go somewhere and get one. You have to know the child and the child's background; you have to be *so* sure, in fairness to the child, that you can give him—or her—a lifetime of affection.

"For years, we had talked intermittently of adopting a child. I thought I wanted a boy—until I actually saw Mary Frances. Now I can't imagine another baby in her place."

It was more than mother-instinct that prompted the adoption. It was partly that old urge in Irene to have happy people around her. And children are happy people.

Irene, herself, is the happiest she has ever been in her life. You can't escape that impression, being with her, hearing her talk about her new life, her little girl.

"We have breakfast together, every morning at six. Most homes are so still then. But there is such life, such goings-on, in ours, at six in the morning. She calls me 'Mimi' or 'My Mimi,' with *such* feeling. And she definitely has a sense of humor. She never fails to imitate me when I've said something I shouldn't have said, like 'Uh-huh.' She's teaching me, as much as I'm teaching her. I don't like ocean swimming particularly—I've been knocked out so many times by breakers. But every time we go down to the beach, my baby screams at coming *out* of the water, not getting in. She'll probably make a swimmer out of me yet."

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The Joel McCreas (Frances Dee) take in a preview. Joel looks like he's in a hurry or maybe he's just anxious to see how he turns out in "Dead End."

mandy house on a hilltop in Holmby Hills, Irene had a reputation for restlessness, constantly moving from house to house. But that reputation was an accident.

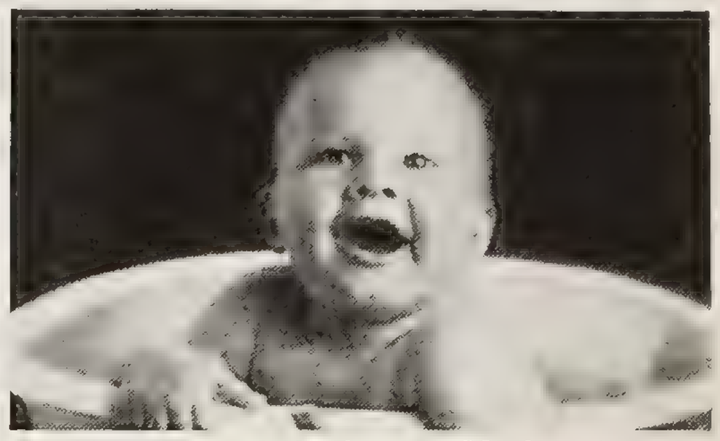
"I made a bad mistake, when I first came to Hollywood," she told me. "I didn't stop at a hotel downtown, where there would have been a little excitement, a little noise, a little life. I stayed in a hotel in Beverly Hills. I had a room over a garden, facing some little white houses. Regular little Dutch Cleanser houses. There I was, shut up in that hotel room by one of those heavy California dews, looking out over that garden at those little white houses. Nobody ever seemed to go into them, nobody ever came out. For three weeks, absolutely nothing ever happened. It just rained.

"When it looked as if Hollywood wanted me to stay, the first thing I did was to get out of that hotel room and into a furnished house. Any house. The one I rented, I could have for only six months; then I had to move. I never could seem to rent a place for any length of time. I always had to be moving.

"And—well, finally, I reached the point where I had to have a solid, permanent home. Also," she added, with a reminiscent smile, "I couldn't forget all the furniture we had, and no place to put it, except into storage. It had been there practically ever since our honeymoon . . . I think," she added, "I had a domestic urge."

Her favorite piece of furniture is a deep-cushioned easy chair covered in chintz, now in her library. "I'll never part with that chair. I can remember myself curled up in it, reading my first telegram from Holly-

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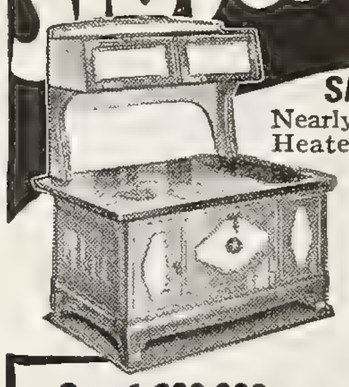
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Boy, catch that strangle hold! Mickey Rooney, all eyes and ears, so that he won't miss anything at the wrestling matches.

wood, asking myself, 'Shall I go? Will I like it? Will they like me? Am I a movie type?'"

The rugs from the house came from Austria. They bought them on their trip abroad last year, spending far more than they intended, impelling Irene to cable a Hollywood friend, "Having wonderful time. Wish I could afford it."

The yard has no swimming pool, because, says Irene, "I've noticed a funny thing about people with pools. They don't know what to do with them. They practically have to beg people to come and swim, so that they can honestly feel they're getting their money's worth out of their pools."

The yard does have a garden, but Irene has given up trying to work in it. She says, in explanation, "It's amazing how gardening blisters your hands, *through* the gloves."

That would seem to make her out a softie. Yet she is the only woman golfer in Hollywood, and perhaps the world, who has ever made a hole-in-one, not once, but twice. How did that happen?

"The second time, I went out to the Bel-Air course, with only just so long to play. I had to go around quickly. So, instead of warming up, I started out with a terrific drive—and pulled some tendon in my arm. It was painful, but I dragged myself around the course. I wasn't to be cheated out of my game.

"Finally, the arm was so bad, I could hardly lift it. But on this one hole I lifted it enough to get off a long drive—hoping to save myself strokes. And plop!—it was a hole-in-one. My caddy goes back to the clubhouse and tells everybody. With the result that I have to buy everybody champagne. It seems it's a club rule, when anyone makes a hole-in-one. Even the women have to pay. Can you imagine it?"

She laughed and I had to laugh with her. She's like that. Always full of fun and ready to tell any kind of a story on herself. That's why everybody likes her, why she's considered such an easy person to work with.

As I said before, the awful truth about Irene Dunne is—the girl has a sense of humor.

TO HELP END THE CATHARTIC HABIT

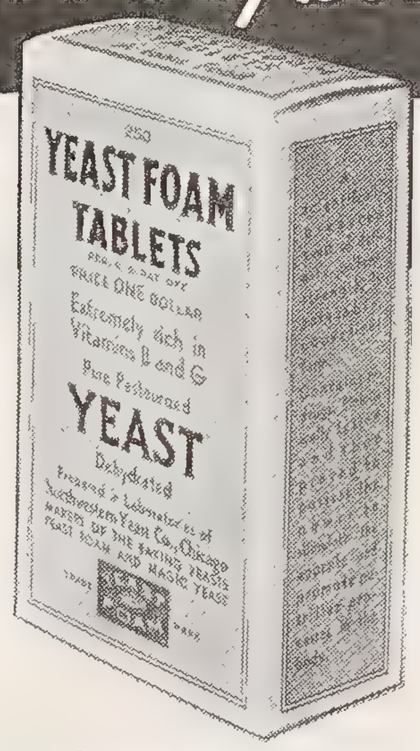
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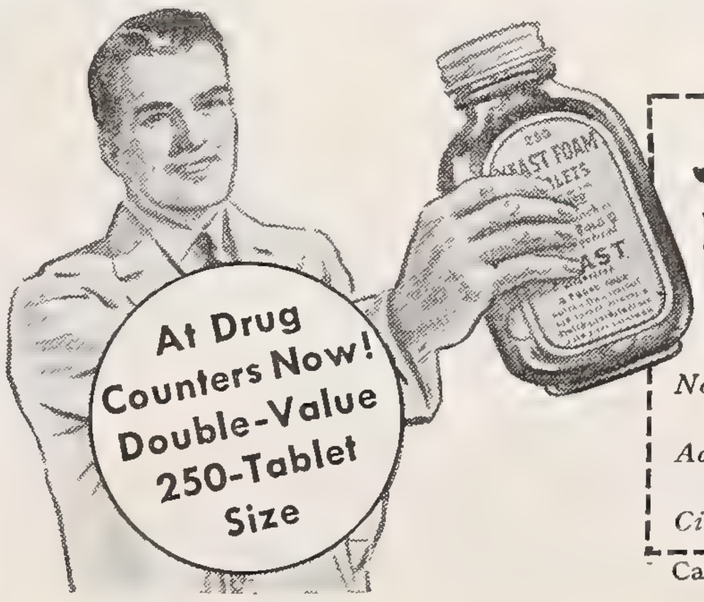
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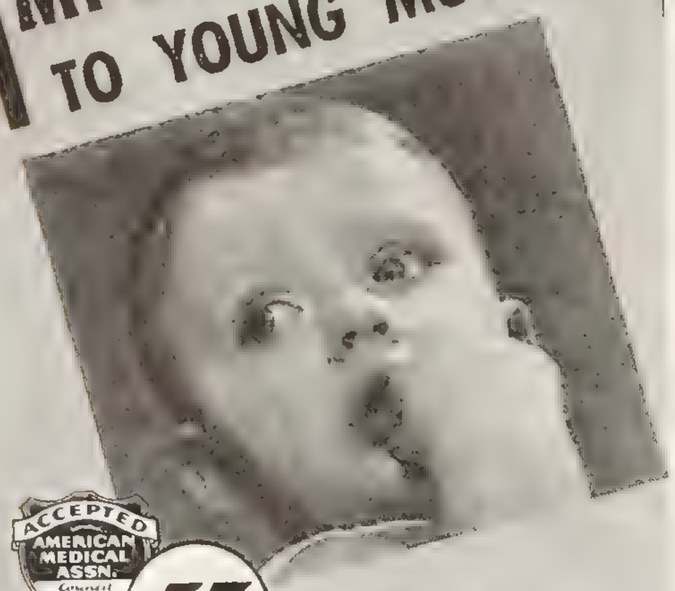
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That Hepburn-Rogers Feud

(*Continued from page 39*)

No feud, and here's why:

The two girls are friends. More, they have been friends ever since they first came onto the lot, both gangling, practically unknown and certainly unsung, freckle-faced (yes, both of 'em) and red-headed.

Ginger had made a few pictures for other companies. Late in 1932, RKO needed a young dancer to play opposite Fred Astaire in "Flying Down To Rio." They chose Ginger. Thus her career was born. A few months before that, in July, Hepburn came on from New York to a studio which, to put it bluntly, was definitely not sold on her. She made "Bill of Divorcement." Thus her career was born. Together, the two youngsters began on the same lot. And with careers such leagues apart, their friendship was conceived and grew.

They became stars. They have dressing-room suites on the same corridor and have had from the start. Make pictures at the same time. Report together to the make-up man and chatter amiably over cups of coffee and pots of grease-paint liberally provided by that master maker-upper, Mel Burns.

Ginger says, "Go ahead, Katie, your turn first," and Katie says, "No, you go first, it's okay by me."

Now about that matter of still pictures. As you may know, all major stars have a right to "kill" any stills of themselves which they do not like. The publicity department wondered when it realized that Hepburn and Rogers were united in a picture, whether one would kill stills another okayed and vice versa.

The department told me that it was pleasantly surprised. There was a lower mortality among stills than was customary. And one day an interesting thing happened. Katie was not working. She dropped onto the set for a visit. A group of proofs was handed to Ginger, who was so busy that she went over them hurriedly, passed them without really examining them. Hepburn noticed the casual okay. She went over them in her turn. One was swell of Katie, not at all swell of Ginger. Quietly Katie took it over to Ginger. "It's okay by me," she said, "but do you think you want it?" The still was killed.

They would come to grief over the matter of wardrobe, said Hollywood. Muriel King dressed Hepburn for "Sylvia Scarlett." The two girls are close friends. Katie wanted her to dress her for "Stage Door." Now, Muriel has also dressed Ginger, but she has done more for Katie, and there is the little matter of their personal friendship. The studio wished both girls to be dressed by the same person. What would happen?

Nothing happened. Hepburn played a wealthy girl, stage struck, trying to make a name for herself on Broadway. Ginger played a young dancer, trying to get a musical-comedy job. Both girls agreed that there could be no conflict between their wardrobes, and both agreed that, of course, Muriel King must dress them. So all was calm.

Neither girl, I am told, was ever temperamental on the set. No, not even Hepburn. She may be difficult with interviewers and photographers, shy and evasive with Mr. and Mrs. John Public. But on the set she

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Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

was the equal of Ginger in coöperativeness and good humor.

ANOTHER thing people wondered about was the tea-time hour. For years now, Hepburn has served tea and cakes to the entire cast at four o'clock. And people also knew that Ginger has a habit of serving ice-cream and cakes. Ginger so dotes on ice cream and allied confections that she has had a complete soda-water fountain installed in her new home. So what would happen?

Both girls laughed boisterously when they heard that this was rumored to be part of their feud. For what would happen, they asked the heavens? Very simple. Hepburn still brought the tea and cakes. Ginger still brought the ice-cream and cakes. And the cast and crew waxed fatter and fatter.

They disagreed at times, of course. Hepburn tried to sell Ginger the idea of flying. Hepburn won't travel unless she can fly, and Ginger is deathly afraid of the air. And Ginger often tried to sell Hepburn the idea of giving interviews, of playing the publicity game for her own good. Hepburn leaves the set the instant the last shot is made. She often hops a plane for New York with her make-up still on, so as not to lose any time. Ginger stays around until the final cutting and editing is done, interested in every detail. They argued about this point. Each failed to convince the other. But remained on excellent terms.

The real secret of their friendship lies, however, not in such external congenialities. I believe that I discovered the reason.

They both have a genius for realizing that people are as they are, and that you either accept them as they are, or you let them alone. And, they have the rare ability of letting each other alone. They sense the forbidden territories in one another and never trespass. Ginger, for example, loves to give parties and go to parties. Katie prefers to keep to herself when she is in Hollywood, doing her entertaining when she is at home, in the East. That's all right with both of them. Now and again, Ginger goes to Katie's house for a quiet dinner; now and again Katie goes to Ginger's for the same sort of an evening. Otherwise, they go their separate, social ways and no questions asked and no grudges borne.

Another secret of their friendship is that they laugh at the same things. It has been said that if two people in love can laugh together, their love is safe. Katie and Ginger laugh together, and so their friendship is safe.

THE first time I ever saw the girls together they came around the corner of one of the streets on their lot in Katie's disreputable Ford beach car. Katie was at the wheel, exceeding the studio's rigid rule of five miles an hour on the lot. Ginger was hanging onto the side. Both were dressed in the favorite attire of both—slacks. And both were laughing uproariously at some private joke of their own.

They pulled up at the main gate, tumbled out in a heap, accompanied by four assorted puppies, something that resembled an oversized picnic basket, another girl, and a huge Maltese cat. With a shout of greeting for a group of studio executives standing near, a nod to one of the most dignified of the women stars, they disappeared momentarily into one of the buildings, to reappear shortly minus the luggage but still accompanied by the menagerie.

They hopped into the car, Ginger still risking her million-dollar legs on the running board and disappeared in a cloud of dust, while the executives shut their eyes, folded their hands and prayed for the best.

Studio executives tell me that they never attempt to talk business to one girl if the other is around. Some horrid practical joke is inevitable. There is something about the pomposity of business which rouses their risibilities, fatal to anyone concerned.

They are constantly to be found, in odd corners of the lot, giggling over some new joke, frequently a practical number. Startled visitors recently who had been told they might be vouchsafed a glimpse of Ginger but never, never, never of Hepburn, beheld the pair of them perched together atop one of the huge ash-cans which are placed at convenient intervals about the studio. They were curled up there comfortably reading one of the gayer weekly magazines and chortling like school girls. Both were indulging in all-day-suckers.

Nor is "Stage Door" the first picture in which their studio almost cast the girls together. Ginger wanted desperately to play the role of "Queen Elizabeth" in Katie's "Mary of Scotland." She actually took tests for the role—under an assumed name. You know the rest. She got found out and that was that. The studio was a bit fearful about how the public would accept their favorite dancing star in such a very dramatic role. "Easy does it," they reasoned. And, of course, had Ginger played "Elizabeth," her name would have taken second billing. Juggle it as you will, say both girls, someone's name has got to be billed first. They never gave the matter a thought, they both aver, until the rumored feud set everyone a-fuming.

No, there were no fireworks. No feud. There is only friendship.

This is the "inside" of the most rumored feud Hollywood has ever tried to nurture on its broad buzzum.

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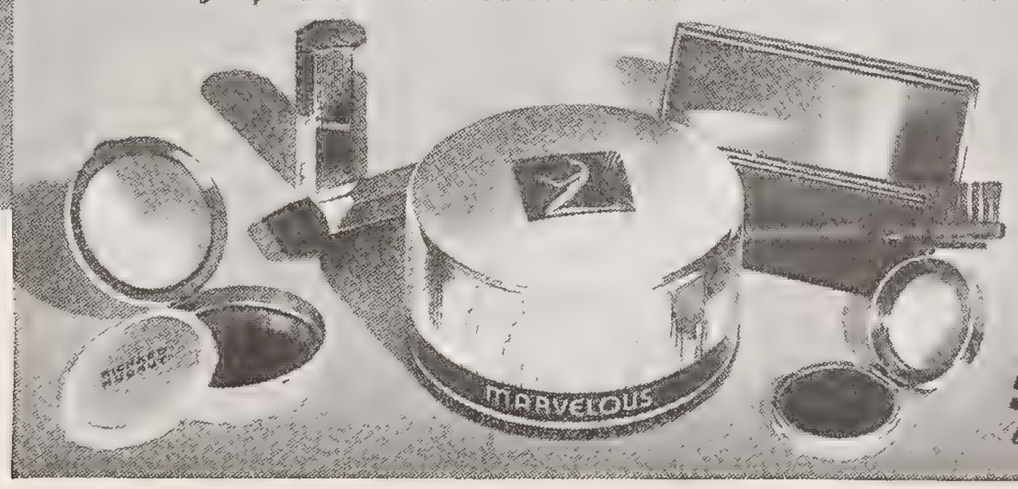
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by RICHARD HUDNUT

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Their Beauty Secrets

(*Continued from page 49*)

posture, but in everyday life, she's apt to forget. She'll slump, duck her head forward and walk badly if she isn't careful. So she does posture exercises. Walks back and forth across the room with a book on her head. Does the goose-step, to strengthen the muscles of her legs, which are a bit on the childish, reedy style as yet.

I asked her if she had ever tried the stunt I told you about last month, tensing the muscles of the thighs, which automatically throws the stomach in, slims the hips and buttocks, and prevents slumping. She said, yes, she did that on the screen when she wanted to maintain a good standing posture, but that it wasn't a bit of help when one is sitting down. I thanked her for a good bit of criticism and asked what she does when "sitting pretty." She said she makes believe she is trying to pull her abdominal muscles back to meet her spinal column.

"Which," she said, giggling, "comes under the head of the impossible, but you'd be surprised what it does for sitting posture." Try it, and see if Deanna isn't right.

I talked to a couple of the gals who have trouble putting on a little desired weight, Loretta Young and Janet Gaynor. They allowed as how the only way to put on weight is to eat, live right, and get plenty of sleep. And—wouldn't you know it—both these girls vastly prefer consommé and spinach to pie and mashed potatoes, while those who should stick to vegetables go in for creamy food and sweets galore.



An important factor in the lives of three lovely models from "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938." Forgive our pun, but we just want to let you know that these three pretty things, together with most of feminine Hollywood, use Max Factor's preparations on account of they like them best.

FIVE nights a week they try to get to bed by ten o'clock. One day a week, when she isn't working, Janet stays in bed. Reads and sews and lallygags around and enjoys it immense. They both eat three good healthy meals a day and offered this tip to thin girls who simply detest breakfast. They don't try to eat directly after they get up. They go for a walk or a ride first and let the fresh air work up an appetite for that uninteresting morning meal. And they always have cereal for breakfast,

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even if they can't quite manage the eggs and bacon. A big bowl of warm cereal—even in warm weather—with cream and sugar and maybe some fresh or stewed fruit. If you have that, thin girls, you'll be taking a big step in the right direction, and then if you can go as far as a poached or boiled egg or two, and a little toast and a beverage, that'll be so much the better.

Loretta doesn't like milk, but she forces down a large glass in the middle of the morning—flavored with vanilla, it isn't so bad—and in the afternoon as a big frosted drink. A chocolate milk-shake or a malted milk, or something like that. Janet doesn't like eggs much, so she goes in for custards, made with plenty of eggs. And these two girls, it may surprise you to learn, are among the very few stars who go in for massage. For thin people, who are inclined to live on their nervous energy, an occasional relaxing massage when one is very tired is a swell idea.

For plump folks, now, as I've said before, massage is an emergency measure, and not a very sensible one. It may be instrumental in doing away with excess flesh temporarily, but, quoting La Lombard, who tried it once and learned better, "It's as impermanent as a bath. You shortly have the same work to do all over again, so you might as well do it the right way in the first place."

I went over to Warners and had a most sensible and helpful chat with that sensible and helpful star, Bette Davis. She's noted for thinking straight and talking straight on every subject, and beauty problems weren't any exception.

"In the first place," said Bette, "I'm no beauty, so let's not call them beauty secrets. Good-looks secrets, if you like. I'm just like millions of girls all over the country. I have my good points and my bad points. Large eyes, good teeth, and folks say my mouth is dramatic, whatever that means. But I have freckles. My hair is in good condition because I take good care of it, but I wish I'd never had it bleached. However, that was for my art, and photographic reasons.

"I'm not overweight, but I have figure problems like most of the world. A tiny waist and, for my size and weight, a rather large front. Once I had a tendency to slump, in a misguided effort to look smaller in that there locality. 'Twas a mistake. All girls who are, or think they are, full-busted should stand up straight, look like women, wear a good uplift bra, and not be self-conscious.

"When, as, and if I do put on weight, it goes promptly in the wrong place—around the hips. And you know what the effect is when one's waist is small and one's hips zoom out below.

"There's no secret about any of the following; it's just plain common sense. But most girls won't be sensible about their figures. They won't cut down. They wait till they tip the scales at one hundred and sixty, and then they cut out. They'll starve when they do make up their minds to do so, but they won't give up a potato or a biscuit otherwise. Conversely, thin people stuff themselves periodically in an effort to put on weight. Then their overworked stomachs rebel, and the owners of those stomachs go back to eating entirely too little, or all the wrong things.

I EAT what I please, in reason. I exercise moderately. I take a cocktail or two now and then. I'm not a slave to the weighing machine. I have one dress which is my figure-gage. It's long and tight through the body, and has tiny covered buttons all the way down the front.

"If, standing facing the mirror, the umph of that dress is spoiled by a wobbly hip-line, I pep up my exercising. If, stand-

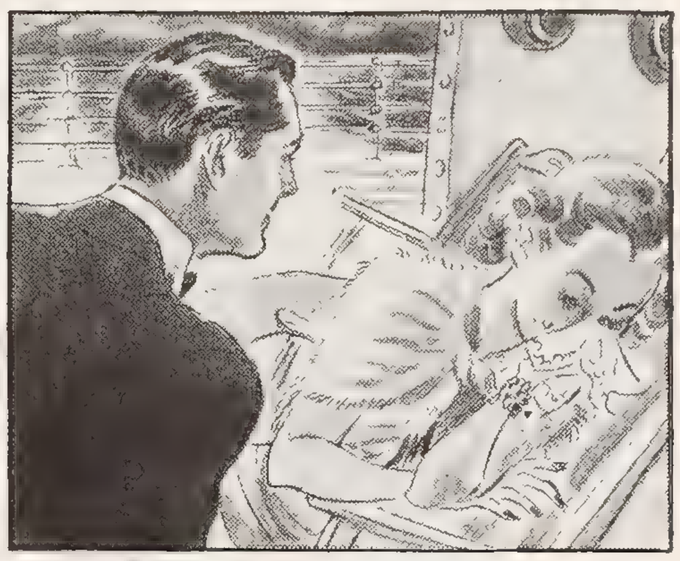


James Dunn, Columbia star now appearing in "Venus Makes Trouble".

Jimmy Dunn drops a hint



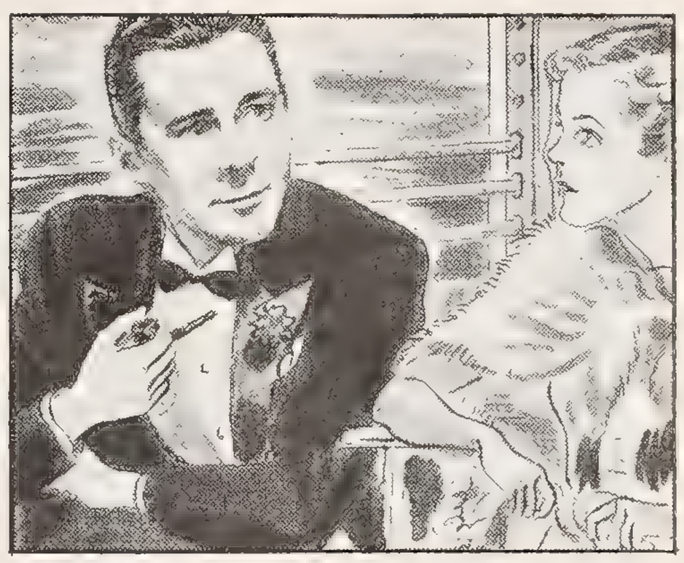
"I MET THEM ON SHIPBOARD—Tom and Sally Roberts, on their honeymoon. They seemed ideally suited . . .



"IMAGINE MY SURPRISE, then, to find Sally alone on deck one night—huddled in a corner crying her heart out . .



"SHE TOLD ME HER TROUBLES—said Tom seemed to be tiring of her ...He was always finding fault with her appearance and he didn't even care about kissing her any more...



"JUDGING TOM BY OTHER MEN—who are always repelled by dry, rough lips—I dropped a pretty broad hint about the lipstick that I've heard so many girls praising for its Beauty-Cream base ..."



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ing sideways, the buttons indicate an unwanted curve over the tum, I go buy myself a new, nice, snug girdle, and cut down a little on the eating. It isn't how much you weigh that's important—within reasonable limits, of course. It's how firm and healthy your flesh is, and how trim and trig the lines of your figure are.

"For breakfast I have fruit or fruit-juice, a great big highball glass of either of the last two, and one piece of toast with butter and honey, and one cup of coffee with the fixings. It doesn't matter what kind of bread you eat, I'm convinced.

"But if you're trying to lose weight, toast the bread to a dried-out crispness. Use no butter at all, or just a thin scraping—enough to make it palatable. Honey isn't fattening. Also, if you're trying to lose, drink the beverage straight and like it. And don't sit around half the morning swigging black coffee, either. A lot of liquid in your stomach makes you bloated. Twice I have gotten rid of a slight bulge in front by cutting way down on liquids alone, and continuing to eat as usual.

"For lunch I usually have clear soup, a green salad and iced or hot tea. But if I'm real hungry, I believe in eating a good meal in the middle of the day occasionally. Especially when I'm working. It should be a sensible meal, though. A lamb chop, or small steak, with two green, unadorned vegetables, is far less harmful to the figure than some creamed tea-room nonsense, or a drug store sandwich and soda.

"When I do indulge in a hearty meal in the middle of the day, I'm careful to eat a rather skimpy dinner. Otherwise, I go in for the works at dinner, only cutting out desserts and the starch element when I think the figure needs it.

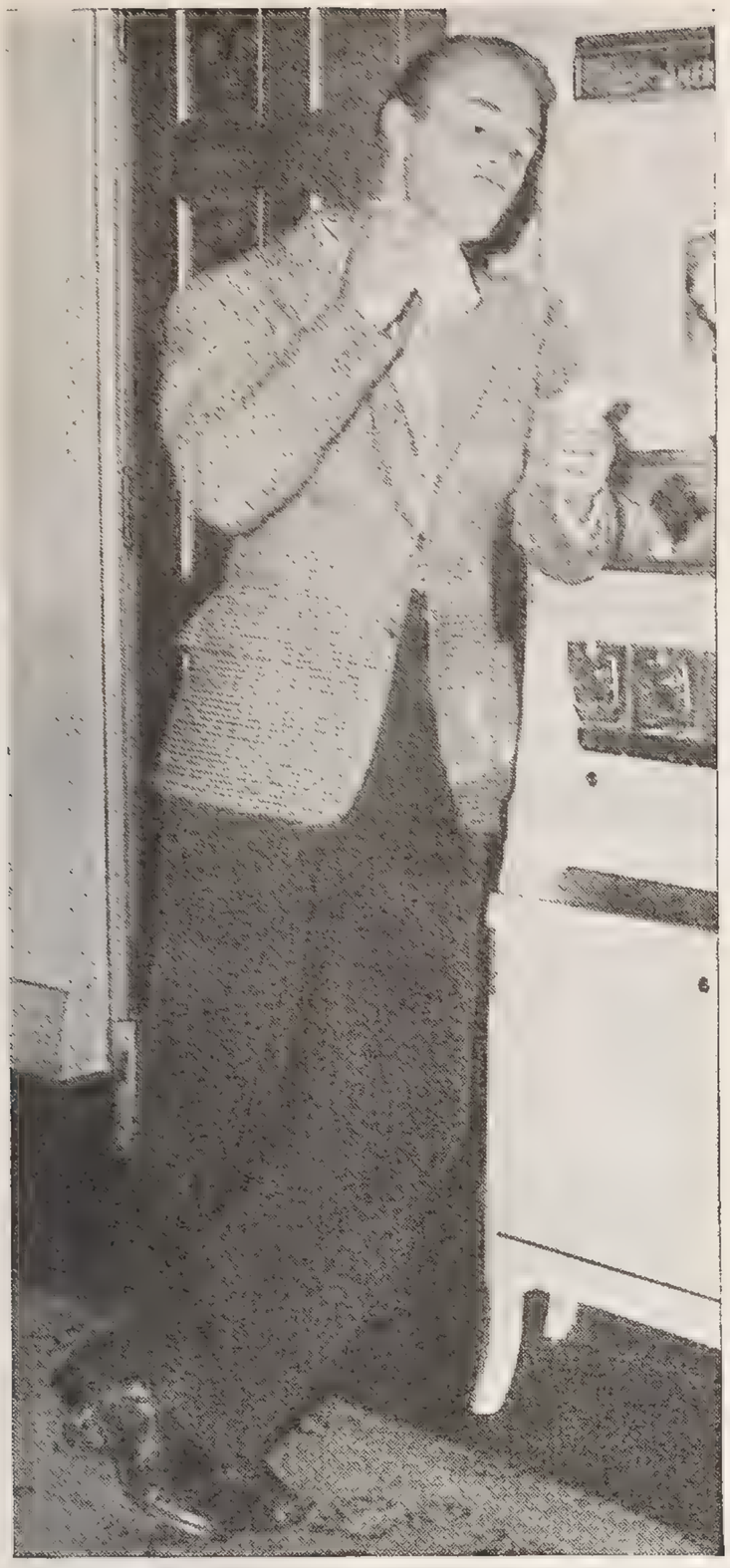
"If any of that could be called secret, your readers are welcome to it. I like to swim, and I swim as much as I can. It keeps one firm and supple at the same time, but it won't reduce you. My hip exercise sounds pretty funny and looks still funnier, but it does the trick. I bounce—bounce on the offending bulge, whether it's right smack on the rear or over to the side—you know, on that little cushion which appears to the southeast of the hipbone."

Well, ladies (this is La Marshall speaking now) I've devoted all that space to Bette's advice because I think it's so sound. But I'm not forgetting some other beauty tips sent to you, with love, from certain of the other stars. We've finished with the figger for this article and we'll see what the Hollywood belles have to say about hair, make-up and such.

I asked Madeleine Carroll about the care of fine, blond hair. Her advice was, in effect: don't wash it too much. It's a great temptation to do so, because blond hair does look so elegant and fluffy after a shampoo. Rub your scalp and the hair itself with a Turkish towel, every other night, to remove dust and surplus oil. Or put a pad of cotton over your hair brush and brush your hair with it, changing the cotton as soon as it's even faintly soiled.

Miss C. confessed without any self-consciousness to using rinses. They're necessary for golden blondes, ash blondes and medium blondes, says she. The only kind of blond hair which usually retains its color and sheen without a little mild assistance is the kind with quite a bit of red in it. But, she said, do be careful with these here rinses. Use only a little, and the best.

You've all heard, I suppose, that Joan Crawford washes her hair every day. That's not quite true, as is the case with so many of the things you read about the moom pitcher stars. Joan has a daily shampoo only when she's working, because



Wayne Morris had a hard time making up his mind which gal to date for "Dead End."

the necessary heavy picture make-up gets in her hair in more ways than one. Otherwise, Joan has a fortnightly shampoo, just like other folks. Another point here, which Miss Crawford brought out, is that her hair is rather coarse, sturdy, has always been healthy, and consequently can stand a little rougher treatment than fine, silky hair.

GINGER ROGERS passed along a nice frivolous make-up tip. Only to be used for evening wear, she cautioned. It has to do with putting on mascara, and it gives an elegant, glamorous look to practically any pair of eyes. Carefully rub a little cold cream or oil into the lashes. Then powder them rather thickly. The cream makes the powder stick. Now apply your mascara. The cream and the powder make the mascara stick, just booful, and your lashes seem twice as long and thick as they really are.

Claudette Colbert answered the call for help with several clever and practical tips. She said her favorite make-up cleaner-upper is, and has been for years, an ordinary pipe cleaner. She goes around the eyes, in the corners of the nose, and in the crease of the chin with a pipe cleaner, to remove excess powder. The same little inexpensive aid to grooming will fix up the lipstick line, if your hand has slipped.

She also said that, after she applies cream rouge, she goes away from the mirror for a few minutes, then comes back and looks at herself anew. Cream rouge, she says, has a habit of sneaking up on you and, while you may not think you've



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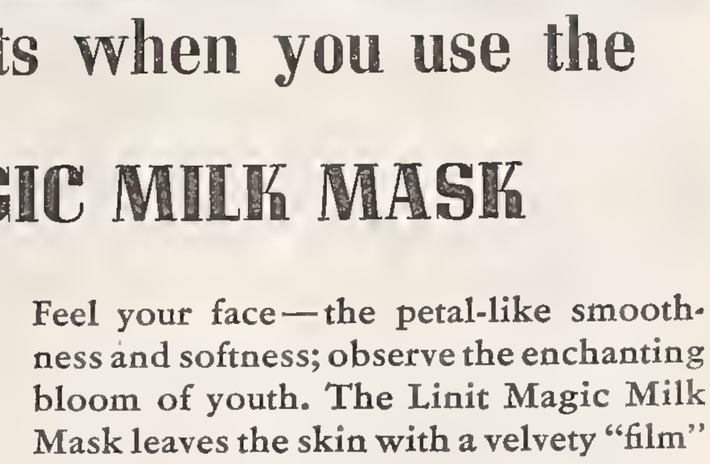
If your complexion is dull and sallow, the Linit Magic Milk Mask will help to clarify it through natural stimulation, and will heighten the natural bloom.

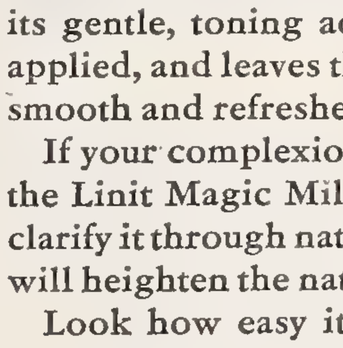
Look how easy it is for you to make the Linit Magic Milk Mask at home:

*Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit so popular as a Beauty Bath) and one teaspoon of cold cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it to the cleansed face and neck and relax during the twenty minutes the mask takes to set. Then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.

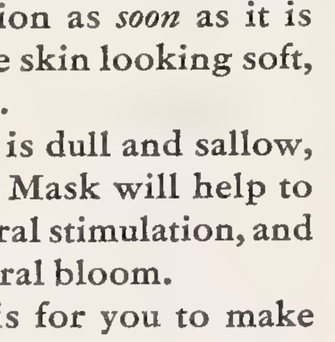
Feel your face—the petal-like smoothness and softness; observe the enchanting bloom of youth. The Linit Magic Milk Mask leaves the skin with a velvety "film" that is an excellent powder base, as it eliminates shine and helps to keep make-up looking fresh for hours longer.

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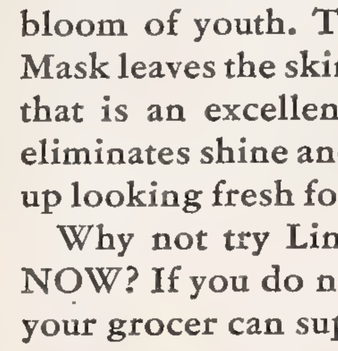




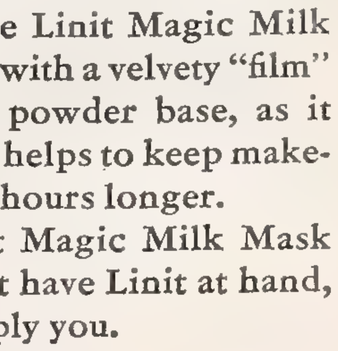
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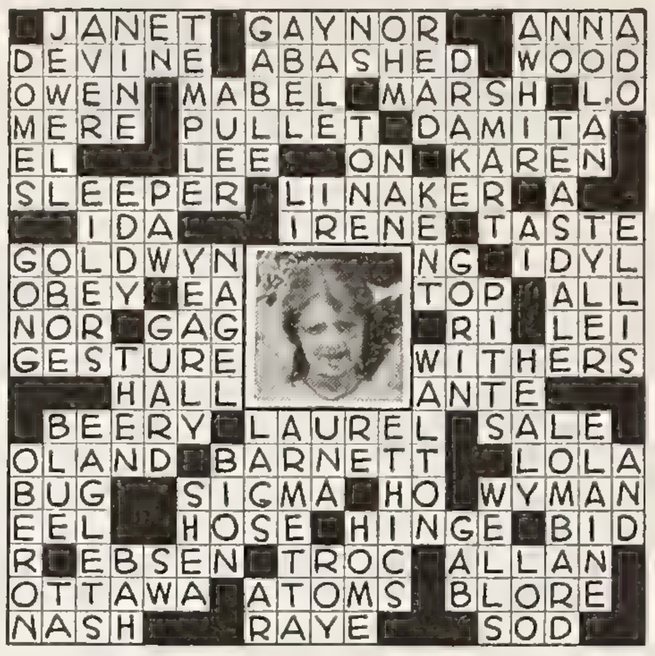
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SOLUTION TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 24



applied too much, it's apt to brighten or deepen in tone after it gets on your face. She hopes you all know enough to put lipstick on dry lips—moisture sperls the smoothness.

And, unless you have a full mouth, here is the best way to apply it for the most natural looking results: fix the upper lip as you want it and apply plenty of lipstick. Then press your lips together, as if you were saying "Mmmm!" and sufficient lipstick will blot off on the lower lip. Blend it properly in, and that's that.

She says if you'll kindly remember not to wet your lips, drink a glass of water, or smoke a cigarette for ten minutes after you've put your lipstick on, it'll kind of "set" and stay put for a surprisingly long time.

WE all have our preferences for brands of make-up, and the movie stars are no exception. However, I was surprised at the number of them who use, exclusively, the preparations of a certain gent who is famous the world over for his products, both those which take care of the skin, keep it clean and stimulated and so on, and those which dress it up.

The stars all say that these products are, of course, pure as the driven snow, which is the first important consideration. But over and above that, this brand provides such a variety of shades of powder, rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow. Enough to suit every type. And moderately priced, what's more.

Dorothy Day, one of the beauteous Walter Wanger models for his "Vogues of 1938," gave me a tip which I think you'll be glad to hear about. I admired her page-boy bob because it was so soft and not stiff and artificial-looking, as so many of those bobs are. She said she did it herself.

I guess I looked as if I didn't believe her, for she proceeded to show me. It's a trick that can be worked if you have medium coarse hair with a slight tendency to curl. Fine hair, or absolutely straight hair wouldn't do.

After your shampoo, do your hair up on those rollers you can buy in the five-and-dime, but instead of turning it up, turn it under. It's as simple as that, but you must be very neat and careful and not put too much hair on one roller. And you must let the hair get absolutely dry before you take the rollers out. Don't be in a hurry to see how it looks and spoil all your work. A little patience and you will be surprised how simply gorgeous your hair-do will look with nary a visit to the beauty parlor!

There now—that's all I've time and space for. I hope you'll find a hint here which will solve your troubles. If not, watch for M. M. in the next issue of MODERN SCREEN.



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If You Met Robert Taylor

(*Continued from page 35*)

should have done. His tie was yanked so tight around his throat that he was about to choke. He didn't say anything—he just stood there, as best he could, the picture of white, furious, disgusted misery.

A woman on the outside of the crowd fainted. It gave me an idea.

Somehow, I fought my way to him. Using elbows and feet to advantage, I got there. I was right next to Taylor and threw my arms about his neck. He said, "Please . . . !" in a strangled sort of voice. I whispered rapidly:

"Please play along with me for a minute and I'll get you out of this. Take the steps there down to the lower level."

Perhaps the poor guy was willing to take any sort of a chance at that point. Anyway, he did play along with me. I fainted—beautifully and convincingly. He picked me up, shoving aside a bevy of hysterical wrens as he did so.

"I've got to get this girl out of here," he said. "Kindly stand aside."

For some reason or other—perhaps it was the tone of his voice—they did stand aside. He made for the steps.

On the second flight of steps toward the lower level, he put me down.

"Now let's run like hell for the Union News lunch room over there," said I. "Duck your head down and look like a commuter."

In the lunch room is an old dear of a waiter who has served me my morning coffee for years—all through school and the four years I've been working. I knew he'd help me.

"Here," I said to Bob Taylor, handing him my tortoise-shell glasses. "Put these on." I grabbed a paper from the newsstand. "Hide behind this. Two coffees, please, Dan, and two of those bun things."

The lunch room wasn't very full, thank heaven. The coffee and buns came.

I turned to old Dan.

"We're in a little trouble and perhaps you can help us out."

"Sure, an' I will if I can."

"This gentleman is Robert Taylor. The movie star," I added since there was some doubt in my mind whether Dan had caught up with anything more recent than "Broken Blossoms."

"Mother of . . . !" he commenced and piously stopped.

"Shhh! He's been torn apart by a bunch of silly fools upstairs. How can we get out of here and can you lend him a hat?"

"A hat, now," pondered Dan. "Me own! 'Twould be a disguise for innybody. An' if the two of yez want to slip behind them cakes there, and go to the left, an' thin to the right, an' thin to the left agin, ye'll come out on Lexington, through an alley. Ye know where I mane?"

"Uh huh!"

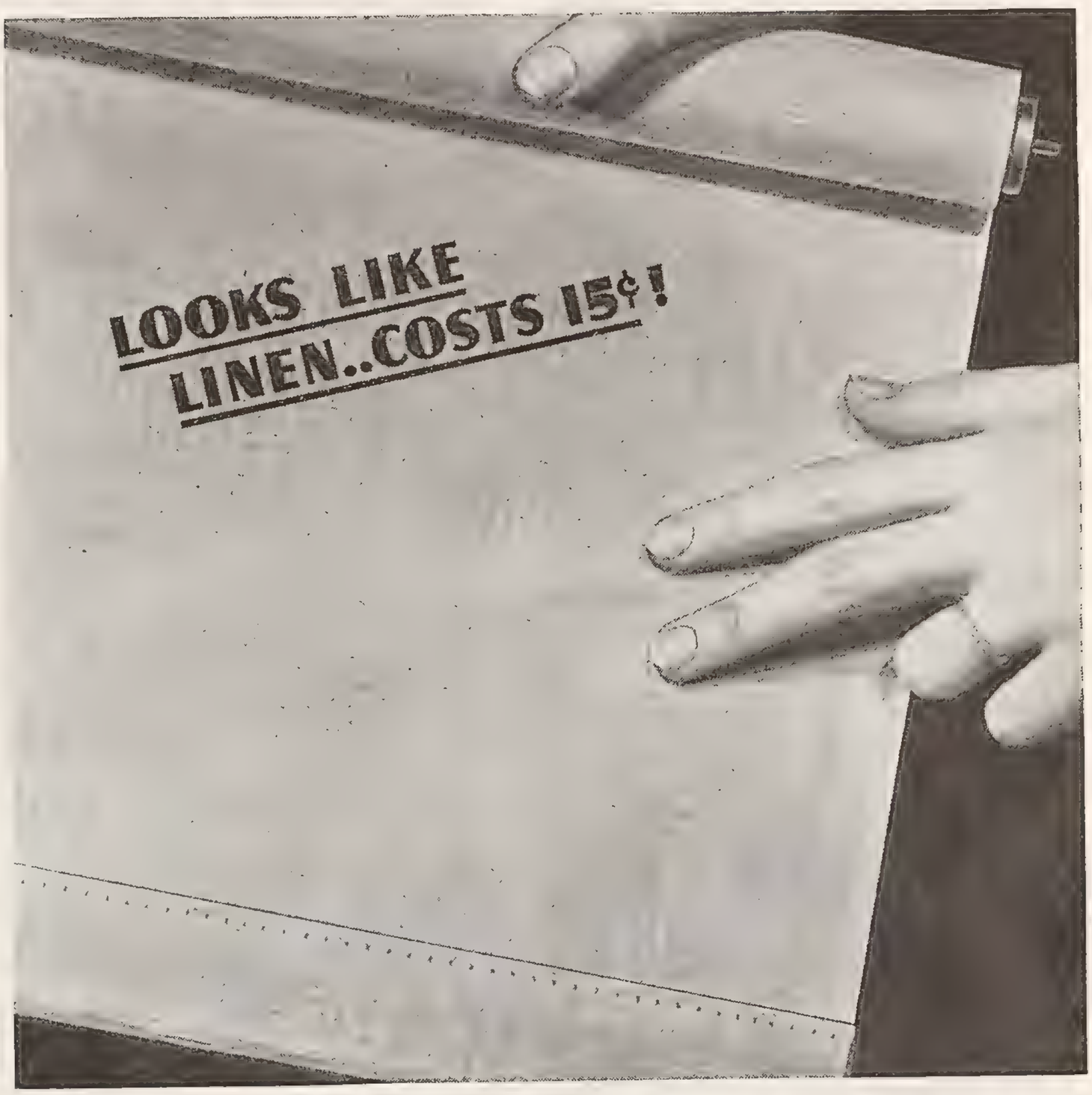
"I'll get me hat."

Dan came back with the hat, a nice shapeless brown fedora model that had seen better days a long time ago. And with Dan came a high soprano shriek from the revolving doors.

"There he is! There he is!"

Bearing down upon us, hat askew and stylish-stout chiffon afloat in a breeze of her own creating, was the vanguard of the mob. I didn't have to tell Mr. T. to get going. He told me. He grabbed me by the hand and we flew around them cakes, to the left, to the right, to the left again and

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out into the alley that led to Lexington Avenue and the comparative safety of a taxi.

"Where to, Mister?" asked the driver.

"Oh. Huh?" said Bob Taylor.

"Why don't I drop you first, Jack?" I asked, fancying myself pretty much over the Jack. "Don't you want to stop by the Waldorf?"

"Oh. Yes. I'm supposed to go to the Waldorf."

"Okay, mister."

WE started crawling through the nerve-wracking traffic of midtown.

"Maybe it would be better if you went up to the Metro office first," I said. "They could get you a police escort or something."

"No," answered Bob Taylor. He was silent for a few minutes and then he said: "Look here. I'm—I'm stuck for something to say to thank you. You've certainly been—well, swell is tame!"

"Well," I answered, "if I want to be truthful, I should tell you I've gotten a great kick out of this little adventure in my humdrum life. I—I have admired you on the screen and I had come down to the train to gawp at you like all the rest of those women. But I hate the way some of them acted!"

"Yes," he said, and stopped again.

"Say," he sat up suddenly. "If it's not too much. . . . I've gotten this far under your chaperonage—couldn't we ride around for a while? I mean, I don't want you to think anything funny. But I'm better off in a taxi than I'd be anywhere else. Just say so, if you don't want to, but—"

If I didn't want to! Oh, my land, my land! If he could have known the foolish, shameful, giddy thoughts that surged up in my mind. But no—no, no. I'd continue to be nice and casual and sensible and friendly. As I really *did* feel. Really I did. In the upper layer of my consciousness, if you know what I mean.

"Well," I said, in as matter-of-fact a voice as I could summon, "I should enjoy it very much, you must know that. If you think it would be all right. We must be careful and not get caught in any mob scene again and have some stupid gossip start. Where would you like to go?"

"Could we do some sight-seeing? I'd like to see Grant's Tomb. And the Aquarium. And Radio City. And the Empire State Building. And buy a present for Mrs. Brugh in Saks-Fifth Avenue." His voice sounded dreamy.

We went. We went up Riverside Drive first and Bob Taylor said he never could understand why that lovely locality wasn't regarded as the swankiest residential part of New York. Why Park Avenue, he wanted to know—stuck there in the middle of town, over the railroad tracks? I said I guessed it was just another evidence of the dumbness of fashionable localities. We went into the building which is the last resting place of the fiery, blasphemous little man who took one blood-drenched half of the Union and made it say "Uncle!" to the other. We remembered, at the same instant, Gary Cooper standing in Grant's Tomb in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," and Bob Taylor said, "You know, I feel the same way Cooper was supposed to feel in that scene. You New Yorkers take this sort of thing so for granted. It doesn't mean anything to you. I used to read about things like this back in Beatrice, Nebraska, and long to see it all."

He was very serious most of the time. None of the flip wisecracking that is Hollywood's chief form of conversation. Coming out onto the Drive again, I looked sentimentally over to the buildings of Columbia University.

"It's good to see the old place, occasionally," I remarked. "I went to Barnard."

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"Did you? A girl from the next town to us went to Barnard. She had a swell time. The envy of all the rest, because she went to college in New York. I wanted to come East and study medicine but—well, look where I landed." He blew out his cheeks and pushed Dan's hat further down on his nose.

"You're not doing badly," I remarked drily. Was he going to be one of these movie stars who bemoan their pitiful lot?

"Oh, I'm not complaining, by any means," he hastened to say. "But I get so woggly in the head out there sometimes, I don't know *what* I want. When I'm working, it's okay—I do the best I can and try to improve. But when I'm not working. . . . Sometimes I'm sick and tired of the whole game—the artificiality and the hooey and the politics. I don't know whether I want to stick—or quit. I don't know whether I want to get married—or not. That hasn't anything to do with my feeling for—for her, you understand. It's just that I can't tell whether we'd make a go of it in that screwy atmosphere. Like as not, the studio would have fits if I really up and did get married. And that's to be considered, too—for there are the days when I find the life pretty fine. The money, and the fame and the glory. And some of those directors can really take hold of you and *make* you feel the reality and emotion of the story you're doing. Then it all means something. I dunno." He looked out the taxi window. "This is a wonderful city. Where are you taking me now?"

"Well, it depends on how much time you have," I said. "I thought we'd—"

"I've got all day, dammit!" he shouted. "And all evening, too! That reminds me. . . . Are the Stadium Concerts on?"

They were.

"Then I want to go to the one tonight, if the rain stops," he shouted some more. "Look, we'll do all we can today, and have dinner, and if it isn't raining, we'll go to the Stadium, and if it is, we'll see a show—'Room Service'—that is, if you haven't seen it—or else—"

I calmed him down. Told him that we couldn't go to a restaurant on account of his famous pan, nor to a show. But we could sneak into the Stadium among the music lovers and I'd take him home and cook him a dinner. And in the meantime, we'd see everything he wanted to see that was safe. He looked at me for a long time and took both my hands and I couldn't stop my heart from thumping, thumping. Nor could I help noticing how amazingly blue his eyes were, and what a genuine, lovable personality shone through them.

"I'm thinking about the man you marry," he said. "He's a lucky, lucky fellow!"

(*Ah, there, Henry! Take notice of that. I really do love you, Henry, and we're going to be married next June. But it doesn't hurt to dream dreams occasionally, does it? Bet you moon around over Ginger Rogers or Lombard or one of those belles sometimes yourself.*)

WE actually did go to the Aquarium (so help me, I'd never been there before in all the years I've lived in New York) and took the boat trip around the city, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Natural History Museum—and if this makes Robert Taylor sound dreary and dull, I've told my tale very badly. Because it was all wondrous to him. Things he'd read about and heard about all his life. Things he was convinced must be interesting and marvelous, not routine and kind of dumb and to-be-expected as I had always felt. He apologized a dozen times for dragging me through places that I must know practically by heart, and I was ashamed to say that many of them were just about as brand-new to me as the Taj-Mahal would be.

Come six-thirty, I dragged him by main force to my two-by-four flat. Telephoned for groceries. Gave him towel and washcloth and told him to go clean up his dirty face. Would he have a highball? No. Sherry? Yes, thanks. A dinner—so easy to prepare, so dear to every masculine heart—appeared upon the table. Steak, medium rare. Beaucoup onions. Hash-brown potatoes. A really good salad, if I do say so, as shouldn't. A huckleberry pie from the place on Eighth Street. Coffee, good and strong. Then I said:

"It's cleared up, and if we're going to hear a concert, we'd better step on it. You really seem to care for music, don't you?"

"Yes," he said. "I do. You've probably read in the dear old fan magazines about my playing the 'cello. Well, I do play it, though not especially well. I'm the fellow who always says, 'I don't know much about music, but I know what I like.' The only thing is, I flatter myself that I usually like pretty good stuff. Iturbi's conducting tonight, I saw. Let's go."

The fates were with me. For they played "The Ride of the Valkyrie," Tschaikowsky's Fifth, the overture to Smetana's "Bartered Bride" and Strauss' "Salome's Dance." A program to stir the pulses if ever there was one! And we weren't noticed once—we were just one of the crowd. My glasses, and Dan's hat, and the slicker, two sizes too big, were a better disguise than Paul Muni's make-up in "Zola."

I said, "Let's find a taxi and you get out at the Waldorf." It was over. He said, "No, I'm going to take you home." And I couldn't help but say, "All right."

I held out my hand on the first step of the brown-stone-front.

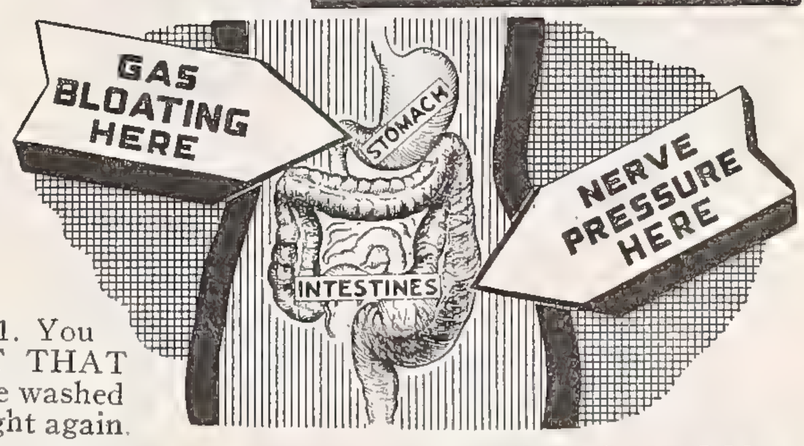
"It's been wonderful," I said.

"It has," said Bob Taylor. "I'd like to

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give you one kiss for the best fun I've had since—since 1934. There."

"Thanks. I bet M-G-M is having a hemorrhage," I said.

"I bet they are, too," said Bob Taylor, in tones which (I wouldn't swear it) expressed infinite delight.

That horrible noise—what can it be? Oh, heck—the telephone.

"Hello? Oh. Oh. Yes, hello, Henry. Hello, dear. Sure. Sure. I'm ready. That is, I'll be ready in—in about ten minutes. No. No, darling. I'm quite all right. Yes, really. No, dear, I was asleep. That's all."

Between You 'n' Me

(*Continued from page 21*)

Power and Robert Taylor. Well, now I quit. It's time to rebel 'cause now they've even gone to work on Gable! Imagine! Sex appeal personified, and they try to make a gentleman out of him. That's too much for any honest Gable fan to take without a murmur. Haven't we enough college-boy heroes without turning the last of our rugged individuals on the screen into an animated cream puff? Phooey! Give me the old Clark. A lug who can slap a lady down and make her like it. Who can put a little of the Gable "umph" into an anemic flicker. Don't let the restraining hand be put on him. Bring him back as is, and I'll really feel that "happy days are here again."—Lollie Earley, Evansville, Ind.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Our Naughty-Nice Screen Tots

Most of us want at least a little realism in the pictures we see. Do we not see mischievous children all around us? We always wonder if the child across the street is ill if he never causes any trouble. I'd rather see the child who has to be scolded or spanked once in awhile than the perfect little gentleman or lady. And what's so wrong with a face that gets dirty? It's a kid's privilege to roll in the mud occasionally. Heaven forbid taking that privilege away from our American screen children. And what's so wrong with a child who possesses a sense of humor? Of course he steps into the danger zone more often than the humorless sort. Real, honest-to-goodness kids are too busy enjoying life to think of consequences, and that's as it should be. The time to settle down to seriousness comes soon enough. Let them be free as long as possible. Let's not mar their naturalness by insisting that they speak conventional English, either. Our Americanisms are full of meaning, even if they do sound barbarous to the Englishman.

Give me the roguishness of a Jane Withers or the waywardness of an Edith Fellowes any day. Can you honestly call them unattractive? Perhaps they don't have beautiful faces, but they have spirit. They're adorable because they're normal and real. Those who don't like them neither understand nor like the average American child.—Mrs. Reba Simmons, Wattis, Utah.

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Two names for one rose mean the same to the nose,
And you can't fool all of the people!—
Jennie Broudy, Chicago, Ill.

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Murder Mystery de Luxe

At last, a murder mystery—without rain or thunder or lightning or howling dogs! Yes, the producers have at last found a way to create horror without the aid of the obvious, believe it or not. I'm speaking of "Night Must Fall." It was gruesome, it was horrible! But there weren't any loose shutters banging in the wind, no black clouds rolling ominously toward the house of evil, no shatters of lightning. And in the quiet of the countryside, no suspicious canine, no mournful howl of death. Yes, they did use one black cat. But it didn't scurry across the floor with the fur bristling on its neck, and its eyes weren't pictured glowing brightly in the dark dark darkness. What a thrilling, chilling picture that was without benefit of hokum. Everything was done by implication, and something was left to the imagination of the audience.

Congratulations, you people who made "Night Must Fall" so refreshingly horrible!—Verna Yantos, Waukesha, Wisconsin.

Don't Split Up the Team

Really, it burns me up when someone writes in to you and says, "Bust up the Rogers and Astaire team." If I were Editor, I'd tell 'em to go West and shoot snipe. If they don't want to see Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing together, let them stay away from their pictures. We, the common people, hope they'll never break the team into two pieces or two persons. Here's greater success still to that grand pair. May all their pictures be made—together.—Gladys Annen, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Ameche Wins By a Mustache

Say, did that mustache work wonders for Don Ameche! He'll give Taylor and Power a run for their money now. Heretofore Don's face was just a mug accompanied by a good voice and a nice smile.

And then the mustache. Presto! A personality. A guy to make the girls swoon. Carry on, Don, old boy. Don't give up the mustache!—Thelma Louise Smith, Memphis, Tenn.

But Not With This Fan

Why is it that Hollywood insists upon putting mustaches on some of the screens' otherwise handsome men? As I was looking through a movie magazine the other day, I found myself gazing at a handsome young man with a crisp mustache plastered above his upper lip. Imagine my surprise upon discovering after reading the notes beneath the picture that it was Fernand Gravet in a scene from his latest picture. I have silently taken the sad news when I've seen such movie heroes as Errol Flynn, Dick Powell, and Don Ameche serving as human guinea pigs in Holly-



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And the greatest contribution, perhaps, to this new freedom, was one woman's courage in defying tradition. She dared to say that women were not meant to suffer. She dared to claim that no wife or mother must spend one-quarter of her life wracked with pain. She dared to assert that the ordeal of motherhood could be eased.

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One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

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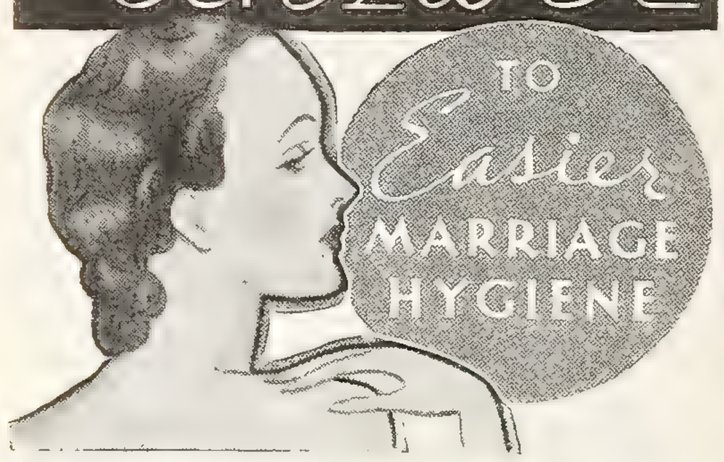


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Read about the Mistakes of Madeleine Carroll in December Modern Screen

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wood's latest fad, but when a new discovery suddenly dons a mustache for his second picture—well, that's too much.

Clark Gable's and William Powell's cookie dusters may add rather than detract from their screen personality. Nevertheless, few actors can profit by following their example. And Pullese, Hollywood, don't put one on Bob Taylor!—Jeanne Hemmert, Flint, Mich.

Calling the Calling Off, Off

(*Continued from page 33*)

when you have not fought. We have never, never had a cross word in all the time I have known him. And to say that he is going with other girls, when he is not going with other girls, because how could he go with them? He goes with me! Ach, I know!

"It is ridiculous and it makes you feel both sad and mad. When it came out over the radio, it was time to do something. We sent Walter Winchell a wire denying it.

"Then just before I come away, Tyrone and I get all dressed up and we go to the Trocadero where people will see us together. Oh, it is funny when we come in. People stare and look surprised to see us together when, of course, we have never been apart. Then the story comes out that we have patched up our fight!

"We don't go out to parties because we do not have the time. We both work very hard and this last picture, 'Thin Ice,' has taken so much time. I get up at five o'clock in the morning and am at the studio at seven. Then at night, we rehearse the lines.

"Yes, Tyrone helped me a great deal in this picture. Every night we did our scenes together. He listened to me and told me what was good and what was wrong. I think it helps so much to rehearse the night before. You remember better. You do your lines better."

But about this Janet Gaynor rumor?

"So silly," she repeated. "He did not know her at the time the story started. He had talked to her on the telephone two weeks before about a radio thing. Yes, they worked in a picture together a while ago, but not at the same time. They did not shoot scenes together. He was a stranger to her when these stories came out and said he goes out with her! He told me so.

"When I am gone to Norway? Of course, I expect Tyrone to have dates and go places with other girls. I am gone four weeks. He is not going to stay home and feel sad. Have I boy friends in Norway? No, there is nobody there, but I will go out if it is pleasant.

"I think it is all right for him to go out with girls when I am not in Hollywood. I tell him that. That is understood, but I suppose stories will start again!" And she shrugged her shoulders.

We were going through the Holland Tunnel now and were practically shouting in order to be heard above the roar of the cars.

"Have you heard from Tyrone since you left Hollywood yesterday?" I yelled.

"What?" she screamed back.

"Did he wire you last night?"

A smile crossed the Henie countenance, a big smile.

"It woke me up at Kansas City—the

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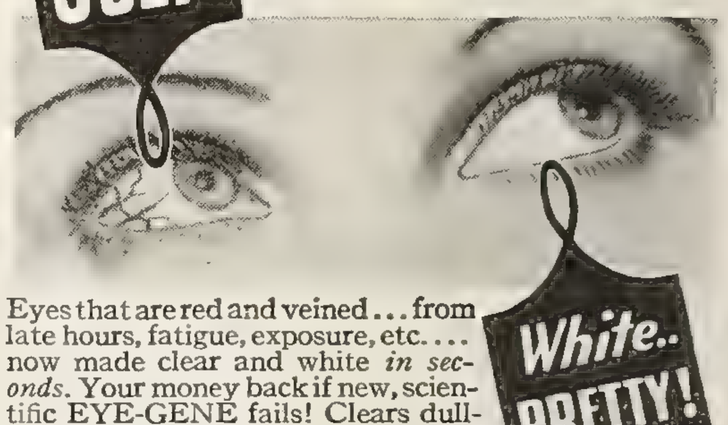
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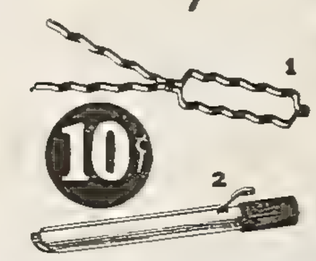
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telegram. No, I didn't mind waking up for that."

"Have you made any plans for your marriage?" I asked boldly.

"We are both young. We have our careers. We are busy. I have much to do yet. So we will not marry for a year."

And more than that I could not pry from her.

WHEN it was suggested that maybe the story about the romances with other girls was a publicity stunt, there was a good round blast of indignation.

"It might have been," she said, "but it was not *our* publicity office. I think—I am not sure—but I think I know somebody else started it to get publicity, but it was not Fox."

The press agent sitting by, listening, reassured her, of course, it could not be.

"Maybe some newspaperman started it, Miss Henie," he said. "You know when there are 300 reporters in Hollywood all looking for things to write about, news gets pretty scarce and sometimes just a whisper will turn into a big story."

She cogitated a moment.

"Maybe," she admitted. "But it was not true. They should not do those things."

Your reporter remarked that the recent story about Eleanor Holm and Arthur Jarrett separating seemed like a publicity story. Sonja pricked up her ears.

"I know her," she said. "She is nice. Is it true about her and Arthur Jarrett?"

"You see," we pointed out, "now you are believing that. See how quickly people might believe things about you."

Sonja thought a moment. Then, firmly as ever, "It was not true. It could not have been—about us."

Whether it was due to her wrought-up feelings about the unfair story about Tyrone stepping out with other girls while she was right on the job, whether it was just excitement at getting into New York, or whether it was because she had been dieting, Sonja looked like a million dollars.

Does she like herself in pictures now? I recalled seeing her right after she had first seen herself on the screen in the preview of "One in a Million" and finding her quite perturbed.

"Oh, no, I never think I am good," she said frankly, and unselfconsciously. "I am better this time, but I am not good—not the way I'd like to be. I must learn much more. It is strange to see yourself on the screen."

The limousine was rolling up Park Avenue to my hotel. I said goodby and wished her luck. I did not see her triumphal entrance into the Waldorf Astoria, but I heard later that it was really something. And that—most important—there was a long distance telephone call waiting from Tyrone Power.

So, for the time being at least, let's call the calling off, off, and Hollywood, you go sing some other tune!

"Let's Laugh the Whole Thing Off"

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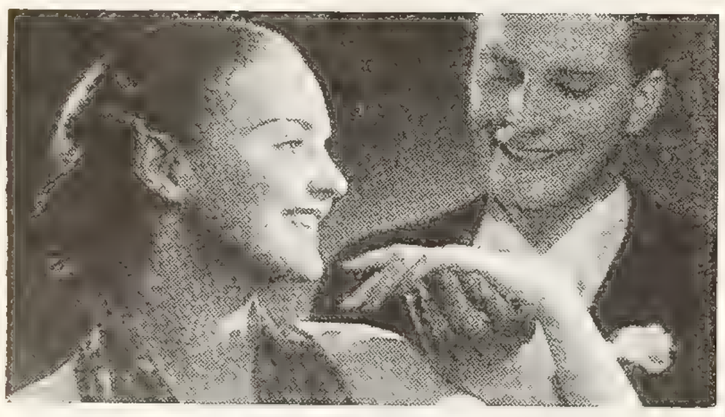
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Reviews

(*Continued from page 70*)

★★ Vogues of 1938

Without Technicolor, "Vogues of 1938" would be pretty dull stuff. With it, this glorified fashion show should delight the women and scare the pants off the husbands in the audience. No wife is going to see "Vogues" without setting out on a shopping expedition the next day. Men who have no bills to pay but their own can relax and enjoy gazing at the twelve lovely models who swish about in Mr. Wanger's expensive garments.

It's getting trite to say that Technicolor improves with each new picture, but it's true. Color makes the gowns gorgeous, and it has the added quality of dressing up the routine story which hides behind it. Incidentally, it gives the film's leading lady, Joan Bennett, a warmth and beauty which she has never displayed before on the screen.

Story concerns a fashionable designer (Warner Baxter) whose business goes on the rocks because of the costly ambitions of his wife (Helen Vinson). However, a society gal (Miss Bennett) and Technicolor (Technicolor) get together and put him back on his feet. Miss Vinson is a capable villainess, and Baxter is altogether believable in the role of the designer. Outstanding in the supporting cast are Mischa Auer, Alan Mowbray, Hedda Hopper and Alma Kruger. In addition, there is swell singing by Virginia Verrill and top-notch tap dancing by Georgie Tapps. And the fashion show is really something for the ladies. Directed by Irving Cummings.—*Walter Wanger.*

★★ That Certain Woman

Ten years ago Gloria Swanson starred in a tear-jerker about mother love, called "The Trespasser." The picture, written and directed by Edmund Goulding, drew considerable acclaim. Now Mr. Goulding has sponsored a talking version of his picture, with Bette Davis in the role of the unfortunate woman who sacrifices all for the love of a child. "That Certain Woman" is old-fashioned melodrama, and Mr. Goulding is guilty of pouring on the misfortunes and sacrifices of the central character with too generous a hand. What Miss Davis goes through for the love of her young son reaches a point where audiences will feel like going up to the screen to see if there's anything they can do.

The early part of the picture, with



Mischa Auer and Polly Rowles in a scene from "Vogues of 1938."



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Mary H. Little also has luxuriant hair now after using Kotalko. Yet for years her head, as she describes it, "was almost as bare as the back of my hand."

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"That Certain Woman," featuring Henry Fonda and Bette Davis.

Miss Davis holding down a respectable job and trying to live down the notoriety attached to a gangster's widow, is effective drama, but after that the picture sinks to the level of an out-and-out tearjerker.

Bette Davis suffers admirably, and there are good performances by Ian Hunter, Donald Crisp, Mary Phillips and Hugh O'Connell. Henry Fonda is wasted in the poorly written, illogical role of the child's father.—*Warner Brothers.*

★The Sheik Steps Out

Marking his first Hollywood venture in several seasons, Ramon Novarro chooses as his "comeback" vehicle the type of thing which once found considerable favor with his fans. However, Lola Lane in the feminine lead steals the picture. Loyal Novarro followers will find their idol a bit plump, but in possession of the same mannerisms which first won him their hearts. In this one, he is once more the strong and comparatively silent son of the desert whose polite charm subdues the haughty American heiress and saves her from becoming the bride of the ever-present British nobleman whom she really doesn't love.

Lola Lane is the pampered daughter of Gene Lockhart, a corkscrew tycoon, and the two of them, along with Aunt Polly (Charlotte Treadway) and Cousin Gloria (Kathleen Burke), are in Arabia to purchase Mad Chestnut, the fastest horse in the world, owned, of course, by Sheik Ahmed Ben Nesib. It seems that unless Lola wins the next Irish Sweepstakes she will be forced to marry a vapid individual named Lord Byington (Robert Coote). Thanks to the dashing Mr. Novarro, she is spared this fate.

Some of the scenes are effective, and Lola Lane puts humor and vitality into the role of the gal. She's undoubtedly on her way to better things. Best in the supporting cast are Gene Lockhart, Stanley Fields and Billy Bevan. Directed by Irving Pichel.—*Republic.*

★★Mr. Dodd Takes the Air

Adapted from a Clarence Budington Kelland serial of two years ago, "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air" is a pleasant and diverting screen musical which will get favorable comment from almost any audience. While it offers good fun and innocuous entertainment throughout its unreeling, the picture's main assets are that it brings two newcomers into screen prominence. Kenny Baker, of course, has been seen briefly in a couple of films, and has been heard for some time on the Jack Benny radio program, but this is his

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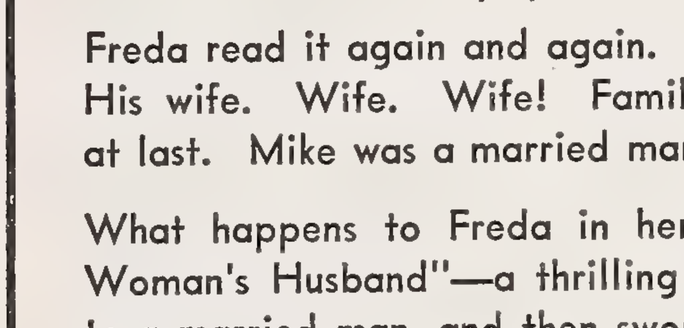
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Louise Henry and Warner Oland in "Charlie Chan on Broadway."

first real screen chance. He comes through with a fine voice and a refreshing, youthful personality which assures him a profitable future on the screen. In the feminine lead, Jane Wyman manages to be pert and cute and dramatically skilfull all at once. Put her down as one of the season's discoveries.

"Mr. Dodd Takes the Air" is the story of a small town electrician whose pleasing voice takes him to the big city networks and into the clutches of conniving females who are after his scalp and his bankroll. In the course of these events there are several good tunes and quite a bit of good, clean fun. Gertrude Michael does nicely as the heavy, Alice Brady gets laughs as a temperamental opera star, and Frank McHugh adds comedy in the role of the crooner's manager. Directed by Alfred E. Green.—*Warner Brothers*

★★ Double or Nothing

If you're a Bing Crosby fan, we might as well let the matter drop right now. For there's no argument, you'll like this picture. It's just like all the others which the Crosby fans have flocked to for the past few years, no better and no worse. But what we'd like to know is, why can't these Crosby pictures be better? When it comes to crooning, Bing is as good as the next one and when it's a matter of action, he can deliver the goods. Paramount even furnished a good supporting cast for him in all his celluloiders. But when it comes to a story that will hold interest, the studio evidently decides to economize on their time and money. In "Double Or Nothing," the very thin story has to do with a wealthy man who leaves inheritances to a group of people, with the understanding that they either double the money or else. Worked into these goings on are several good numbers by Bing, and a romance with the very decorative Mary Carlisle. And there's Martha Raye, too, who does a good job on pretty slim script pickings. When Bing opens a night club, a logical excuse is given for a super de luxe floor show, and with the star as master of ceremonies, and some really good songs and dances, this sequence is the high note of the picture. Directed by Theodore Reed.—*Paramount.*

★★ Charlie Chan on Broadway

Even if you aren't a Charlie Chan fan, you'll have to admit that this latest picture of the super-sleuth's doings is interesting right through the last reel. For this time, there is something else besides Mr. Chan's charms to recommend it. The story is as good a whodunit as you've seen for some time. There are the usual murders—two

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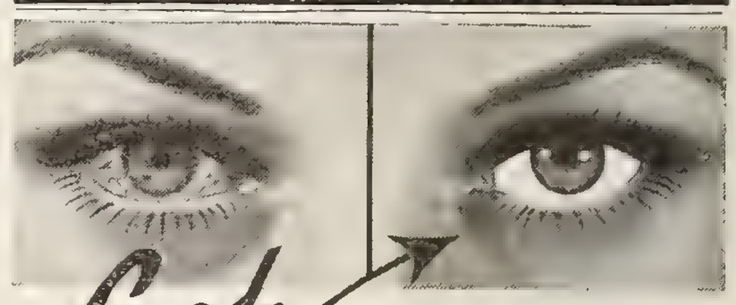


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Madeleine Carroll and Francis Lederer clown a bit in "It's All Yours."

of them to be exact—but they are accomplished in such an intriguing manner that nothing short of an earthquake would make you leave your seat until light is shed on the dirty work. Keye Luke, as Warner Oland Chan's son again, has his most amusing role to date. He gets into all his customary trouble and comes out at the finish with two of the blackest eyes ever seen on the screen. A good supporting cast is comprised of Donald Woods, as the news-reporter and Joan Marsh, his rival news-scooper and leading lady. Harold Hüber is especially good as the police department executive, while J. Edward Bromberg does a good job as the newspaper publisher. Louise Henry is attractive as Billie Bronson, who starts all the trouble because she's another of those gals who has to keep a diary. Joan Woodbury takes all the feminine honors, however, in a small role as a cafe dancer. If you're a candid camera fiend, you'll particularly appreciate this novel twist to the plot, for the mystery is solved through a series of candid shots taken by the patrons of the cafe where the murders transpire. And we'll bet ten to one that you will never guess the murderer This time! It was all pinned on such an innocent-appearing person, that next time we're going to suspect Charlie Chan right from the start. Directed by Eugene Ford.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ Back in Circulation

When the movies make a picture with a newspaper background, you can rest assured that none of the principal characters will act even remotely like an actual newspaper reporter. This tradition is carried out again in this film, which contains the usual moronic cameraman, frantic city editor and, true to the new vogue, the crack gal reporter. This time we find the reporters on a murder hunt, so busy telling district attorneys and state authorities how to conduct the affair that one wonders how they find time to get out their newspaper.

Joan Blondell, as the gal reporter, believes she has discovered a murder and sends the victim's widow (Margaret Lindsay) to prison. Then, discovering she was wrong, she suddenly changes sides and sets about to save the woman from the chair. The power of the press is magnificent!

In spite of all the hokum, "Back in Circulation" is a lively and entertaining film. Director Ray Enright keeps it at a furious pace, and Miss Blondell comes through with what is probably her best screen performance. She handles her breezy role with perfect assurance, and manages to steal the picture from Pat O'Brien, who



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Loretta Young and Don Ameche in "Love Under Fire."

does a fine job in the role of the city editor. Margaret Lindsay wins sympathy as the widow, and there are good performances by John Litel and Walter Byron. Directed by Ray Enright—*Warner Brothers.*

★ Love Under Fire

A conglomeration of love, the Spanish revolution, a stolen necklace and Borrah Minnevitch and his Harmonica Gang, "Love Under Fire" is too confused to get anywhere at all in the entertainment department. The story, which concerns a handsome Scotland Yard detective and a beautiful jewel thief who really isn't a jewel thief at all, dashes off in all directions every few minutes until it has the audience hanging on the ropes.

Don Ameche is a Scotland Yard man vacationing in Spain, when he is called upon to apprehend a young lady suspected of a jewel robbery. The young lady is Loretta Young, who never stole a nickel in her life. Ameche sings a love song to her while Spanish bombs burst overhead, and from there the film goes on to airplane crashes, gunboat pursuits and several other items the script writers were able to toss in.

Loretta Young is becoming more and more adept at light comedy, and Don Ameche fulfills his rather silly assignment with good humor. In the supporting cast, E. E. Clive, Harold Huber, Walter Catlett and John Carradine lend expert touches. Borrah Minnevitch and his group supply an excellent musical interlude, although no one can figure out a reason for their presence in the picture. Directed by George Marshall.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★ On Such a Night

This one won't look good even with bank night and a set of dishes. It's old fashioned melodrama, one of those things in which the hero is about to go to the chair for a crime he didn't commit. He won't reveal the real culprit because it will sully the good name of his wife. Just about at that point in the proceedings they bring in the Mississippi Valley flood, which up to that time had taken no part in the conversation. The flood washes our hero out of jail and into the arms of his wife, and later allows him to pin the crime on the villain of the piece. Watch out for this one, even if they offer you two sets of dishes.

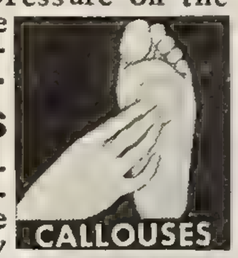
Grant Richards is likable enough as the misguided hero, and Karen Morley is an adequate heroine. Eduardo Ciannelli overacts the role of the villain—he's so dastardly that audiences will howl at him. Roscoe Karns and Alan Mowbray stand out in the supporting cast. Directed by E. A. Dupont.—*Paramount.*

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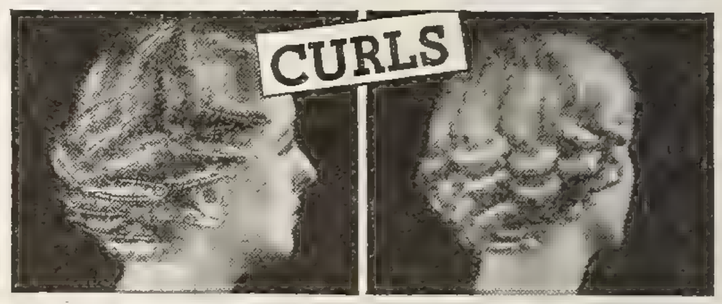




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Pat O'Brien and Joan Blondell in "Back in Circulation."

★ She's No Lady

It is our duty to report that "She's No Lady" is no entertainment, either. It's a picture based on a weak plot, involving the theft of a diamond necklace from a wealthy dowager. A gang of thieves, headed by Harry Beresford and including Ann Dvorak and Guinn Williams, is behind the jewel-lifting. It's all supposed to be very involved, but by the time the necklace is grabbed and passed on to the various crooks, all trying to out-smart one another, the plot looks like a game of button-button-who's-got-the-button.

At a party given by Aileen Pringle, society gal, Harry Beresford gets a job as waiter. Then Ann Dvorak wangles an invitation to the party through John Trent, whom she supposes is a wealthy playboy. Beresford gets the diamonds from Miss Pringle's neck through the most obvious trick we've ever seen, passes them on to Ann Dvorak, who is then relieved of them by John Trent, who by this time turns out to be a thief himself. This goes on for reel after reel, until Ann's conscience suddenly hurts her, when she finds herself in possession of the diamonds and decides to return them. Then Mr. Trent discloses that's he's *really* an honorable detective, and all is lilies and bluebirds, and pretty stuffy. Ann Dvorak, however, surprises with a really good performance—the only good one, in fact. John Trent shows a painful lack of acting experience. Aileen Pringle is, as always, lovely to look at. Guinn Williams does the best he can with a very bad bit, and Harry Beresford's acting in this picture leaves much to be desired.—*Paramount.*

★★ Flight From Glory

If you're aviation-minded, you'll find this picture of particular interest. And you may find it genuinely good entertainment just because of the originality of the plot, even if excellent flying shots don't appeal to you. The locale of the picture is in South America—a disreputable camp which is the headquarters of a company furnishing supplies to mines in the Andes mountains. It takes a crack pilot to fly through the treacherous mountains. It also takes first-class planes.

Onslow Stevens, who is the manager of the camp, gets good pilots from the United States, dare-devil ones who have had their licenses taken away from them. However, he doesn't bother with good planes, and as a consequence, the men crack up at an alarming rate. Among the group in the camp are Chester Morris, Solly Ward, Richard Lane, Douglas Walton, Walter Miller and Paul Guilfoyle—all A-1 pilots, and bitter about the spot they find them-

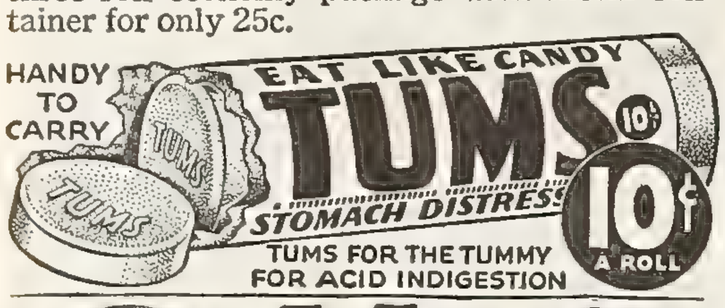






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Bing Crosby and Mary Carlisle go dramatic in "Double or Nothing."

selves in—a spot impossible to escape since the crooked Stevens keeps them in debt to him. And into this group comes a new pilot, Van Heflin, and his wife, Whitney Bourne. Heflin can't "take it" and from then on it's a story of sacrifice to try to save him.

At that point the story begins to fall flat—for the heroics of the men and the silent suffering of Whitney Bourne are considerably overdone. It's our opinion that if the director had left out the beautiful Miss Bourne, and made this a man's picture from start to finish, he would have had a really outstanding picture. Directed by Lew Lauders.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★ It's All Yours

When E. J. Barnes, the millionaire attorney, dies, his will discloses that he has bequeathed his playboy son the sum of one dollar. His fortune goes to Linda Grey, his secretary. For several years Linda has been secretly in love with Jimmy, the son, but he has never so much as looked at her. (The fact that she's Madeleine Carroll seemed not to impress him at all.) Jimmy determines to break the will, and Linda sets about to make herself glamorous and desirable, hoping by that method to win the young man's heart away from the chorus girl to whom he pays all his attention.

Linda does her most successful taunting when she allows herself to be seen about with the Baron de Montigny, a gay, fun-loving faker who makes a business of marrying into money.

The picture's best moments are the scenes between Miss Carroll and the Baron, played delightfully by Mischa Auer. When they are together, the film assumes a lighthearted attitude which it never seems to catch when Jimmy, played by Francis Lederer, is around. Lederer is not a happy choice for the role, for he has little conception of light comedy. Madeleine Carroll is both attractive and competent as Linda, but it's Mischa Auer who gives the picture most of its charm. In the role of the chorus girl, there's a surprisingly good comedy performance by Grace Bradley, who sounds as though she's been studying voice with Jean Arthur. Directed by Elliott Nugent.—*Columbia.*

★★ Hopalong Rides Again

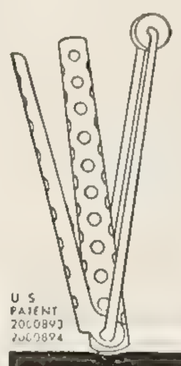
Here is a rip-snortin' horse opera which has more than its share of hard riding, gun play and good clean western love. It is easily the best of the Hopalong Cassidy series, and will be enjoyed by sophisticated audiences as well as its regular clientele.

Bill Boyd has made a swell cowboy

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character of Hopalong Cassidy, and in this one he continues to see that wrongs are righted and rustlers get their just dues from his trusty six-shooters. The story follows the accepted pattern, the only deviation being that the villain is a guy given to dynamiting cattle—as mean a trick as ever hit the plains. The villain, incidentally, is the heroine's brother, but it is to her eternal credit that she is unaware of his nefarious doings.

The picture even devotes a little time to romance, although that sort of thing is generally considered sissy stuff by the open-throated western heroes. Boyd, however, never lets his love-making interfere with his shooting and his endless pursuits of the villain.

Excellent in the supporting cast are Nora Lane, Russell Hayden, George Hayes, Lois Wilde, Billy King and Harry Worth. Directed by Lesley Selander.—*Paramount.*



Kenny Baker and Gertrude Michael in "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air."



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$300 in Cash for Best 15 Names

$50 Check Each Month for Rest of This Year— Extra Promptness Prize

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The First Name You Think of May Be a Winner

Think of the many names that are now being used and suggest a new name for flour—one that you feel will appeal to the housewife. The name you send in may be of one, two or three words, separate or combined. It will cost you nothing to send in a name. You may win one of the fifteen prizes.

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Write your name for this flour on a penny post card or sheet of paper, sign your own name and address, and mail within three days from the time you read this announcement. It will pay you to be prompt. Your name for this flour must be mailed before Dec. 18, 1937. Fifteen cash prizes will be awarded. If the name you send in is selected as First Prize winner, you will receive $100 in cash, and as an extra prize for promptness you will receive a check for $50 each month for the three remaining months of 1937. Second Prize will be $50; Third Prize $25; Fourth Prize $15; and eleven prizes of $10 each. These fifteen prizes are in addition to the extra prize of $50 a month which is offered to the first prize winner for promptness in sending in the winning name. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of a tie.

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Claudette Colbert wasn't speaking to the Warner Brothers for a few days, all because the studio announced she was wearing a red wig for her role in "Tonight's Our Night." Claudette wants it known that the story, and not her hair, is false. She had her own hair dyed red for the picture.

■ ■ ■

Would it interest you to know that in "The Awful Truth" Irene Dunne had stand-ins for her gowns? Robert Kalloch, who designed them, made three copies of each gown worn by Irene in the picture. The first gown was for actual filming, and the second was for the stand-in, in case of wear and tear on the original. The third copy went to Irene's stand-in. Generally the stand-in's costume only approximates the one worn by the star, but several of Irene's gowns in this picture are of shimmering metal cloth and bead work, and since this material produces unusual highlights when photographed, it was necessary for the stand-in's costume to be an exact copy of Miss Dunne's.





Whatever goes on at the Troc to make Phyllis Brooks laugh so heartily, doesn't seem to strike Cary Grant as funny at all.



And just look who's here! Miriam Hopkins and Anton Litvak go stepping. He seems to be head man with La Hopkins.

Here comes the bride! And, incidentally, the groom. Anne Shirley proudly displays hubby, John Howard Payne.

Two kids, one from Shreveport, Louisiana, and the other from Abilene, Texas, got off a freight train in Los Angeles. They were headed for Hollywood—to see Gene Autry. They wound up at the Travelers' Aid Society. When Autry heard about it, he dropped over and paid a personal visit to his two young fans. Now they're back home, but they've seen their idol and have pictures to prove it.

■ ■ ■

Most amusing—spelled a-m-u-s-i-n-g—scene in "High, Wide and Handsome" is the sequence in which Irene Dunne is called upon to instruct Dorothy Lamour in the art of singing a hot song. Miss D. sings well, but she never has been classified as a hot-cha kid, while Dorothy Lamour got into pictures because she sang the blues and served them hot. Both of the gals must have felt pretty silly.

■ ■ ■

You should have seen the mob at the preview of "Vogues of 1938." Both the inside and the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese were packed, and they didn't all come to see the picture, either. The word was around that Garbo would be there. Result was the biggest crowd of the year. Practically everyone in Hollywood was there—everyone but Garbo.

■ ■ ■

Henry Fonda is one of the actors in Hollywood who's given to sculpturing in his spare time. He has been interested in sculpture for some time, and just completed a fine head of his wife. He exhibits his work only to his friends, and they all insist he's a first-rate chiseler—in the finer sense of the word of course. The Fondas have just bought a house next door to their old pal, Jimmy Stewart.

■ ■ ■

Bob Taylor sang a song in "Broadway Melody," but you won't see or hear it in the picture. Seems they held a sneak preview in San Diego—with the Taylor singing sequence. But the audience laughed when Bob sat down at the piano. When you see the picture, notice a scene on a train, with Bob seated at a piano playing "Yours and Mine." Eleanor Powell asks him to sing it. "I can't sing," replies Bob. "You try it." And she does.

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